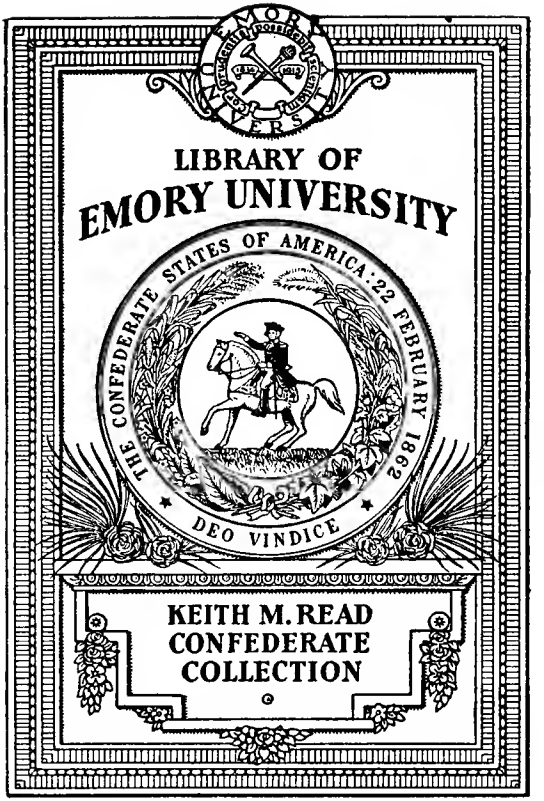
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W. F. Bartlett

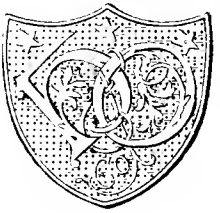
MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

BY

FRANCIS WINTHROP PALFREY.



BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge.
1879.

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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, on the sixth day of June, 1840. He was the son of Charles L. Bartlett and of his wife Harriott (Plummer) Bartlett. He was the grandson of the Honorable Bailey Bartlett, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and of his great-grandfathers one was present at the siege of Louisburg, and another was an officer in the Third Massachusetts Regiment in the Revolutionary War. At the beginning of the year 1861 he was a member of the Junior Class in Harvard College. He was not a close student, and perhaps a little young for his years. He was rather fond of billiards, suppers, college clubs, and the society of young ladies, and very fond of skating, boating, novels, and the theatre. In person he was tall, straight, and slender, with a certain air of reserve and dignity of carriage which corresponded

with his as yet undeveloped character. His health was excellent, as it had been from his earliest childhood. His political sympathies inclined to the Southern side. On the 2d of January he wrote a theme in which he maintained that the demands of the South were just — that she demanded only her rights under the Constitution; and in his journal, under date of January 10, he writes, "And then to think that all these troubles have arisen from the interference of the North." Three months later, when the question of going to the war was presenting itself, he writes: "It would be fighting rather against my principles, since I have stuck up for the South all along. We shall see."

On the 4th of January he had his first drill, under Sergeant T G. Stevenson, afterwards General Stevenson, the gallant soldier who was killed at Spottsylvania, while commanding a Division of the Ninth Corps. On the 17th of April, the same day on which he wrote the sentence about "fighting against his principles," he joined the Fourth Battalion of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. On the 24th of the same month, he was present at a meeting of the battalion, at which it was voted to accept the proposal that it should garrison one of the forts in Boston Harbor. Opinions changed and decisions were formed rapidly in those days.

On Thursday, the 25th of April, 1861, the

Fourth Battalion went to Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, under the command of Stevenson, already commissioned as captain, and in ten days more promoted to the rank of major. Bartlett went with it, and remained with it there, with the exception of a two days' leave, till it returned to Boston on the 25th of May. He thought he did not enjoy his life at the fort, while he was there, but on his return he wrote: "What have I gained during the last month? I have learnt more military than I could have learned in a year in the armory or from books. . I value the knowledge acquired in the last month more highly than all the Greek and Latin I have learned in the last year. I look back on the past month as one of the pleasantest and most useful that I remember." The martial fever was already seizing him. He returned to college when the Battalion was dismissed, at the expiration of its tour of garrison duty, but he gave much time thenceforth to drills, parades, and other military matters. On the 20th of June he writes: "It is reported that an order has come for ten more regiments. I *hope* it is so."

His stay at Fort Independence had done more for him than he knew. The serious, faithful, and intelligent manner in which he had striven to learn and do a soldier's duty there, had attracted the attention of a person who was able soon after to give him the opportunity of entering the mili-

tary service of the United States with a very high commission for so young a man. In June, 1861, Colonel William Raymond Lee was authorized to raise the Twentieth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and to nominate his field and staff officers, and the line officers of two companies. He offered the place of lieutenant-colonel to the writer of this memoir, and, as his age was such that he had little acquaintance among the young men of the period, he asked him to recommend suitable persons for the captaincies and lieutenancies at his disposal. Bartlett had been under the writer's command much or all of the time passed at the fort, and had made upon him the favorable impression before alluded to. In Bartlett's journal we find the following modest entries in relation to what followed: —

"*Friday, June* 28. Palfrey came up to me on the Common, and said he had received the Lieutenant-colonel's commission of the Twentieth Regiment; that he had several commissions at his disposal, and asked me if I wanted one. I replied in the affirmative. I take it as a compliment, his coming and asking me, when there are so many begging him for them."

"*Monday, July* 1. Palfrey came to me and said, 'Charley Peirson has been offered the adjutant's office for the Twentieth Regiment. If he does not accept it, would you like it?' I was rather taken aback. I told him I would accept it if he thought me capable of qualifying myself for it. He said he thought I was."

"*Thursday, July* 2. Received a note from Palfrey. I have been appointed captain."

The news of his appointment must have spread rapidly, for in his journal of the very next day, he records the names of numerous applicants for commissions under him. On the 5th of July, he set out upon his first recruiting expedition. For a few days after, he was busily occupied in recruiting, and on the 16th of July, he slept for the first time in the camp of the Twentieth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, at Readville. He records in his journal that he slept on the ground, as his men had no straw. He had recommended as his first and second lieutenants George N. Macy and Henry L. Abbott, and they had been appointed and commissioned accordingly. Recruiting was slow and difficult at this time, as the regiments with lower numbers had exhausted the first enthusiasm of the community, but his company made steady gains in numbers, and its material was exceptionally good.

The field and staff officers of the Twentieth Regiment received commissions dated July 1, and the commissions of the line officers were dated July 10. It was, therefore, determined that the regimental rank of the line officers should be arranged in accordance with the estimate formed of their soldierly capacity and efficiency after a trial of five or six weeks, and the

Colonel ordered the Lieutenant-colonel, Major, and Adjutant to confer together, and to report the result to him. In pursuance of their action under this order, Captain Bartlett was named senior Captain, and he and his company thereupon took the right of the line.

On the 4th of September, 1861, the regiment left the State. It passed through New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, to Washington, where it made a short stay, and by Sunday, the 15th of September, it had marched some thirty-six miles up the Potomac, and was established in what proved to be its home for many months, Camp Benton, between Poolesville and Edwards' Ferry, the latter being a crossing of the Potomac near the Virginia town of Leesburg.

The regiment had been hurried from the State, in consequence of one of the scares which were not uncommon at that time, when it was only about two thirds full. It was well officered, in the main, and was rapidly getting into extremely good condition. It was brigaded with the Nineteenth Massachusetts, the Seventh Michigan, and the Forty-second New York, commonly called the Tammany Regiment. The force was under the command of General Lander, and formed the Third Brigade of what was then known as the Corps of Observation, a Division of twelve regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and four batteries, commanded by General Stone.

In the five weeks of pleasant autumn weather which followed the arrival of the regiment at Poolesville, Captain Bartlett was occupied in learning his duty as an officer in active service, and in teaching his men, with the aid of his two efficient lieutenants, to perform theirs. Besides company and battalion drills, guard duty, and the usual camp routine of a regiment in the field, the regiment had its share of grand guard and outpost duty, and Captain Bartlett was zealous, intelligent, and faithful on whatever duty he was sent. The following letters were written by him during this period.

I have let one of my men copy this out of my journal, which I wrote after we got here Sunday night. Part of it was a letter to Ben. I am well and comfortable.

CAMP FOSTER, *September* 15, 1861.

After three days' continual marching, we have arrived at the most magnificent spot I ever saw. To go back: I last wrote home from Camp Burnside, near Washington. We received orders on the 12th to move immediately across the river. We had heard firing all the day before, and every one was on the *qui vive*. We had tents struck, baggage packed, and knapsacks slung, and had reached the foot of the hill on which our camp was pitched, when an aide-de-camp of General Lander rode up at full speed, and asked for the Colonel. I directed him, and in a moment the word came down the line, "Column halt!" The order for crossing the river here had been countermanded, and we were ordered to

start for Poolesville, up the river towards Harper's Ferry. We countermarched, and started up the main road. It was very hot but not dusty. We made about nine miles over an uneven road, and at night bivouacked under the starlit skies. The water was deep in the hollows of our blankets in the morning, and the dew-drops glistened on our noses and hair in the rising sun.

I caught no cold and never rose more refreshed. We fell in for the march about half past nine. To-day it was cooler on account of a fresh breeze from the west. I led the column at a smart step until the Colonel rode up and said that the men were complaining of having to march too fast, and asked for an easier gait. We slackened up. We marched on through a hilly country for some miles, when we struck off the main road to the left for Rockville. It now began to look more like my idea of an army on the march, now fording a shallow stream and now climbing a long, steep, and rocky hill. Being at the head of the column, I could look back as we reached the top, and see the bayonets glisten down the narrow road until the rear was lost in a cloud of dust.

We stopped two miles outside of Rockville for dinner, which consisted of hard bread and salt meat from our haversacks. The men have an idea that we live better than they do, wherever we are, but in many cases we do not fare so well. After a short rest we fell in at the beat of the drum, and struck Muddy Branch at sundown, passing through Rockville under the waving of Union flags. In talking with natives here they are strong Union, but this one and that one, their neighbors, are secession.

We bivouacked at Muddy Branch, on a steep hillside,

where lying on the ground brought you to almost a perpendicular position. It was very wet before morning. The sensation is a new and not altogether unpleasant one, of opening your eyes and seeing the stars above you. Saturday morning we received orders from General Lander to take extra precautions, as the rebel cavalry had crossed the river in great numbers, and were intending to cut us off with our large baggage train and ammunition.

An advanced guard of picked men of Company I was sent forward under my command, with ten rounds of ball cartridges, rifles loaded and capped. Caspar Crowninshield, being second Captain, was given command of the rear guard, with an equal number of men. The regiment had cartridges distributed, but were not allowed to cap their pieces. We left Muddy Run at ten, with a faint hope in my mind of meeting anything like rebel cavalry, but the men were quite elated at the idea of having a brush. We had to halt several times to make the streams fordable for the wagons, and halted without adventure at Seneca Creek, six miles from Poolesville, for the noonday rest and meal.

We passed on our march within a mile of Gordon's regiment, which is in camp near the road, and saw Lieutenant Morse of the same. During our halt, Captain Abbott, Little's[1] brother, rode up, having heard of our approach. Of course we were glad to see him. All the fellows of their regiment are well and sent love.

[1] Little, here and elsewhere, is Henry L. Abbott, the accomplished officer who was killed in the Wilderness in May, 1864, as Major of his regiment. The story of his life is told in the *Harvard Memorial Biographies.*

Tom Robeson is at Washington on signal duty, telegraphing, etc. Ned Abbott rode on with us when we marched, as far as Poolesville, where we halted. The gradual rise to this place is imperceptible, until you see before you in the distance what appear to be clouds in the western horizon. They do not seem to change their shape, and you recognize them soon as mountains, the famous Blue Ridge of Virginia. But what is more surprising, you find yourself on a mountain, and looking across a valley of some sixty or seventy miles, through which the Potomac runs. Imagine yourself on the summit of Mount Washington, or higher if you please, and then have the summit stretched out into a flat tableland of fifty square miles, with nothing to obstruct the horizon, and you have a slight idea of our position and view. We were thousands of feet above the level of the sea, and still on every side it was perfectly level until your eye stretched across the surrounding valley and rested on the blue hills beyond. Towering above the others was the famous Sugar Loaf Mountain, from whose summit the signal fires tell the numbers and movements of the foe.

The scenery was appreciated even by the tired men, and exclamations of surprise would occasionally be heard from the ranks. Our bivouac here at Poolesville has surpassed all others. We are so high that very little dew falls, our blankets being only damp in the morning, and the air is so invigorating that a person is inclined to be pleased with everything. Although this was our third day on the march, and we had come farther than on any other day, the men were in better spirits and really not so tired as on the night of our first bivouac.

The river is but four miles from here, and our pickets there exchange shots daily with the rebels. To-day one of ours was killed. Sometimes the pickets will make friendly advances to each other across the river, and leaving their arms will meet half way on the ford, and chat in the most friendly manner. In one case they exchanged a Boston Journal for a Mobile paper. We have seen nothing of the Rebel cavalry, and before stacking I ordered the guns to be uncapped.

September 15, Sunday, we had looked forward to as a day of rest, literally, but at eleven we were ordered to have dinner as early as possible, as we must start again for a new camping ground two and a half miles nearer the river. The sun was broiling. I picked up a tin cup lying in the sun, without thinking, and dropped it as though it was red. I believe if my hand had been wet, it would have sizzled. We fell in at two, and passing the advanced regiment of Minnesota Volunteers, descended from our table-land towards the river, and are now in advance of everything in this direction. We have the post of honor. In the first advance into Virginia, our regiment, having the right of the brigade, leads; Company I, having the right of our regiment, also leads. The Minnesota regiment which is to support us is the same that behaved so well at Bull's Run, and was the last to leave the field, and in good order.

The Colonel considers it a great compliment, placing his regiment so well in advance. But we compare in appearance and drill certainly with any that I have seen since I left home. We reached our final camp ground about four o'clock, have got our camp laid out, our tents pitched, and guard mounted, and hope to stay

here a week or two to get up again on our drill, etc., which must have lost something from our late irregularities. As soon as our brigade is full, we shall probably go on picket duty on the river, which they say is quite pleasant, having just enough danger to make it exciting. A whole company is detailed for a certain number of days, perhaps a week, when it is relieved by the next. I will write at the first opportunity, giving you some of my adventures and experience on picket.

The Colonel was down at the river to-day with General Stone, and got one of our pickets to make advances to his neighbor opposite, and draw him into conversation across the river. They kept in the back-ground, and listened to the dialogue, which of course wasn't in a whisper. The rebel said they had but two or three hundred cavalry there, and only one or two batteries. Of course their information goes for what it is worth. But it seems rather laughable, the whole thing. It is impossible for me to realize that we are so near the enemy. I shall, perhaps, when I hear a bullet whistle by my head.

I have written a good deal, considering we have been on the march for the last four days, but I do not feel tired in the least; the men are somewhat used up, it being their first march, but they have stood it very well, especially my company. I haven't had one straggler.

I must stop, not for want of matter but for brevity of candle. The air of the tent feels close and uncomfortable after living so long in the open air.

My next may be dated from the "Banks of the Potomac."

HEADQUARTERS TWENTIETH REGIMENT MASS. VOLUNTEERS,
CAMP BENTON, EDWARDS' FERRY, MD.
September 24, 1861.

DEAR MOTHER:—

September 25, 9 A. M. I had just sat down to write a long letter last eve. (my first opportunity for a week), when an orderly from General Lander brought me written orders to take command of a detachment for service down at the river. So I had to stop just where I was. I was disappointed, because I had made up my mind to seize this my first spare eve., and do nothing else but write.

I received five letters to-day from home, dated the 21st, 20th, 18th, 17th, and 16th, respectively. They have been lying in Washington. Also a Boston paper, 17th. There are so many questions in each one, that it would be useless to try and answer them separately, so I will continue my story from where I left off.

I was in command of a battalion of three companies and a section of the Third R. I. Battery, in an advance position on the banks of the Potomac. I also had with me a detachment of thirty sharpshooters under Captain Saunders. I was recalled with my command Saturday night, and marched home in a drenching rain six miles.

The last night I was there I suspected an attack. I doubled the guards, set an extra picket of sharpshooters on the shore of the river, and made every man in the command sleep on his gun with all his equipments on. I was up all night, round the camp and down at the river. We could see the lights of the pickets just across the river. About midnight, one of the boats on this side got loose and floated off. I had to strip and swim after

it. It was a cold bath at that time of night. I did not take any cold. I am beyond that now. We saw nothing of the enemy. I lay down under a tree about 4 A. M. and slept an hour or two.

They are erecting a battery on the other side of the river here, a fortified camp. Sunday I had a little time tc sleep, having been without it for so long.

Sunday night I was going to have a good sleep, when at half-past six orders came to march for the river, information having been received that the rebels had crossed in force a little way up. I was put in command of a battalion of three companies, and ordered to march to the ferry, and thence up the tow path of the canal about four miles. I marched them at single file, open order. I marched ahead with a few sharpshooters. We bivouacked on the path, where we halted. It was very wet before morning. We returned to camp by daylight, without having a skirmish. That night, Monday, I got some sleep. As I said before, I expected to write all last night, Tuesday. But at seven, orders came to fall in. I received command of half the regiment, all that was sent, five companies. I took Lieutenant Abbott as aide-de-camp. We marched quick time to the ferry. Then I sent Captain Tremlett up the tow path four miles with two companies, and retained three with me. I formed my detachment into a hollow square, stacked the guns, posted a guard, and let the men lie down where they were. I slept on the floor of a deserted double-roomed house which I made headquarters. I went to sleep, having a sentinel posted near me to wake me on the least alarm. I slept by intervals till four A. M., when I got the captains to get

their companies under arms. I left before sunrise, and got back to camp at reveillé. Reported at headquarters, and then lay down for a nap. I then thought that I ought to write, and have put off sleeping until night, when ten to one I may be sent off again on some midnight expedition. Yesterday I acted colonel, and received the dress parade. This is the first time I have ever had it. It would have looked queer at Readville to see me taking dress parade and have all the officers march up and salute me; but it comes more natural after having these captains under my command so many times.

We shall have a mail carrier soon, so that we may get our letters more punctually. I am afraid my trunk is going to weigh too much according to the new orders. If it does, I shall have to send it home and get another one, a kind of camp trunk, price $8.00; then you can send me anything you wish, if it doesn't take up room, or is anything to eat. We live on hard bread and salt meat, and coffee or tea. But I don't care for anything else. I suppose I could buy pies and such things if I wanted. I drill the men now almost altogether as skirmishers.

On Monday, the 21st day of October, 1861, he was engaged in the battle of Ball's Bluff, at which his company and five other companies of the regiment, all under the command of Colonel Lee, were present. It is not proposed to give in this memoir detailed descriptions of the battles in which the subject of it took part, but his own report of his proceedings, and a letter to his mother, written a few days after, are inserted here.

CAMP BENTON, *October* 23, 1861.

TO GEN. STONE, *Commanding Corps of Observation*: —

GENERAL, — I have to report that one hundred men of the Twentieth Regiment crossed from Swan's (or Harrison's) island on Monday morning, October 21st, to support the detachment of the Fifteenth and cover its retreat. We climbed the steep bank, one hundred and fifty feet high, with difficulty, and took post on the right of the open space above, sending out scouts in all directions. The detachment of the Twentieth consisted of two companies, I and D, in all one hundred and two men, under command of Colonel Lee.

A little after daylight, First Sergeant Riddle of Co. I was brought in, shot through the arm by some pickets of the enemy on the right.

At 8 A. M., a splendid volley was heard from the direction of the Fifteenth (who had advanced half a mile up the road leading from the river), and soon wounded men were brought in towards the river. We were then deployed by Colonel Lee as skirmishers, on each side of the road mentioned, leaving an opening for the Fifteenth to pass through in retreat. They fell back in good order at about 10 A. M. At 11, the other companies of the Fifteenth arrived from the island, and Colonel Devens with his command moved inland again. At this time the remaining men of the Twentieth, under Major Revere, joined us. Major Revere had during the morning brought round from the other side of the island a small scow, the only means of transportation, excepting the whale boat holding sixteen and the two skiffs holding four and five respectively, with which we crossed in the morning. At 2 o'clock, the detachment of Baker's

Brigade and the Tammany Regiment had arrived, and Colonel Baker, who disposed the troops under his command. The three hundred and eighteen men of the Twentieth were in the open space, the right up the river; the Fifteenth were in the edge of the woods on the right a part of the California (Baker's) Regiment on the left, touching at right angles our right.

One company of the Twentieth under Captain Putnam was deployed as skirmishers on the right in the woods, one under Captain Crowninshield on the left. Captain Putnam lost an arm in the beginning of the engagement, and was carried to the rear. His company kept their ground well under Lieutenant Hallowell. The Fifteenth had before this, after the arrival of General Baker, fallen back the second time, in good order, and had been placed by General Baker as above mentioned. The enemy now opened on us from the woods in front with a heavy fire of musketry, which was very effective. They fired *low*, the balls all going within from one to four feet of the ground.

Three companies of the Twentieth were kept in reserve, but on the open ground, exposed to a destructive fire. It was a continual fire now, with occasional pauses of one or two minutes, until the last. The rifled cannon was on the left, in the open ground, in front of a part of Baker's regiment, exposed to a hot fire. It was not discharged more than eight times. The gunners were shot down in the first of the engagement, and I saw Colonel Lee carry a charge to the gun with his own hand. The last time that it was fired, the recoil carried it down the rise to the edge of the bank. The men of the Twentieth Regiment behaved admirably, and all that were left of

them were on the field, after the battle was declared lost by General Baker. They acted, at least all under my command, with great coolness and bravery, and obeyed every command implicitly, and even after the intimation had been given that we must surrender in order to save the men that had been left, they cheerfully rallied and delivered a well directed fire upon two companies which we met, which had just advanced out of the woods.

We were slowly driven back by their fire in return, and covered ourselves with the slight rise mentioned above. We tried to induce the Colonel to attempt an escape, and got him down the bank unhurt. I turned to collect the remnant of my company, and when I returned to the bank, they told me that the Colonel (Lee), Major, and Adjutant had got into a small boat, and were by this time safely across. Feeling at ease then about them, I collected all that I found of the Twentieth, and gave permission to all those who could swim and wished to, to take to the water, and sent over reports and messages by them. I then ordered those of the regiment who could not swim to follow up the river, in order to get them out of the murderous volleys which the enemy were pouring down upon us from the top of the bank. About twenty of the Twentieth Regiment, twenty of the Fifteenth, and forty of the Tammany and California regiments, followed us.

We went up as far as the large mill, where I found, by means of a negro there, a small sunken skiff in the mill-way, and induced him to get it out of water and down to the river. It was capable of holding five men, and I began to send them over, expecting every minute to be discovered by the enemy. In an hour they were

all over, and I crossed with Lieutenant Abbott of my company, and Captain Tremlett of Company A, Twentieth. I reported with the men at the hospital on the island. They got across to this side during the night. They were obliged to stop at the ferry and sleep out, many of them without overcoats or blankets, till morning. Out of twenty-two officers that were with us in the engagement, thirteen are killed, wounded, or missing; of three hundred and eighteen men, one hundred and forty-six are killed, wounded, or missing. The Colonel (Lee), I learned at the island, had not crossed, but I have since learned that he and his companions went farther up the river, found the boat which I afterwards used, thought it impracticable, and went on. They were (by the report of one or two men who have since come in) taken prisoners. Colonel Lee, Major Revere, Adjutant Peirson, Dr. Revere, and Lieutenant Perry are supposed to have been together. I supposed it was my duty to make this report of that part of the regiment engaged, as senior officer of those saved.

CAMP BENTON,
Saturday Night, October 25, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — . . I have not had time or heart to write *you*, who had such good news to hear, when I thought of those who could not get anything but bad tidings. I have been very busy during the whole week (which seems like one long day, or rather *night*), being in command of the regiment nearly all the time. To my great joy Lieutenant-colonel Palfrey returned in safety with his men Wednesday night, when all the forces were withdrawn from the Virginia shore by order of McClellan, who was here.

General Lander was brought here wounded in the leg that day, and when I went up to headquarters, I heard that McClellan had just been up to see him. It was cheering news for me, for I knew that we had by this time got four thousand men across, below our battle ground, at Edwards' Ferry, and I was in hopes some General would come who could take command. . . In your letter of Sunday, which I got Wednesday, you hoped I should have a day of rest; you little thought that I should be the other side of the Potomac at two the next morning. I had neither food nor sleep from Saturday night until I got back to camp Tuesday morning. We crossed the river, Caspar and I, under command of Colonel Lee, in all one hundred men, in a whale boat that would carry sixteen, and two small boats holding five and four respectively. I went over first, and found a steep bank one hundred and fifty feet high, with thick wood on it. There was not room enough to form ten men, and the banks were so slippery that you could not stand. I formed the men in single file up the path, waiting for the Colonel and the rest of the men.

After they were all over, we wound our way up this precipice and formed on the open space above. The detachment of the Fifteenth, three hundred men, now moved up the road leading from the top of the bank inland. We were to remain there to support them, and cover their retreat. We gave the men distinctly to understand that they *must stand fast* if the Fifteenth came running down the road, wait till they had passed, and then cover their retreat. It looked rather dubious. The Fifteenth might get across, but we must check the

advance of the enemy and get cut to pieces. We sent out scouts in all directions; three men under a sergeant composed each party.

My First Sergeant Riddle went out on our right. At this time we did not know how many of the enemy there might be within gunshot of us. It was now about sunrise, when we heard three or four shots in rapid succession on our right. In a few minutes my First Sergeant (Riddle) was brought in, shot through the elbow. He was fainting from loss of blood. We tied a handkerchief around his arm and sent him down to the river. (I might as well finish with him here. It was a sad opening for me, he was the best sergeant in the regiment, a favorite of both the Colonel and General Lander, and perfectly invaluable to me. He is now at the hospital, and I am in hopes of saving his arm; the bone is shattered; he has great pain but good spirits.) It was nearly nine when we heard a splendid volley in the direction of the Fifteenth. *We knew we were in for it then.* Soon wounded men were brought down the road mentioned. How large a force they had met we did not know, but we learned from the wounded that the volley was from the enemy. We expected now to see the Fifteenth falling back on us. The firing ceased and we were in suspense, thinking that they might have been surrounded, and waiting to see the enemy come down that road and sweep our hundred men into the river. We were then deployed as skirmishers across the road, Company I on the right, Caspar on the left, an opening at the road to let the Fifteenth pass through to the river, and then check their pursuers until they could get across. I never expected to see Camp Benton again, then, and I

remember being sorry that my bundle had not yet come from home before I left camp, and that there would be no one there to open it when it came. I wondered what you were thinking of at the time, and was glad that you little dreamed of our critical position.

At ten A. M. Colonel Devens with his men came down the road in good order. He reported that there were three to four regiments of the enemy, besides cavalry. Our case was looking *rather unpleasant*, to say the least We were not attacked, the enemy fearing that we might have a larger force. They seem to refuse a fight unless you give them odds. At eleven, the remainder of the Fifteenth came over, and they went back up the road again, six hundred in all. The rest of our regiment which crossed over on to the island with us the night before, — the island, Harrison's, is midway between the two shores, low and flat, — now came over to us, making with Caspar's company and mine three hundred and eighteen. The California Regiment, of Philadelphia, now began to get over, and the prospect for a more even fight looked better. But you can imagine what a long morning it was, waiting either for reinforcements or the order to withdraw, with nothing to eat since dinner the day before. My company being deployed as skirmishers, I had given the order "Lie down," and I myself reclined on my elbow and dozed for half an hour. I woke up and found that nearly all my skirmishers lying down had taken the opportunity to go to sleep, poor fellows. I couldn't bear to wake them until the first volley of musketry was heard from the woods near us. It shows that the boys were either indifferent to danger, or were worn out with fatigue, to go to sleep on the field, where balls were occasionally dropping in.

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General Baker arrived with his regiment (California it is called, composed of Philadelphia men). He disposed the troops under his command as follows: —

The Twentieth, three hundred and eighteen men, in the open space, their right up the river. The Fifteenth, six hundred, in the edge of the woods on the right. The California Regiment, part of it, on their left, touching at right angles our right.

A part of the Tammany Regiment was placed in front of us by Baker, but I am sorry to say that after the first volley there was nobody in front of us but the enemy; they broke and fell in behind us.

The following plan will show you our position after one or two volleys had been fired on us. [See Plan.]

Well the first volley came and the balls flew like hail. You can see from our position on the plan that we were exposed to their full fire. The whizzing of balls was a new sensation. I had read so much about being under fire and flying bullets that I was curious to experience it. I had a fair chance. An old German soldier told me that he had been in a good many battles, but that he never saw such a concentrated fire before. They fired beautifully, too, their balls all coming low, within from one to four feet of the ground. The men now began to drop around me; most of them were lying down in the first of it, being ordered to keep in reserve. Those that were lying down, if they lifted their foot or head it was struck. One poor fellow near me was struck in the hip while lying flat, and rose to go to the rear, when another struck him on the head, and knocked him over. I felt that if I was going to be hit, I should be, whether I stood up or lay down, so I stood up and walked around

among the men, stepping over them and talking to them in a joking way, to take away their thoughts from the bullets, and keep them more self possessed. I was surprised at first at my own coolness. I never felt better, although I expected of course that I should feel the lead every second, and I was wondering where it would take me. I kept speaking to Little, surprised that he was not hit amongst this rain of bullets. I said two or three times "*Why Lit., are n't you hit yet?*" I remember Macy was lying where the grass was turned up, and I "roughed" him for getting his coat so awfully dirty. Lit. was as cool and brave as I knew he would be. The different companies began to wilt away under this terrible fire. Still there was no terror among the men; they placed *implicit confidence* in their officers (I refer to our regiment particularly), and you could see that now was the time they respected and looked up to them.

We were driven back inch by inch, towards the top of the bank. The rifled cannon was not fired more than eight times; the last time, the recoil carried it over the bank, and it went crushing through the trees, wounding many. General Baker was standing near me about four o'clock; he seemed indifferent to bullets. He said it was of no use, it was all over with us. A few minutes after, he fell, struck by eight balls *all at once;* so you can judge by this how thick they flew. No one took command after he fell; in fact the battle was lost some time before. At this time I came on Captain Dreher; he was shot through the head in the upper part of his cheek. I took hold of him, turned his face towards me, thought that he could not live but a few minutes, and pushed ahead. When we fell back again, he had been taken to the

rear, and was got across. He is now in a fair way to recovery, the ball not striking any vital part. Lieutenants Lowell and Putnam and Captain Schmitt were now down, but were carried to the bank and taken across.

Captain John Putnam, I forgot to say, was brought down by where we were from the right, where he was skirmishing, in the very first of the fight. I remember how I envied him at getting off with the loss of an arm, and I wished then that I could change places with him. For I knew then, that *we* should either be killed or taken prisoners. The field now began to look like my preconceived idea of a battle field. The ground was smoking and covered with blood, while the noise was perfectly deafening. Men were lying under foot, and here and there a horse struggling in death. Coats and guns strewn over the ground in all directions. I went to the Colonel and he was sitting behind a tree, perfectly composed. He told me there was nothing to be done but "surrender and save the men from being murdered." Most of the men had now got down the bank. I thought it over in my mind, and reasoned that we might as well be shot advancing on the enemy, as to be slaughtered like sheep at the foot of the bank.

I called for Company I for one last rally. Every man that was left sprang forward, and also about six men (all who were left) of Captain Dreher's company, and ten men of Company H under Lieutenant Hallowell, all of whom followed me up the rise. As we reached the top, I found Little by my side. We came upon two fresh companies of the enemy which had just come out of the woods; they had their flag with them. Both sides were

so surprised at seeing each other — they at seeing us coming up with this handful of men, we at seeing these two new companies drawn up in perfect order, — that *each side forgot to fire.* And we stood looking at each other (not a gun being fired) for some twenty seconds, and then they let fly their volley at the same time we did.

If bullets had rained before, they came in sheets now. It is surprising that any one could escape being hit. We were driven back again. I had to order sharply one or two of my brave fellows before they would go back. Everything was lost now.

One of the Philadelphia papers says, "After everything was given up as lost, a captain of the Fifteenth Regiment rallied the remnants of two companies, and charged gallantly up the rise, but was driven back by overpowering numbers, after delivering a well directed volley." So far so good. Then it says, "but seeing the hopelessness of the case, he tied a white handkerchief on his sword and surrendered himself and the remnant of his regiment."

The officer in question did not get quite so far as the last part of the story, nor did he belong to the Fifteenth Massachusetts. . . .

When we got back to the bank, we induced the Colonel to go down and try to escape. The Adjutant took his left arm and I his right, and we got him down the bank unhurt. Here was a horrible scene. Men crowded together, the wounded and the dying. The water was full of human beings, struggling with each other and the water, the surface of which looked like a pond when it rains, from the withering volleys that the enemy were pouring down from the top of the bank.

Those who were not drowned ran the chance of being shot. I turned back and left the Colonel, to collect the remnant of my company, and when I returned he was gone. I asked for him, and they told me that he, the Major, and Adjutant had got into a small boat and gone across safely. I looked, and saw a small boat landing on the other side, and took it for granted they were safe. I then, being in command, collected what I could of the regiment, and told those who could swim, and wished to, to take the water, it was the only means of escape. Nearly all my company could swim, and I made them stop and take off their clothes. We sent over reports and messages by them. Little and I thought it our duty to stay by those men who could not swim. I allowed Macy to go, hoping that one of us might get home to tell the story. Little sent his watch over by Kelly, the bravest boy in our company, and I told him to go to Boston, and go to you and tell you that your son was probably a prisoner. What should you have said to the news? Little did you think or know what was taking place on that Monday afternoon, when

> Volleys on right of us,
> Volleys on left of us,
> Volleys in front of us,
> Rattled and thundered.

I now determined to get the men out of this fire, and surrender without any more loss. I started up the river, followed by about twenty men of the Twentieth Regiment, twenty of the Fifteenth, and forty of the Tammany and California regiments. Captain Tremlett, Company A, Twentieth, Lieutenant Whittier, ditto,

and Little Abbott went with me. An officer of the Fifteenth also was with the party. We followed up the edge of the river, and came to an old mill which we knew was up in this direction. It was owned and run by a man named Smart, who lived in Leesburg, so the negro told me, whom I questioned as to who was there. We expected to stumble on a party of the rebels every step. I asked him where his boat was. He wondered how I knew that they had one, and said it was up in the mill-way.

I went up there and found a skiff under water, twenty rods away from the edge of the river. It was capable of holding five persons. Those with me declared it useless and impracticable, and proposed going into the mill, get a good night's rest, and give ourselves up in the morning. I thought, though, that if I only got one load of five over, it would be worth trying; so we got it down to the river and began the transportation, expecting every minute to be discovered and fired at by the rebels. When the boat was put into the water, the whole crowd made a rush for it. I had to use a little persuasion by stepping in front of it, drew my pistol (for the first time this afternoon), and swore to God that I would shoot the first man who moved without my order. It was the only thing that saved them. They were obedient and submissive, and avoided being shot by me or taken prisoners by the enemy. I selected five men of my own company and sent them across first, with a man to bring back the boat. So, by degrees, I got those of the Twentieth, next those of the Fifteenth (whose officer, by the way, sneaked off, got across on a raft, and left his men on my hands), and

lastly those of the Tammany and California regiments. I sent Lieutenant Whittier over in the second load, to look out for the men as they came over. It was a tedious job. At last I went over with Tremlett and Little, and was once more back on the island. We thus saved eighty men and three officers from being taken prisoners. I learned afterwards that the Colonel, Major, and Adjutant were ahead of me up the river, had been to the mill, found the boat, thought it impracticable, and went on. They were afterwards taken prisoners. Lieutenant Perry and Dr. Revere were with them. We went down to the hospital opposite our battle-field, where we found the wounded being cared for. They had heard, and believed, that I was shot, and the welcome that the men gave me brought the first tears to my eyes.

I got to the Maryland side with all that I could find of my company (five men) about twelve, midnight. Then we had still that long walk down the tow-path and up to our camp from the river, where we arrived at three A. M. I got to bed pretty well tired out at half past three. When I awoke there were several waiting at my tent door for me to awake, to welcome me and congratulate me on my safe return.

On waking, I sent telegraphs to Jane by mail to send to Boston; did you get them?

By the time I was up, Colonel Palfrey had started off with the only remaining company of the regiment (Company K) to cross the river at Edwards' Ferry. He got back safe, as I told you, and relieved me from the command of the regiment.

The first night that I was here in command, I thought

it best to have a dress parade as usual, both to let the men see that everything was not broken up, and to cheer them with the music. It had a very good effect. I published to them that night the following order: —

HEADQUARTERS TWENTIETH REGT. MASS. VOLS.,
CAMP BENTON, *October* 23.

General Order No. —

It is the pleasant duty of the commanding officer to congratulate the men of the Twentieth Regiment on their admirable conduct in the late battle. Your courage and bravery under a galling fire for hours was only equaled by your coolness and steadiness throughout.

He laments, with you, the loss of so many brave officers and men; but hopes, with you, that the time may soon come when we may avenge that loss.

You have established your reputation for bravery, and gained honor, though you lost the victory.

By order Commanding Officer.

The men were quite affected, and the next time the Twentieth is engaged she will leave a mark that will not be lost sight of in history.

Out of twenty-two officers that were engaged, only nine returned safe. Of three hundred and eighteen men, one hundred and forty-six were killed, wounded, or missing; a loss which, in proportion to the number engaged, you seldom see. I send you a list of officers killed, wounded, and missing, and also of Company I, as they may send to you to learn.

Col. W Raymond Lee, missing, prisoner (unhurt).

Major P. J. Revere, missing, prisoner (unhurt).

Dr. E. H. R. Revere, missing, prisoner (unhurt).

Adj. C. L. Peirson, missing, prisoner.

Lieut. G. B. Perry, missing, prisoner.

Lieut. Wesselhoeft, missing, probably drowned.

Capt. Babo, missing, probably drowned.

Lieut. W L. Putnam, wounded, since died.

Capt. G. A. Schmitt, wounded badly, doing well.

Lieut. Lowell, wounded slightly (flesh), doing well.

Capt. Dreher, wounded in the head, doing well.

Capt. Putnam (John), wounded (lost right arm), doing well.

Lieut. Holmes (O. W.), wounded (breast), doing well.

A sad report, but it might have been worse.

Of Company I, forty-eight men were engaged, twenty (nearly half) were killed, wounded, or missing, as follows: —

Those that are missing were either shot or drowned in the river.

First Sergt. Riddle (W R.), wounded, right arm shattered.

Corp. Thomas Hollis, wounded (finger shot off), doing well.

Private A. M. Barber, wounded (right arm), doing well.

A. Davis, killed, shot through heart.

Thomas Dolan, wounded, finger shot off.

Lewis Dunn, missing, probably shot.

W. F. Hill, missing, probably shot.

Albert Kelly, missing, probably shot.

M. V Kempton, missing, probably a prisoner.

Sam. Lowell, missing, probably a prisoner.

Pete McKenna (my pet and pride), missing, took the water, probably shot.

G. C. Pratt, wounded badly (will recover).

Julius Strick, wounded (right arm).

James Seddon, wounded (heel), doing well.

Albert Stackpole, wounded, since died.

George G. Worth, missing, probably shot swimming.

Summerhays, wounded slightly in the hand.

O. Gammons, wounded, finger shot off.

E. V Skinner, missing, perhaps a prisoner.

I. Barker, missing, perhaps a prisoner.

Killed and wounded, 11 ; missing, 9 ; total loss, 20.

Worth and McKenna were two noble fellows. I was saying to Little a day or two before, how sorry I should be to have any of these men killed, in whom we took such an interest! I send you a little piece of a knot of crape which went through the fight on Monday last. It was tied on to my sword hilt the day before. Caspar had a piece on his hilt, but said that he saw it when we were marching up the tow-path, and tore it off instantly. He and I were the only captains that had crape on our swords, and were the only two that were not hit. Captain Putnam is getting along finely. Captain Schmitt will recover. He has a great deal of pain, but bears it splendidly.

Well, mother, I have written a pretty long letter, but I guess you will be interested enough to read it through. I have written of course what I should not have done to any one else, and you must not show it. My official report to General Stone was in substance like this, except, of course, the parts relating to myself, which it did not become me to speak of to any one

else but you at home. I have now been through my first battle, and it was a fierce one. If we should have a campaign of ten years, we could never get in such a place where we should lose so many men or be under such severe fire. General Stone told Colonel Palfrey last night that the rebels' official report made them lose three hundred men killed and wounded, and that they had five thousand troops engaged to our sixteen hundred. W.

In the night following the battle, the Lieutenant-colonel of the Twentieth, with all of the brigade left in camp, except a slender camp guard, was ordered across the river at a point some four miles below the battle-field, and he did not return till the following Thursday morning. His absence, and the capture of Colonel Lee and Major Revere, left Bartlett the senior officer of the regiment present for duty. His action during these two days was wise and thoughtful. He had a dress parade the next night after he got back from the battle, "both to give the men the idea that everything was not broken up, and also to cheer them with the music of the band."

In his journal he wrote, a few days after, in reference to some articles in the Boston and New York papers: "They compliment me too highly, who did nothing more than my duty. My coolness was in me. I ought not to have the credit of it, but be grateful to God, who in his mercy

has spared me, for granting me the courage and self-possession."

The battle of Ball's Bluff cost the Twentieth Regiment its colonel, major, adjutant, assistant surgeon, and one first lieutenant taken prisoner, a captain and two lieutenants killed, and three captains and two lieutenants severely wounded, in addition to about one hundred and fifty non-commissioned officers and privates killed, wounded, and missing. Captain Bartlett became, by reason of these casualties, the second officer of the regiment present for duty, and he so continued during the whole of the following six months, the period of his stay with the regiment in the field. For four months the regiment remained in its old camp, and then it moved to Poolesville, where it passed a few days. It then formed part of the column which marched up to Harper's Ferry, in support of General Banks, and moved out through Charlestown to Berryville. It returned to Harper's Ferry, and was cantoned for a week at Bolivar Heights, took rail for Washington, and thence was transported by water to Fortress Monroe. There the Corps of Observation, already for some time under the command of General Sedgwick, became the Second Division of the Second Army Corps, under General Sumner. The brigade was now commanded by General Dana. The regiment moved up the Peninsula with the rest of the army of McClellan, and took part in the so-called siege of Yorktown.

During all this period, Captain Bartlett proved himself fully equal to the onerous duties and responsibilities to which the fortune of war had called him. It is impossible to estimate too highly the value of the assistance he gave to his commanding officer, and of his services to the command. While his class-mates were still undergraduates, he rapidly made himself a most efficient and accomplished second officer of a regiment in the field. In those early days of the war, none of us knew our duties too well, and imperfect knowledge made the task of those who strove to be faithful very laborious. The principle of the subdivision of labor, which applies in the fullest force to a thoroughly organized regiment, was very partially understood, and very partially put in force. Every conscientious regimental commander had his hands full, and the calamity at Ball's Bluff brought an immense amount of miscellaneous work upon the commander of the Twentieth. The mail came day after day, laden with letters for him, from the friends of the killed, the wounded, the missing, and of those who were safe, but had neglected to report their safety to their homes. The daily routine of the regiment had to be gone through with, the numerous visitors to camp had to be courteously received, the immense mass of correspondence had to be disposed of, and late at night came his final rounds in the hospitals in which

the wounded lay. With even a respectable officer in the second place, something of what was done and ought to have been done must have been more or less neglected, but, fortunately for us all, Bartlett was more than a respectable officer. Always alert, always zealous, he kept cheerfully and successfully at work. He took a great interest in tactics, and rapidly made himself a proficient in the school of the battalion, and drilled the regiment constantly and well. His height, fine carriage, good horsemanship, and powerful voice, caused him to appear in such positions to the greatest advantage. It was characteristic of him, that at this time he learned to play the bugle sufficiently well to sound the infantry calls. In some way or other he acquired such a knowledge of the evolutions of the line that one day, when he was unexpectedly called upon to take the regiment out for brigade drill, under a colonel accidentally in command of the brigade, and who was believed to have been privately studying, in order to surprise and catch the Twentieth, he manœuvred his battalion smoothly and without hesitation, while some of his neighbors bungled.

About the first of December, 1861, at the invitation of his commanding officer, he joined tents with him, and their personal friendship, strengthened by this close relation, knew no change while he lived, except to grow closer as time went on.

The following letters describe some of his experiences in the early part of the Peninsular Campaign, of which he was only permitted to see the commencement. His care of his men on the evening following their first reconnoissance was gratefully remembered and mentioned by them when we turned in our colors on the 22d of December, 1865.

CAMP BEFORE YORKTOWN, *April* 10, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER: — I have been through some danger safely since I wrote you Sunday. Monday morning our regiment, with the Nineteenth Massachusetts, went out on a reconnoissance towards Yorktown. We marched three or four miles through the woods and mud, when we came to a rebel entrenchment on the opposite side of a swamp, which they had made by damming a stream.

The engineer who went with the General reconnoitered it, covered by our skirmishers. We exchanged perhaps a hundred shots with them, without doing any damage to any one, and, the engineer having accomplished his object, we left, and kept to the left; about two miles. We came to another battery on the same stream. Here they opened on us with shell from a thirty-two-pounder Three men of the Nineteenth were wounded. One died that night. We got under the cover of some woods and covered the engineer while he reconnoitered. It looked pretty squally when they opened on us with shell, as we had no artillery with us. We withdrew about dark, having effected the object of the reconnoissance. We had to march home in the dark, through the woods, in mud up to our knees. It had rained hard all day.

I had the fortune to wear my rubber coat, so that I was n't much wet above my waist. I walked, and wore my shoes. We were pretty tired when we got back. The Colonel and I had a tent to sleep in, but the men had nothing to do but lie down in the mud and let it rain. Most of them stood up round the fires all night to keep warm. I managed to get two dozen bottles of whiskey from the sutler, which he had brought for officers, and distributed it so that each man got a small drink of hot whiskey and water. I stayed out till eleven o'clock in the rain doing it. I then came in, took off my stockings and pants, which were wet through, rubbed my feet dry, and lay down and slept soundly enough. I woke all right in the morning. It was still raining, and is to-day, the third day. I hope it will stop soon. This has delayed the advance very much, as it is impossible to move artillery.

John Putnam is going back to Fort Monroe ; he can't stand this, it is too rough for him. Riddle, the same.

Two or three of the officers are sick, but I am as well as ever. Arthur is a little unwell to-day, but you need n't tell his mother, because he will be all right to-morrow, and she would be only worried. General Sumner arrived to-day with the rest of his corps. I have n't seen General McClellan since he passed on the road. He is here. Colonel Lee is at the fort. He will not join us at present, he thinks.

Love to all. W.

Sunday Eve.
CAMP BEFORE YORKTOWN, *April* 20, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER: — It is just six months ago to-night since we crossed over to Harrison's Island and Ball's Bluff. We are having very hard duty just now, and shall have for some time. We are camped in the same swamp, within three quarters of a mile from the enemy's works. We have to go out every third day and picket the whole brigade, close to them. Day before yesterday we were out; we go again to-morrow. We were firing all day, whenever we saw anything to shoot at. We had one of our men badly wounded in the breast. Last night we were turned out twice by a brisk volley of musketry, which seemed just on the edge of the camp. Our pickets were driven in, and the firing lasted about fifteen minutes. Some of the bullets dropped into the camp. They were driven back without our going out. We were turned out again at two, and stood in the rain and mud. This morning we expected a quiet day, although the camp was all water and mud; raining hard. About ten, sharp firing commenced, and we had to fall in, and our two brigades were marched out to the front, where the other brigade was on picket. We expected that we were in for a fight, as Sunday is the favorite day. We lay out in the woods all day in the rain, and came in to-night without doing anything; they did not see fit to attack. We keep up a continual shelling of their works. To-morrow we take our turn again. I suppose we shall be turned out once or twice to-night; that 's why I am in no hurry to go to bed, as I want to wait until after the first turn-out. I hope it won't rain to-morrow while we are out. I am fortunate in being so well, many of the officers being sick with diarrhœa.

We may have a week or more of this sort of duty before the grand attack. It is very unpleasant duty. No glory in being shot by a picket behind a tree. It is regular Indian fighting. I have not been exposed much. I got a letter from you day before yesterday. I expect to hear the rattle of musketry every minute, but I am going to try and get some sleep. This is the hard part of a soldier's life; the battle would be a holiday as a relief from this. It will be pleasant to look back on this, if I ever get back, and hear the rain beat on the cupola and think of the nights I have lain out in it in the woods, listening to the pickets firing and the shells bursting, wet and dirty. When it does n't rain it is very hot. Night before last, I lay in the woods under the sky, without anything over me except my overcoat. The great trouble here is from wood-ticks; they get on to you and bury their head in you, and you can't pull them out without pulling their heads off, which makes a bad sore. The only way is to cut them out. I have only had one fasten on me yet, although I have stopped four or five before they got hold. These trouble us a great deal more than the rebel bullets. I must stop here, as it is getting late. It is a certain thing that we shall be turned out under arms about the time I get to sleep.

Good night. Love to all. W.

On the 24th of April, 1862, Captain Bartlett was with his regiment at the outposts in front of Yorktown. While at the outer line, kneeling, and examining the enemy through his field-glass, he received a wound from a sharp-shooter's rifle which cost him his leg. His entry in his journal

is as follows: "While I was visiting the pickets, watching the enemy with my glass, a sharpshooter hit me in the knee with a minié ball, shattering the bone down to my ankle. Dr. Hayward amputated it four inches above the knee, and I started for Baltimore in the same afternoon." Only this and nothing more.

He was carried to the rear on a stretcher very soon after he received the wound, and the operation was performed at once. The writer was with him all the time. He looked up once and said, "It 's rough, Frank, is n't it?" and this was the solitary word of complaint that escaped him.

His fine, slender figure had by this time filled out to be a magnificent specimen of manly vigor, and it was a pitiful sight to see it so maimed.

He remained in Baltimore several weeks, and then went to his home in Massachusetts. He recovered his strength rapidly, though his sufferings were constant and often acute, but he bore them with admirable cheerfulness and fortitude, and he was able to get much enjoyment out of the months he passed at home. He went to the class-day of his class at Harvard, received his degree at Commencement, and was treated with admiring cordiality and attention wherever he went. The following letters give some details of the manner in which he received his wound, of the spirit in which he accepted it, and of the progress of his recovery, and also show his interest in his regiment and his loyalty to it.

BEFORE YORKTOWN, VA., *April* 25, 1862.

C. L. BARTLETT, ESQ.: —

My dear Sir, — Yesterday morning the Twentieth Regiment was detailed for picket duty. Captain Bartlett went out a little before noon to visit the advanced posts. He found what he considered a good and safe position for observing the enemy. He knelt down behind a tree and watched their movements through a glass. He had been watching them some ten minutes, when he received a shot from a rifle in his left knee. A litter was sent for him and he was brought to the rear. When I got to him his color had not left him, and he was suffering only at intervals, when spasms of pain seized him for a moment, and quickly passed and left him comparatively comfortable again. His thoughtfulness for others and self-forgetfulness were shown by his repeatedly urging me to leave him, as I was suffering from a slight lameness. He was carried to a house near by, and then the surgeons gave him chloroform and examined his wound. Drs. Hayward and Crehore of the Twentieth, Dr. Haven of the Fifteenth, and Dr. Clark, a surgeon from Worcester, were unanimous in the opinion that amputation was not only proper, but necessary. I urged upon them to be sure, before proceeding, that there was no chance of recovery, and that it would not do to delay for consultation with other surgeons.

They assured me positively that there was no room for doubt, and that the operation must be performed immediately; that the ball had totally destroyed the knee joint, and shivered and destroyed the bone of the leg for six inches below; furthermore that delay would

materially diminish the chances of recovery. The leg was taken off by Dr. Hayward, in the lower third of the portion above the knee. Examination made subsequently fully confirmed the opinions of the surgeons, and Brigade Surgeons Crosby and Dougherty, and Dr Liddell, Medical Director of the Division, who arrived presently, pronounced everything well and wisely done, and every one of the surgeons were of the opinion that your son had gone through the operation most favorably. He suffered a good deal after he returned to consciousness, but not to the point of faintness. His sufferings arose mostly from the necessary dressings. He bore the announcement of what had been done very firmly, and told me that he had expected it. Every exertion was made to put him at once on his way to Washington, and he presently started for York River, in a four horse ambulance, attended by Dr. Clark and my servant, who is as gentle as a woman, and who has a strong feeling of personal attachment for your son. There went with him, also, seven or eight stout fellows of his own company, to carry him on a litter, should the motion of the ambulance increase his sufferings.

His color returned soon after the operation was ended, his smile was ready and sweet, his eyes clear, the grasp of his hand and the tone of his voice firm. I hardly need tell you that he bore his fate with his own gallant spirit, and that he did not break down for a moment. His escort report that he arrived safely at the river, and was there placed on board the *Commodore.*

To you who know so well my opinion of your son's merits, and what close companionship has existed between us for six months, I need say little of the afflic-

tion that this event causes me. The loss to the regiment is terrible, and officers and men unite with me in lamenting the misfortune. Your son was the most brilliant soldier I have known in the Volunteer Army, and I anticipated for him the highest distinction. You have my sincerest sympathy, you and Mrs. Bartlett and your daughters, in this painful moment, and my love and admiration for your son cause me to feel the most bitter sorrow at this heavy calamity.

Very respectfully and truly yours,
F. W. PALFREY, *Lieut.-col., Comd'g.*

The surgeons encourage me to believe that he will be comparatively comfortable in a day or two.

FROM CAPTAIN BARTLETT'S MOTHER.

BALTIMORE, *May* 8, 1862.
Thursday.

When this note may reach you, or where, I have no idea, but I will "draw a bow at a venture," knowing you will be very glad to hear of the progress of my patient. Several days have passed since I wrote, and he has been improving in general health and strength, and looking more like himself than I supposed he would in so short a time. The main cause of his troubles gives him almost constant twinges of pain, and he suffers much, although he tries to make very light of it.

Your last favor was written May 1st, but you have since been on the move, and Frank misses your cheerful, kindly missives. I had written thus far when the postman left your note of the 3d, and I have just finished reading it, and will let the one to whom it is addressed dictate his own response.

MY DEAR FRANK, — I have just heard read your short note of the 3d, and am glad for your sake that you have the little Colonel and Major back again. I am very sorry that I did not see them when they passed through here. I expected them every time the door bell rang for three or four days. They probably had to go right through. Give my love to the Colonel; tell him I shall hope to see him before long. Remember me to the Major too. What do they do for horses? I should like to know where you are this morning. I hope your foot did not trouble you when the advance was made. Were you not taken by surprise?

Your "Fourth of July cocktail" at Pitcher's looks more practicable every day. I shall get to Boston before you, though. I will have the house got ready and the table spread against the time you come. I shall be round on crutches (doubtful) in a week, at least that is my plan. I am going to have a man here to measure me for them to-day. Like being measured for a coffin, is it not? Mother writes that last under protest.

My leg has given me a good deal of pain since yesterday, owing to its being too tightly bandaged. The last ligature is away, and it ought to heal rapidly now. The foot that is gone pains me most. It would seem that somebody made it their amusement playing "stick-knife" on it a greater part of the time. I am much better able to bear it now than when I was weak. I smoked my first cigarette day before yesterday, winning thereby a box of cigars from my cousin, who foolishly wagered that amount that I would not smoke for three weeks. Do you know it is just two weeks to-day since I "stopped" so neatly that pretty little bullet at just about this hour?

I think I am very well advanced. I wrote Little yesterday, and gave him a short lecture about his signature. How does the boy Arthur get along? You must take him under your special protection now that I am away. I guess I will resign in favor of Mother. I must get my foot into better discipline. I cannot have it going on this way. Give a great deal of love to all the fellows, and what you please for yourself, from your FRANK.

The above was jerked out between spasms of dreadful pain. The surgeon has been here since, and relieved him somewhat, and assures me it is doing remarkably well.

FROM CAPTAIN BARTLETT.

BALTIMORE, *Sunday Morning, May* 11.

I fear daily lest your kind disposition shall cause you to take too much trouble in my behalf. I know that it cannot be convenient for you to write me every day so faithfully; and much as I delight in your letters, I am distressed by the thought that you are putting yourself to too much trouble sometimes. I beg you won't feel obliged to write every day, only when it is perfectly convenient. . . . . .

At this point enter Dr. at "L. C." Exeunt writing materials, etc., R. U. E., "with life." (Patient looking very innocent.)

Dr. "Pulse a little *fast* this morning, probably from sitting up."

Patient. "Yes sir, I suppose so." (At this point enter second Dr., son of first, and the language becomes technical.)

The scenes have been shifted (*i. e., the bandages*).

The Drs. have retired, everything is going on well. I am now at liberty to resume my writing, and make *those pulse* move a little faster again.

I wish I were with you this pleasant Sunday morning, or at least knew exactly where you were.

We hear of Franklin's and Sedgwick's Divisions being engaged, and are anxious for particulars, but can get none. The general report is, you were entirely victorious, with the odds against you. We shall hear soon.

I find my sword-arm is getting a little tired, and I shall have to let mother vibrate her smoothly swinging goose plume. (N. B. she writes with a quill.)

The weather is delightful and most favorable to me. I see much people, now, daily.

I wish you would ask one Hayward, in your regiment, if he intends to answer a letter that I wrote him *some months* since, when I was first brought here.

Give a great deal of love to the Colonel and all the fellows, and believe me as ever,

Yours most devotedly,

FRANK.

News this morning that Norfolk, navy-yard and all, is taken. It may be true. All anxious to hear of your movements. F.

P. S. Quite a long letter for the first attempt isn't it?

P. S. WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN BARTLETT'S MOTHER.

Frank has left me little to say; to be truthful, his picture should be shaded a little; but he looks only on the bright side.

He is, I have no doubt, doing remarkably well; so the surgeon assures me every day. Still, he suffers intensely, at times, and this has been a very hard day for him. He has scarcely been free from pain a moment, and the worst is in the poor shattered foot and leg which is gone. He says, "Ask the Colonel if they gave my leg Christian burial, for my foot torments me as if it were ill at rest."

I had nearly forgotten to say, that *all* your letters have been received, but not in the order in which they were written. The last bears date May 4, 8 P. M., and we are now anxiously looking for news from West Point, which is the last place where your Division is spoken of as being engaged.

FROM CAPTAIN BARTLETT.

BALTIMORE, *May* 14.

Delighted by the receipt of two of your pleasant letters this morning, bearing dates of the 7th, 8th, and 9th.

It comforted me to learn that "grim visaged war" had "smoothed his wrinkled front" even a little; and that you were *comparatively* comfortable, and *positively* in good spirits.

I was very anxious to hear from you after I heard that Sedgwick's Division had been engaged at West Point. Tell Arthur that I received his letter of the 8th yesterday.

You are right in supposing that I am made as comfortable as is possible; everything imaginable is done for my convenience and gratification. But they can t occupy my mind so that it won't turn *southward* with a longing, homesick feeling, mingled with a vain regret

at being snatched away just at the moment when we were about to see something of glorious and victorious *war*.

I take hardly any interest in the war news now, excepting that which immediately concerns you. I *dread* positively to hear of a great victory, as it seems to put narrower limits to the time that I must get well in, if I would be "in at the death." I am far, mind you, from complaining of my lot. I think I am indeed fortunate in making so successful a recovery, and in reaching such delightful quarters. But, still it is hard to banish the feeling, that I was taken away without having effected anything, and at a time when every one was most needed at his post. . .

With a great deal of love, I am always

Yours,

FRANK.

WINTHROP, *July* 7, 1862.

My last date from you is Fair Oaks, June 25th. How much has happened to you since then! I am very anxious to hear from you. I dread to look at the papers, lest I shall see the name of some one I love among the "killed." I almost wish I could see yours among the "slightly wounded," for then I could feel that you were safe, and that I was about to see you. . .

I have not any decided opinion as yet on this last move. It seems to have been that movement laid down in tactics as the most dangerous — a change of front in the presence of the enemy.

You seem to have fought the move through like tigers, against great odds, and have made them pay very dearly

for their attempted interruption. The Twentieth is mentioned with especial honor for its steady and deliberate fire, etc., etc.

I hope the report of "Twentieth, Captain Lowell, killed," may not prove true. It would be very sad to have it confirmed.

I told you in one of my last letters of the "set-back that my leg seemed to have received. I told you it was n't dangerous. I was right. It has gone on mending ever since, and now I think is as well as it was before, and I think I have less pain. So perhaps I did it good by "tapping it."

You speak of my leaving the Twentieth. Many friends here have offered to use their influence to place me at the head of one of the new regiments. I have been very grateful for the offers, of course, but have invariably discountenanced them. You know that I had rather be a captain in the Twentieth than colonel of any regiment that may be raised.

Promotion in the Twentieth would have been very pleasant to me when it brought me nearer you. But, since the 21st of October last, my happiness could not have been increased by the addition of the golden leaf.

No man is half a soldier who does not seek promotion, but if mine should be occasioned by the execution of your oft-uttered threat, to "leave the service when Richmond is ours," I hope you will believe that it would have lost its greatest charm.

In my heart (as I used to hint to you), I firmly believe, and more earnestly hope, that we shall take our honorable discharges together, when the "scarred and war-worn veterans" of the Twentieth shall be mustered out of service on Boston Common. *Nous verrons.*

. . No one here suspects my impatience to rejoin you, or my unfounded regrets at the tardiness of a recovery which has in fact been unusually rapid.
Such is poor human nature.

God keep you in safety through the midst of danger, is the daily prayer of Yours,

FRANK.

On the 6th of September, 1862, he was offered the command of a camp at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, known as Camp Briggs, where the Forty-ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, a nine months' regiment, was then assembling. He accepted the offer with some reluctance, and assumed command of the post on the 20th of the same month. His going to Pittsfield had an important influence upon his life, for it was there that he met the lady whom he married at the end of the war, and there that he made his home for most of the years of peace which he lived to see. Mr. Johns, who has told extremely well the story of "Life with the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers," thus records the impression he made at first sight: "His appearance denotes much of intelligent energy, and his gentlemanly manner, his soldierly bearing (for he looks the soldier even on crutches), and our sympathy with him in his great loss, have made him at once a universal favorite." The favorable impression which he made at first was deepened as officers and men came to know him more. His

popularity was based upon a sense of his merit, and grew steadily, notwithstanding the personal reserve which was natural to him, and to which the average native American volunteer was quite unaccustomed. The way in which he drilled the men in the manual, without crutches, and going through each motion with the musket himself, was very remarkable, and seems almost incredible in the telling. Mr. Johns says, writing when the sight was a frequent occurrence: "It is a treat to see that man go through the manual of arms. He puts such a finish, such a *vim* to every motion. For two hours at a time he will stand on that remaining leg, till half of us believe he never had any need of the one buried at Yorktown, but it was only a superfluous member or mere ornament. If the Colonel (I will call him such) needs rest, he takes it as a part of the exercise, so we cannot tell which is manual of arms and which rest. The cords of that right leg must stand out like great whip-lashes. There is *will* about all this. It is this quiet, intense determination, this fixedness of will, that makes us desire Colonel Bartlett, with but one leg, for our commander, over any other man with the full complement of limbs. Somehow or other, we cannot tell why, we believe that he will not be the mere buffet of circumstances, but will ride over and lead us over all difficulties." The Forty-ninth was a regiment in which the right of election of officers was rec-

ognized. The formal election took place on the 10th of November, 1862, and he was elected Colonel, receiving all the votes cast. The election took place at Camp Wool, at Worcester, Massachusetts, to which point the regiment had moved about ten days before. A short time after, he appeared with his first artificial leg.

On the 28th of November, the regiment left Worcester, and proceeded by cars and boat to New York, from which it moved, on the 4th of the following month, to Camp Banks, on Long Island. Before it left the city, the regiment, in full dress, made a parade march up Broadway. The "Home Journal" of the day published an article headed, "A Colonel with a Crutch," from which the following extracts are taken, to show how Colonel Bartlett impressed a spectator at that time: —

"Our own chief object of interest was the Colonel in command, armed, as we above mentioned, with the very unaccustomed weapon of a crutch.

"The Colonel . was mounted on a Vermont horse. . . The equipments, as well as the limbs of the rider, were *apparently* all complete, each long boot with its spur riding gracefully in its stirrup. Pistols and sword were in their places. At the horseman's back, however, poised like the long spear at the back of the lancer, swung the strange implement which told the story, — a long crutch with velvet handle, betraying the wooden leg for which it stood ready to do service. . . . . With

the wounds of his amputation healed, the heroic soldier was now returning to active duty, leading his regiment to the field with an alacrity that was little like a cripple."

The Colonel was already getting a strong hold upon his regiment. In the Long Island camp, on the 6th of January, Mr. Johns wrote: "Daily he draws the reins of discipline tighter, but with such judgment that we are learning subordination without complaining." At this same camp he had some experience of a command larger than that of a regiment. When General Banks sailed for New Orleans with the bulk of the forces destined for operations in that neighborhood, a force of several thousand men was left behind for a while, under General Andrews. General Andrews went to Boston twice before this part of the expeditionary force left New York, and each time he left Colonel Bartlett, though a junior colonel, in command. One of these absences lasted for six days, and thus the young Colonel was placed in a position of much responsibility and of no little labor. The following letters date from this period, and describe his life, and the manner in which, at the age of twenty-two, he exerted himself to perform every duty which devolved upon him.

HEADQUARTERS REMAINDER BANKS' EXPEDITION,
No. 194 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, *December* 31, 1862.

As regards myself, I ride with ease, hardly with comfort. My horse is wild, fractious, and stubborn.

He is a valuable beast, of great strength, endurance, and mettle. But I am not exactly in condition *now* to *break* a wild brute. He rears with me, jumps, etc. My friends beg me not to ride him, and I have not mounted him for a week. My man, a splendid horseman, rides him hard every day, and is breaking him. I am looking for another one, more gentle, and may keep both. It is a delightful sensation to me, to move about on a horse after hobbling around on crutches so long.

You will wonder at the heading of this letter. General Andrews sent for me and desired me to take command during his absence of a week or so, notwithstanding my telling him that my commission must be one of the youngest of the eight still here. So that my command is just now about eight thousand, — rather ridiculous, is n't it? . . My regiment I am getting into excellent order. I drill the non-coms. in the manual, an hour every morning, standing on one leg. In the afternoon, I drill the whole line in the manual an hour and a half. I visit the guard every night after twelve, to see that the officer of the guard and day are doing their duty, etc., etc. The officers and men are all interested in their work and everything goes well. .

HEADQUARTERS REMAINDER BANKS' EXPEDITION,
No. 194 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, *January* 3, 1863.

. A great many perplexing questions have come up during the week, involving heavy responsibilities, — the ordering of the various ships to sea, — telegraphing with the Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of War in regard to duties on coal, etc., etc.

I have kept a stiff upper lip. Imagine me being

asked for advice and authority to do this and that, by Commodore Van Brunt, Commodore Vanderbilt, U. S. quartermasters here, and "sich like." In cases of doubt, which have required my authority and decision, I have kept an old maxim of mine before me. Do that, which according to your impartial judgment, tends most to promote the "good of the service."

It has carried me safely through so far. . . .

On the 24th of January, 1863, the regiment sailed for New Orleans in the steamer *Illinois*. They had very bad weather for a week, and the country-bred men of Western Massachusetts who filled the ranks suffered excessively from seasickness. When the vessel had passed Key West, and had gotten into smoother water, the Colonel did a wise thing for the health of his men. On the 1st of February, Sunday, he writes in his journal: "As cleanliness is next to godliness, I think I have observed the day very well. I have had every man in the regiment thoroughly washed. I had one company at a time marched up forward, stripped, and a stream of salt water from the large force pump and hose played over them. . . . . I sate out forward in the sun superintending it all the morning until three o'clock."

On the 7th of February the regiment reached New Orleans, and at once moved up the river to Carrolton, where General Emory's Division was encamped, but it did not disembark and go into camp until the 9th. Things must have

been poorly managed in the Department of the Gulf at that time, for Colonel Bartlett records on the 7th that supper was the first meal he ate that day, and again on the 11th: "I had no way of getting breakfast this morning when I got up, so I went without. The same at dinner-time, so I went without, and till six P. M. I did not put a mouthful of anything to eat or drink in my mouth. . I wonder what a row there would be if a private soldier had to go without eating for twenty-four hours. I am glad to find I can do it with ease in case of need."

On the 14th of the same month he established in his camp the practice of the field, staff, and company officers reporting to the Colonel at reveillé. He had seen this custom followed in the camp of the Twentieth Regiment, and there learned its value.

The camp was on low ground, and the rains, which were frequent, laid it under water. On the 15th of February, it was a foot under water, and the ridge on which the Colonel's tent stood, was, he says, actually the only land in sight. The state of the weather made it hard for every one, and interfered with work. It was little better in the tents than outside.

On the 16th, orders came to proceed by steamer to Baton Rouge. It was dark when the embarkation began. Colonel Bartlett stood up over the gangway superintending the work on the bag-

gage, and at about two o'clock in the morning he fell asleep sitting on the rail, and it was not till four in the morning, when everything was on board, that he left the deck. On the 18th, the regiment arrived at Baton Rouge, and encamped on very good ground as a part of the first brigade of Augur's Division.

On the 22d of February, he was general officer of the day for the first time, and he was six hours in the saddle visiting the outposts. The fatiguing duty did not tire him so much that he did not find time and disposition to draw a very intelligible sketch of the roads in the neighborhood, and of the position of the troops. On the 24th he writes: "I should be content to have it rain to-morrow, that I might write all day. Otherwise my duties self-imposed keep me busy all the time. I am glad enough to go to bed at nine o'clock, and sorry enough to hear the roll of the drum which makes me get up at six A. M. . . . The regiment is improving constantly. I keep at work on them all the time. It is consoling to know and feel that I am doing the country such good service as making soldiers for her."

By the 4th of March he had brought the regiment into such condition that they not only appeared to advantage on parade and at review, standing steadily and marching well, but also drilled to his satisfaction in charging and firing,

and he told them "if they would only do as well, keep as steady, and fire as coolly in a real action as they did then, not fire until they got the word from me, no matter how near the enemy might approach them, — when they did fire, aim low, at the enemy's knees (if near), — they need not be afraid of anything under heaven in the shape of an enemy." And he adds: "I only hope I shall not get shot until after I have had the regiment in one good fight, for really they seem to be so entirely dependent upon me, that if I should get knocked over at first, I don't like to think what would become of them."

On the 7th of March, he conducted a wagon train a few miles beyond the outposts, himself commanding the escort, which comprised his own regiment, a troop of cavalry, and a section of artillery. All his dispositions were made with much judgment and intelligent care, and the expedition returned safe and successful.

On the 14th of March, the army began its march towards Port Hudson. Colonel Bartlett kept his men from plundering, and they thought it was hard. He writes: "The men made sad work with the poultry and stock. This army will be demoralized if this is allowed to go on. My regiment think it hard that they are not allowed to go in and plunder, when everybody else does; and it is. They not only steal poultry and other live meat, but in some cases even go

into the houses and take the food off the table, and steal jewelry and other valuables. I will shoot the first man I see doing it, and take the consequences." Crippled as he was, he was very tough in those days, and very patient of fatigue. "I had been in the saddle since three in the morning, twelve hours, but it made me laugh to myself at hearing other officers complain of being all tired out, etc." This movement upon Port Hudson was not attended with any fighting of consequence, and the troops soon returned to Baton Rouge; but the Forty-ninth Regiment had assigned to it some fatiguing duty in the way, especially by acting as a part of the advanced guard in the retreat, which it was supposed that the enemy would attempt to interrupt at a bayou which crossed the line of retreat. Ill-judged orders brought the command nearly to the exhaustion point, and fatigue and exposure very nearly put their colonel on the sick list. On the 18th he wrote: "I feel very miserably this morning. It was a struggle to get up. Very weak and dizzy. I hope it is not sickness coming. I have lost all appetite, and only eat because it is a duty, not that I am hungry." A little later, on the same day, occur these affecting lines: "I wonder if these men who go to the hospital and off duty feel half as weak and ill as I do just now. I suffer more in case of an attack of weakness or illness than when I had two legs. It takes all

the strength and vigor of a healthy man to drag round this 'ball and chain' of a leg. My leg has pained me more than usual lately. No one shall know it, though." The instances are extremely rare in which, even in the confidence of his private journal, he makes any reference to the loss of his leg. On the 24th of April, 1863, he writes: "Just one year ago to-day at this hour, eleven A. M., I lost my leg at Yorktown. It was just such a day as this. It seems a short year, notwithstanding all the suffering I have gone through." With these few words he leaves the subject.

His life went on busily, and with little comfort, and little pleasure other than the consciousness of doing his duty and improving his regiment. He read the service to his men on Sundays, accomplished them in shooting, drilled them constantly, and by such little matters as causing them to wear white gloves on parade he gave them an air, and made them feel increased pride in their personal appearance.

In a letter to Governor Andrew, written at this time, in reply to one in which the Governor requested him to appoint a chaplain, he showed his usual sense and tact: —

> The position of chaplain I consider one of the most difficult to fill, and I have seen such evils follow from the presence of inefficient or unworthy chaplains (not in Massachusetts regiments), that I have hesitated to nom-

inate any one for that position, unless I found some one who was qualified, both in character and ability. Such an one has not offered yet. Your correspondent is misinformed as to the observance of the Sabbath in this regiment. There are the regular duties of the day, such as guard-mounting, Sunday morning inspection, and dress parade, which are never omitted; but besides these it is a day of rest.

I have always afforded every opportunity for the men to attend divine worship on that day. I have also read the services myself on that day to all who desired to attend, it being one of the duties of the commanding officer in the absence of a chaplain.

In the matter of the white gloves, also, he showed his tact. Mr. Johns says that the men did not purchase them without some dissatisfaction, but that the Colonel did not compel any man to purchase them, but that he understood that he sent for one of the malcontents and gave him a pair, and that he heard of no trouble afterwards. It may be remarked that the Forty-ninth Regiment was not only a nine months' regiment, but that it seems to have been made up of men who did not expect to forego any of the usual privileges of citizens while they were in the military service of the United States, and thought that all questions arising in camp should be settled by a town meeting as much as in the villages they came from, and that to properly discipline such men was a task of peculiar deli-

acy. The neatness and cleanness which Colonel Bartlett taught his men to observe not only improved or preserved their health, but increased their self-respect. He gave his personal attention to every work upon which his men were employed. Mr. Johns says: "The soldierly neatness of our Colonel is apparent in the superiority of our rifle-pits over those thrown up by other regiments. With spade in hand, he showed us how the work should be done. Our pits are as finished as if they were parts of a permanent fortification."

From the 12th to the 15th of May, he notes that he is not well, and then for four days he makes no regular entry, but writes thus in pencil: "Never felt worse in my life. Never took so much medicine. Worse and worse until Tuesday, May 19th." Then he writes: —

Moved into the house near my tent. . I am threatened with typhoid. Horrible pain in my head all day. Orders to-night, unfortunately, for us to march at five A. M. to-morrow. Dr. Winsor (the regimental surgeon) says it is impossible for me to go. I *must* go. I know the risk is great, but I have got to take it. If I get killed, or wounded, or die of fever, people will say it was rash, etc. I know my duty, though, better than any one else. Colonel Chapin has offered me the use of a spring wagon to ride in. I shall go in that. . .

Wednesday, May 20. Got up at five. Could hardly stand. The regiment started. Dr. Winsor begged me

not to go. The carriage which Colonel Chapin was to send did not come. Dr. W. rode on to see Colonel Chapin, and find out if it was coming. Meanwhile I got on my horse and started. I had got out about a mile when I met the Doctor coming back. He said the carriage was broken, but would be along soon; made me get off and go into the nearest house and rest. I waited and waited hours, and then got word that the wagon had by some mistake gone on, and was by this time with the train. There was nothing to be done but go home or keep on horseback. I resolved to try the latter, and go as far as I could. It was now the very heat of the day. I seemed to feel better, and kept on to the Bayou Montesino of *historic* renown. I stopped at Mr. Pike's house, where I was received very cordially. I stayed to dinner, and passed the whole day there very pleasantly. About four, a man came with the buggy for me; he had been looking everywhere; Colonel Chapin had sent him back, not to return without me. So Steadman rode Billy and led Ned; and, having bade good-by to my kind friends (though rebels), we started on our long ride. The dust was several inches deep. We reached the regiment, encamped in a beautiful spot, about dark. The hearty cheers which they gave when they saw me come into camp were pleasing. They had been very blue all day, the officers said, and kept saying, "If we only had the Colonel along!" I had a pretty good sleep, and felt pretty well, considering the Doctor had said I would have a high fever if I attempted to come.

Thursday, May 21. Ordered to move at six A. M. I rode in the buggy; kept the horses near, in case I should

want them. We had advanced about three and a half miles, when we were saluted by some shells from rebel batteries ahead. I immediately got on my horse Billy. I had to be pretty careful to keep my balance, as I felt very shaky still.

It was fortunate for the regiment that Colonel Bartlett's determination caused him to be present with them upon this occasion; for, though the affair of this day, dignified with the name of the Battle of Plain's Store, was not a serious one, and cost the regiment only three men wounded slightly, yet it was the regiment's first experience of battle, and they were threatened for many hours with immediate attack, and were exposed for a part of the time to artillery fire. What was worse, an ill-disciplined and feebly commanded nine months' regiment, which was in front of the Forty-ninth, broke to the rear and rushed through its centre company while Bartlett was endeavoring with his regiment to stop the rout, and so divided the right wing from the left. He gave his regiment a valuable lesson by drilling them in the manual, at a moment which could be so used, and thus restored or increased their self-possession. It would seem that the exertion called for and gallantly made was good for him also, as for the next few days, and till he was wounded in the assault upon Port Hudson on the 27th, his journal contains no reference to his health. The following letters give many interesting details of

his camp life, before the first assault upon Port Hudson: —

CAMP BANKS, BATON ROUGE,
February 21, 1863.

. . I am gradually getting this regiment into shape. Field, staff, and company officers report to me every morning immediately after reveillé, as we of yore did to "Little Bill Lee," and you. All the little "dodges" that we picked up together I am working in. Any first sergeant knows, that if he should appear on guard-mounting or dress parade, with his white gloves soiled, he would have to take that lozenge out of his chevrons. I have only had to reduce two first sergeants since I took the regiment. That for "absence without leave." Ben sends me an orderly every morning, resplendent with brass and blacking. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT, M. V M.
CAMP BANKS, BATON ROUGE, LA., *March* 4, 1863.

DEAR MOTHER, — I wrote you last on the 28th. Sunday, March 1, was a beautiful day. Ben and I took a ride in the afternoon. Went down to the river, up to General Dwight's quarters. Fletcher Abbott and Charley Dwight rode home with us. I stopped at the Fiftieth Regiment. Sam Duncan is not here yet; three of their companies are down the river at quarantine; he is with them, and the Lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Tom. Chickering called to see me after I got back. Dress parade was the best we ever had. I felt very proud of them, the result of my instruction and discipline on them. General Augur came up to-day, March 2. I saw him a few minutes.

March 3. Beautiful weather still. In the evening

we sat out around the fire in the rear of my tent, smoking our pipes; bright moonlight; the nights are very cold, although the days are so hot.

March 4. This morning orders came for a review in "heavy marching order," by General Augur. I cautioned the men to "polish up," and at half past two we turned out, as fine a looking line as you often see. The men stood very steadily, and marched very well. After going back to camp and leaving the knapsacks, etc., I took them out to practice with blank cartridges. At first they were nervous, and did poorly, but after I had given them a very severe talking to, I tried them again at charging in line, and they did it splendidly. Their fire by battalion was like one gun. I then formed a hollow square, and fired from all sides. My horse, inside the square, behaved beautifully. I don't care to see any better drilling than they did after my lecture. After we came into camp I closed column and explained to them that if they would only do as well as that in real action, keep cool, and not fire until they were sure they had the word from me, no matter how near the enemy approached — when they did fire, aim at their opponents' knees (if near), — there was no enemy in the world that could stand against them, etc.

I hope they will remember all I said. They promised, and were very much excited, and cheered loudly for the drill. There is nothing more important than to accustom men to firing, and getting used to the noise. What I taught them this afternoon was of more use to them, and will do them more good than all the brigade drills under Colonel Chapin, with unheard of and useless movements.

This regiment is so entirely dependent upon me alone, I hope I shan't get hit, for I dread to think what would become of them if I should get put *hors du combat.*

General Dwight has been trying to get my regiment in his brigade; he wrote to Banks about it, but Augur won't consent to lose it.

I hasten to get this in a mail which leaves for New Orleans to-day. With much love,

W. F. B.

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT, M. V. M.
CAMP BANKS, BATON ROUGE, LA.

DEAR MOTHER: —

March 5. Splendid weather still. I wish I was in the brigade of some general instead of Colonel Chapin.

Met Chapin in the afternoon. He said Augur complimented my regiment and the One Hundred and Sixteenth very highly. Went to bed before tattoo, pretty tired.

Saturday, March 7 Order came this morning before I was up, to go out with my regiment as escort and guard to wagon train outside the lines. There reported to me quite a little force for the expedition, which I disposed of as follows: In advance I sent a troop of cavalry, McGee's Massachusetts, armed with carbines and sabres. Next, seven companies of the Forty-ninth Regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Sumner. Next, a section of a battery of regulars, Closson's Battery, twelve-pounders, rifled. Then came the train of seventy-five wagons, reaching half a mile. In rear of these, three companies of the Forty-ninth, under Major Plunkett, as rear guard. The whole command extended nearly a mile.

I rode ahead with the cavalry advance guard. It was quite a pretty little force. Captain Hodge, Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. A., had immediate charge of the wagon train. We marched about three miles beyond the outposts, fairly into the enemy's country. The plantation where we were going for wood, dried and corded, belonged to a Dr. Laycock. It covers about a thousand acres. He raises splendid sugar, molasses, and cotton.

Just before we got to the place, the Clay Cut road, which we were on, turns to the right, and you approach the plantation through a thick belt of woods by a narrow avenue.

I sent half a dozen troopers up the Clay Cut road half a mile, to halt and keep on the look out. I sent one company of the Forty-ninth up the same road quarter of a mile, to support them, give alarm, and resist attack. I then rode through the woods with the cavalry, and found everything clear. The house stands in the middle of a large clearing of fifty acres of perfectly level land, a fine mansion, newer and in better repair than most of the southern houses I have seen. The owner was on the verandah when we rode up. He is a professed Union man, has a safeguard from the General, etc. While waiting for the column to come up, he invited me and the officers who were with me, two of General Augur's staff, Ben and Dr. Rice, to go in and take some whiskey.

The others went in; I went on with the cavalry to the other side of the clearing, where the wood of many years' seasoning was piled. It was near the sugar-house, which was filled with sugar and molasses. Here I

posted the infantry and artillery, and went with a few of the cavalry to the farther sides to reconnoitre. An old darkey told me that five rebel cavalry men stopped him in the morning, a little while before we got there, and asked him if there had been any Federal pickets there lately. I divided the cavalry into three parts, guarding the three approaches to the place, and kept one squad with me. I posted the artillery where it could hold two roads, and let the men rest on their arms, while the teams were being loaded. This took about an hour and a half. When we were ready to return, I started the rear guard, now become the advance, then the teams, then the artillery and infantry, and after they were well off, I drew in the outposts and videttes and followed with the cavalry. I dare say the enemy was watching us all the time, but wisely determined not to molest us. I was rather hoping they would, for I was all prepared for it, and had a very pretty little force under my command. We got back to camp about four P. M., after a very pleasant little trip into the country, accomplishing all we went out for, and returning without loss. The men got their canteens filled with rich New Orleans syrup, and sugar enough to sweeten their coffee for many days.

Sunday, March 8. A beautiful day. In the afternoon Ben and I took a ride down to the town. A great many troops have come up lately. I suppose we shall move up the river before long. After dress parade I formed a hollow square and read the services. The Doctor dined with us to-night. We had a good beefsteak, fried potatoes, onions, tea, and rice. I don't know what more you could ask for. For breakfast this morn-

ing I had the same thing you did, fried hasty pudding, with better molasses. To-morrow morning it will be fried rice, and the next day fried hominy, then back to Indian pudding again. A variety you see.

I am very well all over. Love to all.

Affectionately, W. F. B.

March 9. Orders to move at once, with two days' cooked and five uncooked rations. No baggage or tents; sixty rounds of ammunition per man. I don't know where we are going, I suppose Port Hudson.

Love to all. Good-by. W

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT M. V M.
CAMP BANKS, *March* 24, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — This is the first time I have had, when I could get at any paper, to write you since our return from Port Hudson. I will copy from my journal which I took with me. I wrote you last on the 12th.

That day were reviewed Grover's and Emory's Divisions. It took till one o'clock from eight. I saw General Andrews a few minutes. He has been made Chief of Staff to General Banks. A very good thing. He is just the man Banks needs. Spoke to General Banks a few minutes. After the review, I rode over to the camp of the Rhode Island Cavalry, and "drew," by simply receipting for it, a fine McClellan saddle and bridle. By the way, I wish, father, you would go to Baker's and tell him that the saddle and bridle he sold me at such a big price is a *swindle.* The brass parts are iron merely covered over with a flimsy plating of brass foil, which peels off, in pieces, making it look worse than noth-

ing; besides, in the case of the bits, scratching and cutting the horse's face. The leather, too, is *very poor*, many of the straps breaking at the least strain. Baker will have to look out for his reputation and custom. If I were he I would not want my name stamped on such a sham affair. This one that I have drawn is just as good leather; the buckles and bits of blued steel. Now all I want is my second horse, and my "establishment" is complete. I have not used the new saddle myself; it is for my groom Vantassel. I have been looking for a good horse ever since I got out here; have not found him yet. I don't expect, or care, to get as fine a one as my black beauty, only a strong, steady horse for the groom, to go with me when I ride. I would ride the second one into action, too, so as not to get mine shot. The mess pail reached me last week, much to my delight. I did not expect it so soon. It is perfectly splendid. Just what I wanted. I never saw a better one. The tea, too, is so much better than what we have had to drink, I wish you had sent more of it. We live in great style now. This morning for instance, I don't want a better breakfast. Nice dip-toast, coffee, fried hasty pudding, "crispy," better than you can make it at home! The other night I made a corn-cake, merely poured boiling water on the meal, a little salt, and stood it up in front of the fire to bake. It was very nice indeed, and with butter, and honey "drawn" from some neighboring bee-hive, was about as good feed as they make in these quarters. We don't always live like this. Sometimes it is nothing but dry bread and molasses for days.

In regard to my saddle, and riding, I have got it well

arranged. You know the upper edge of my wooden leg, coming against the hard saddle, used to cut through my pants every time I rode. I had patches of cloth put on, and afterwards patches of leather, but it even cut through these, by riding two or three hours. I then got a leather padded covering which fits on the seat of the saddle, making the saddle look more dressy and finished, and at the same time covering the wood, so that with a leather patch on my pants now, it does not wear through at all. Fletcher Abbott gave me the leather saddle-cover. To go back to my journal.

Friday, March 13. Howard Dwight called to see me this afternoon. Grover's Division has started. We shall start to-morrow.

Saturday, March 14. Got the order at midnight to start at three A. M. It made a wild picture in the dark morning, the camp fires blazing high, surrounded by dark forms. A little piece of the old moon just rising in the east. We bade good-by to the camp, marched through the town, and about daylight struck the Bayou Sara road towards Port Hudson. We knew then for the first time in which direction we were going.

It was very pleasant marching in the cool of the morning through the heavy woods. The road was perfectly straight, and we could see it narrowing until the trees on each side seemed to meet, miles ahead. About nine A. M. we reached the river, Bayou Montesino. Two bridges crossed it, a pontoon and a plank. At this time, General Banks passed through the lines to the front. All was silence. I could not help thinking of the time, nearly a year ago, when we were marching in the same way, on a road very similar, towards Yorktown,

when McClellan passed along through the army, and for miles and miles the cheers were deafening. We halted at the bridge some time for the wagons to get over. At noon we halted near a farm-house, fourteen miles from Port Hudson. The men made sad work with the poultry and stock. This army will be demoralized, if this pillaging is allowed to go on. My regiment think it hard that I won't let them go in and plunder when every body else is doing it. These marauders not only steal poultry and other live meat, but in some cases even go into the houses, and take the food off the table, steal jewelry, and other valuables. I believe in "living on the enemy's country," but the beef and other food should be taken by the proper officers and issued to the troops as it is required, not slaughtered recklessly and left untouched to waste. Besides, it is the moral effect on troops, if they are allowed to steal and kill, each one for himself. They soon become lawless and ungovernable, — an armed mob.

My regiment shall not pillage in this way, if every other regiment in this army does.

These people will be likely to favor the advance of a federal army, if their houses are to be ransacked, furniture broken, etc., by a mob of soldiers, every time a brigade passes their door. Banks must publish some severe order to stop this thing, or I would n't give much for his army in a month's time.

(Since writing the above a week ago, an order has been issued to remedy this evil. It is not severe enough yet.)

We marched a few miles farther and went into bivouac, in a large open field, and pitched the shelter tents.

I had been in the saddle since three in the morning, twelve hours, but it made me laugh to myself, at hearing other mounted officers complain of "being all tired out," etc. I found a good place for the horses in a barn near by, and then lay down on the grass and fell asleep, waiting for the wagon with my tent and food to come up. Got the tent pitched about sundown. Some hay made a luxurious bed, into which I crawled as soon as I had attended to everything, which was near nine P. M. Grover's advance is within four or five miles of the enemy's works; Emory's between us and Grover. I went to sleep the moment I touched the ground. Was awakened at eleven by heavy cannonading at the front, towards the river. It was the gunboats. We slept after this with one eye open, hearing the terrific roar of artillery.

At two in the morning, I was ordered to get the regiment under arms and into line. It was now Sunday morning, 15th. We expected we were going straight to the front. The cannonading was still going on, but was on the river, down nearer to us. Colonel Chapin came to me and told me that we had been repulsed with great loss. He ordered me to take the advance, to clear the road back, with two regiments of infantry and a section of artillery. They were afraid that our passage back would be disputed at the bridge across the Bayou Montesino, by the enemy's coming down on the Clinton Road, to cut us off.

I was told to make for that bridge as fast as possible, and hold it.

Just after we started, I saw an aide of General Emory's, who told me that we had n't "got a gunboat left, and the

army was all cut to pieces." I knew this was impossible, for we should have been ordered to the front if there had been any fighting of the land force.

At this time a tremendous report came from the river, a quarter of a mile on our right, and several shells seemed to burst directly over our heads. It was the *Mississippi* when she blew up, a magnificent sight. Everything seemed to give indication of a panic. Teamsters were frightened, and were rushing and crowding with their teams, blocking up the road.

I sent ahead and ordered the wagon train to be stopped, as there were gaps of a mile in some places, which I had to close up. At last I got the troops and artillery to the front. The Forty-eighth had been ordered to start ahead, and they were in such a hurry that I, not overtaking them, sent Ben ahead to stop them till we came up. When we got to the Bayou we found it all clear, the two bridges still there. The plank bridge needed some repair, and I left the Major with two companies to put it in order and make it safe for the teams. I sent one company across on to the Clinton Road to guard against any attack of cavalry on our flank. After the wagon train was well up, I kept on, intending to feel the way into Baton Rouge. After we had marched a mile or two, an order came from Banks to halt until further orders. I waited two hours, and then had orders to go on to Baton Rouge and go into camp. Meantime I heard from an aide-de-camp that, as I supposed, the report of a repulse was false. That two of our gunboats had succeeded in passing the fort. The *Mississippi* had got aground, been set on fire, floated down, and blown up. We had got within a few rods of our old camp, the men were

tired, having been marching since three A. M., when an order came to me to turn round and march back to the Bayou again.

This was rather discouraging, but there was no help for it. I let the men rest an hour, the artillery feed their horses, etc. We got back to the Bayou about half past four We met Banks and his staff going into Baton Rouge as we were coming out. Charley Sargent stopped and told me that they had done what they intended to; get the gunboats by. Banks had sent despatches by Farragut to Grant at Vicksburg. The plan had been to draw the enemy out to fight us at Port Hudson, but he had refused offer. I know however that Banks was frightened in the morning, for I saw the order from him himself, ordering the trains to the rear, and back to Baton Rouge as soon as possible. I felt safe from the first, for Banks has made so many good retreats that he must understand it pretty well. We went into camp on the south side of the Bayou, in a large cornfield. I did n't get off my horse till after five; in the saddle nearly fourteen hours the second day. It began to rain now, and the field was soon two or three inches deep with water and mud. I had just got off my horse when I received an order, saying that the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Massachusetts regiments would be in readiness to march to-night or to-morrow morning on an important expedition, under command of Colonel Bartlett. I was to report immediately to Banks at Baton Rouge, for instructions. I knew that it was absolutely impossible for the men to march in the condition they were, all used up; no chance for sleep in the night on account of the rain, etc.

I also thought it was rather "rubbing it in," to make me ride all the way back to Baton Rouge in the rain, for instructions, after I had been on the go since three that morning, and it was by this time dark, and thence back here again, and by the time I got here, start off on this new tramp.

So I sent Ben over to Augur's Headquarters, from whence the order came, to explain that my regiment had just got in, had been marching all day, having been to Baton Rouge and back. He said certainly they need not go, that he "did not know they had been marching." He "had designated Colonel Bartlett to go in command of the expedition as a compliment," etc. This of course was all very pleasant, and if it had been at any other time I should have liked nothing better. But the regiment was too much exhausted, and I was tired, to say the least. I got some rails to keep us out of the water, which was two or three inches deep in the tent, and slept on these, like a log, till reveillé.

I could hardly realize it when some one mentioned that it was Sunday. So different from the quiet day a week before.

Monday, 16*th*. Stopped raining this morning and the sun is out very hot. I am sitting in the shade of my tent, writing up my journal. I wonder what the first reports of this affair will be in the Northern papers. They will say nothing about the order to retreat, I imagine. Colonel Clark of Banks' Staff was wounded in the leg day before yesterday, out at the front somewhere.

Over at Augur's quarters in the afternoon. They blame Farragut for stopping to fight their batteries, instead of pushing directly by. Farragut is to wait above

Port Hudson until Banks communicates with him, which was the object of the expedition I was selected to command, to cross the river and go up above Port Hudson on the other side.

Tuesday, 17*th*. Ben and I took a bath in a stream back of our camp. Banks publishes in orders that "the *Hartford* and *Albatross* passed the fort safely, and lie anchored above. The object of the expedition is accomplished."

I expect that the first news which reaches the North will be through rebel sources, announcing the destruction of our fleet, etc.

Wednesday, 18*th*. Slept on my gridiron of rails till late this morning, not feeling well. Three hours of a cool northern breeze, and a good dinner at home or at Parker's, would make me all right. What must it be here in July! We are likely to find out, I guess. When we came away from Baton Rouge I left my little leather-covered pocket flask on my bed. It was dark and no one saw it, to bring it along. I would not have lost it for anything, I have had it so long. Some nigger picked it up after we had gone, probably. While we were lying in the shade this afternoon, trying to keep cool, I began to make up some verses on the subject of the present expedition. It reminded me, our marching up to Port Hudson and then turning about and marching back again without fighting, of the

> "King of France with twenty thousand men
> Marched up the hill and then marched down again."

Perhaps I will send them to you, if you won't show them. We tried to make them absurd. You can't understand all the "hits."

Thursday, 19*th*. Allowed to sleep all night. Any one who knows how I hate snakes and all sorts of reptiles, will imagine my disgust at finding a lizard in my bed after the blanket was taken off this morning. If I had been the lizard I should have chosen a softer bed than mine was. One of my officers killed eight snakes yesterday. One of the rattlesnakes had eleven rattles.

Yesterday afternoon the mess pail arrived. It quite set me up. I have felt better ever since. To-day we use it for the first time.

Friday, *March* 20. Orders this morning to march to Baton Rouge. We got in about three P. M. We got our tents up and began to make ourselves at home again.

Saturday, *March* 21. Rode down town this morning to see Dr. Winsor, whom we left sick. He is much better; will be out in a few days.

I invited George Wheatland (of Salem), Major of the Forty-eighth, to dine with me this evening. We dine at six. I gave him a very good dinner. We used the new mess pail; just right for three. I had a pork steak off a young pig, French bread, which Jacques gets in Baton Rouge, and chocolate, which the latter makes very well, fried sweet potatoes, guava jelly, boiled rice, butter, and for dessert, figs, coffee, and cigars, and a thimbleful of whiskey. He said it was the first decent dinner he had had since he left Boston. The mail came this evening too, a letter from Mother and one from Anna and Nellie Putnam.

Sunday, *March* 22. A beautiful morning, quite cool. Banks went to New Orleans yesterday; his staff remains here still. A prisoner was brought in by my pickets this morning. He just came from Port Hudson. Says

they have fifty thousand men there. They think we have about sixty thousand here. If they knew that we only had sixteen thousand fighting men here, perhaps they would drop in on us some morning.

Monday, March 23. Raining. My bed being pretty comfortable I concluded to lie still until Jacques summoned, "Déjeuner tout prêt, Monsieur le Colonel," at eight A. M. A nice one it was too. Dip toast, our regular morning dish (we get a pint of milk now twice a day, ten cents per pint), and fried pudding. Fletcher Abbott and Charley Sargent called in the afternoon. A heavy shower coming up drove them off, and nearly spoiled our dinner, which you know is cooked out doors, on three or four bricks, just back of our tent.

Tuesday, March 24. Rode down to Baton Rouge, saw Dr. Winsor; he is much better, will be out soon. Banks' staff goes to New Orleans, to-day. A letter from Uncle Edwin last night. Lieutenant-colonel Rodman (New Bedford), Massachusetts Thirty-eighth, called this evening.

Wednesday, 25th. The prospect seems to be that we shall stay here quiet now for the present, unless attacked. It does not promise to be a very brilliant campaign.

On Wednesday, May 27, 1863, Banks made his first disastrous assault upon Port Hudson. On this day Colonel Bartlett with his regiment was with its brigade in a wood, and he thus describes the position and his experiences; and the record is the more solemn because he disapproved the movement and anticipated its failure: —

"The edge of the woods was a few rods to the front, and then there was open ground to the works, except the obstructions. Soon the order came to assault. I knew just what sort of a place there would be to go through — I had seen Rebel fortifications before. I knew it would be almost impossible to get through the fallen trees, etc., even if I was not shot at. I knew, being the only officer mounted, I should be much more conspicuous. I knew that my chances for life were very small. But I had to go horseback, or not at all. So prayed that life and limb might be spared, and went in.

. We had got two thirds across the slaughter-field when, just as I was shouting to the men to keep closed on the color, pop I went off my horse like a rocket.

As for me, God had been very good. I was spared life, and most probably limb. The ball, a round one luckily, struck in the joint of my wrist, shattering the bones. It was very painful. The other wound was slight. A buck-shot struck the outside of my right ankle, and glanced down, entering the flesh and passing through the sole of my foot."

The ball was cut from the wrist after no long delay, and the wound dressed. He was placed in an ambulance, and carried to the river, and thence by steamboat to Baton Rouge, where he was placed in bed in a house near his old camp. These words from his journal are worth quoting, for their simplicity: "The ride reminded me of mine from Yorktown to Shipping Point a year before. It was about nine miles, a rough road." Again only this, and nothing more.

Mr. Johns thus tells the story of the Colonel's experiences that day: —

"The Colonel was on horseback, the only mounted man in the field. He had to go that way or stay behind. With his regiment he *would* go. How he got through the ditches and over all the obstructions I cannot conceive. His little horse leaped obstacles that seemed insurmountable to any horse flesh. Struck with his daring, it is said that the rebel officers commanded their men not to fire on *him;* but deadly missiles flew thick and fast in that valley of death into which duty led him, and, having gone about fifty rods, a bullet slightly wounded him in the heel of his good leg, and another shattered his left wrist. . It is said that when some one came to help him, he asked them, 'Did you see Billy? He jumped like a rabbit.'" [1]

[1] Extract from a letter of Colonel Walter Cutting, A. D. C.: —

"An assault on the fortifications of Port Hudson by the Nineteenth Corps, commanded by General Banks, was ordered for the 27th of May, 1863. It began on the left of the line, and about noon, on that day, General Augur's Division (the centre) was ordered to assault the works in line of battle. Colonel W F. Bartlett, commanding the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, was in this division, and as, by reason of the loss of his leg, he could not go on foot over the half mile of felled timber and abatis, he, being unwilling to let his regiment go without him, led it on horseback. Out of about three thousand men in the Division, he was the only mounted man in the assaulting column. He fell wounded, as you know. A few days after, on being sent under a flag of truce to ask permission to bury our dead, I met a number of the Confederate officers from the fort, who came out to meet me. After the formal preliminaries, some of them asked, 'Who was that man on horseback? *He* was a gallant fellow;' 'a brave

The wound in the wrist proved a painful and severe one, and very nearly cost Colonel Bartlett his arm. It suppurated very freely, and the discharge weakened him extremely, the more so that the hot season had now fully arrived. He remained at Baton Rouge for about three weeks, and there he received the best attention that circumstances admitted; but everything seems to have been mismanaged or neglected in that department. He records that one evening he sat up till past ten, "waiting for the doctors, who were to come, but did n't. Learned this morning one was very drunk, the other taking care of him. Good medical attendance!" His journal makes almost daily mention of the condition of the wound, but usually in the fewest words. On the 19th of June he writes at unusual length: "The inflammation on the outside of my arm still continues, and is quite painful. My great fear is that inflammation will set in, so that I shall lose my arm above the elbow, or my life even. We must pray not." He told the writer some years after, that for a long time at this period men were detailed to be with him day and night, and to keep ice melting drop by drop upon his wrist, and

man;' 'the bravest and most daring thing we have yet seen done in the war,' etc., etc. And after I had told them it was Colonel Bartlett, etc., etc., they said, 'We thought him *too* brave a man to be killed, so we ordered our men not to fire at him.' This was repeated to me by several of them, and I, thinking it too good to be lost, gave it to the newspaper correspondents to publish."

so to keep down the inflammation. He also said that one day the surgeons at last decided that it was no longer safe to try to save the hand, and that they went away for their instruments, and that when they returned and began their preparations for the operation, it was growing dark, and candles were brought. He had a feeling, it was nothing more, that if he was to lose another limb, he would like better to have it done by daylight, and he asked them if it would make any real difference if they should wait till morning. They said it would not, and went away. In the morning they returned, laid out their instruments, and removed the bandages. They looked at the arm, then looked at each other, then consulted a little, and then told him that they hardly dared to say so, but that they fancied it looked a mere shade better, and that at any rate they would wait till afternoon. In the afternoon, the same performance was repeated, and so on for several days. The arm never looked worse, and could hardly be said to look better, but by degrees that were almost imperceptible it improved, until at last its safety was declared. Thus by his respect for what seemed a mere caprice of the moment, or at best a sentiment, Colonel Bartlett had the great good fortune to escape adding the loss of an arm to the loss of a leg. The wound healed completely in time, but the wrist was permanently stiffened, and the use of some of the fingers of that hand was impaired.

At this time he received and declined the offer of the colonelcy of a regiment in the so-called Corps d'Afrique, which General Andrews was then forming in the Department of the Gulf.

He left Baton Rouge by steamer in the evening of Sunday, July 19. He writes: "I never was so glad to leave any place before. I hope never to see it again." He reached New Orleans the next morning, and remained there three or four days. In the first twenty-four hours of his stay, three large pieces of bone came out of his arm, and he suffered very much from the excessive heat. It may be well, as a contribution to the history of the period, to quote the following lines written in his journal by the patient, uncomplaining, soldierly man, at the end of his stay in the Department of the Gulf: "It is the way everything is managed or rather mismanaged in this department, which, if Heaven ever permits me to get out of it alive, shall never be troubled by my presence again."

Of the following letters, the first is from the wife of the Surgeon of the regiment, giving extracts from a letter from her husband to Colonel Bartlett's father. The others are from Colonel Bartlett himself: —

June 10, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: — I have dates to-day to the 30th. I suppose you have the same, but give extracts: —

"*May* 28. Colonel Bartlett got a ball in left wrist,

which I took out; the bone is broken, but I am sanguine in the opinion that his arm and hand can be saved. His pluck was splendid, and he thought far more of his regiment than of himself. He is on his way to Baton Rouge. Lieut.-colonel got a ball in the shoulder, but no bones broken."

"*May* 29. General Augur said every officer there was brave, but Colonel Bartlett the bravest, and one of his best colonels."

"*May* 30, 7½ A. M. Colonel Bartlett was hit in left wrist by round musket ball, which went through from one side to the other, where I took it out. The hand will be saved."

BATON ROUGE, *June* 13, 1863.

DEAR MOTHER: — I have improved very much within the last few days. My appetite has returned, and I feel much better every way. My arm is suppurating very freely under the application of warm woollen cloths, which act like a mild poultice. All the doctors who look at my arm say it is doing finely. Even those who thought it was impossible to save the hand at first, think now there is n't the least doubt. It will be a long time getting well, on account of the little pieces of bone, two of which came out this morning. I have no pain in the wrist now, except when it has to be moved. My foot is doing very well, almost all healed up. I keep simple cerate on that, some of my old supply. I had a long letter from Anna yesterday, from Baltimore. It was quite an interesting letter, — all but the writing; and that was amusing. You must write to Sallie for me a few lines. Had a letter from Little too, dated the latter part of April. Have they published the account of our

storming the works? The New Orleans papers have not been allowed to mention it. Didn't want to gratify the many rebs there. General Augur told one of Banks' staff the other day, in speaking of me, that I "was the best colonel in his Division, and he had rather have lost any other!"

Talk about your one leg, I don't see but it is as good as some people's two. I have heard other things, which, as the "correspondents" say, "I am not at liberty to divulge at present."

I don't want all those strawberries to be gone before I get there. They have the meanest strawberries and the meanest tomatoes here that you can imagine. It's a mean place anyway, the whole State, and I wouldn't live here for it.

I long to get out on to salt water; that will set me up, I expect. Well, it won't be long now, I hope. I suppose you are all worrying yourselves at a great rate, by this time. You ought to have got my first letter now.

Love to all.

Your affectionate son, W. F. B.

The other officers, as far as I can find out, are doing very well. Ben is well, at least he was a day or two since.

Sunday, June 14. Feeling better. Big dinner to-day. Colonel Sumner came to see me to-day. He is doing well.

BATON ROUGE, *June* 19, 1863.

. . . You needn't let them know, if you can avoid it, that the wound in my wrist-joint is worse than I knew of at first. If I had been told just how bad the wound

was that afternoon on the field, I would have made the surgeon take off the hand without a second thought. The surgeon assured me so positively that I could save the hand, that I didn't think to ask, "At how great a risk, in how long a time?" I want the surgeons to take it off now, and let me get well, instead of running the risk of inflammation, and losing it *above* the elbow, or worse. The surgeons say, wait.

As to the assault, Frank, it was a very nasty fight. If Mr. Banks had been, as you and I had, at Howard's Bridge and Yorktown, he would have seen what sort of things rebel fortifications were. He had never seen any of any account (nor Augur either, but he was much opposed to storming the works). I had *told myself quietly*, long before we had the order to storm, just what sort of a place there would be to pass over after we cleared the woods, and just about what we should catch while we were scrambling over these obstacles. I was sorry to find with how much truth I had told myself that yarn. You know, Frank, just what it was. After you got to the edge of the woods, you could see the breastworks, two or three hundred yards distant. While waiting in the edge of the woods, we were beyond reach of their musketry, but the grape was profuse. The intervening ground was, as you have seen it, covered with trees ingeniously felled and cut up, so that they afforded no shelter, but were great obstacles. It was pretty hard getting through and over it on horseback. The rest you know. It was hard to keep a line where men had to pick their way and scramble over these things. I halted them two or three times for a few seconds, just to get a formation on the colors, which were carried beautifully.

. . We lost pretty heavily, seventy-five out of two hundred and twenty odd. Eleven officers out of eighteen killed or wounded. I am glad to hear Holmes is doing well. Give my love to him. Tell him we "tie on the number of wounds; we shall both have to try it again to see who gets the rubber." . .

He sailed for New York in the steamer *Matanzas*, on the 23d of July, and reached port on the 31st, after a very pleasant voyage, which did him good. For the next month he did little but to rest and enjoy himself, and recover his health. His regiment reached Pittsfield on the 22d of August, and he rode at its head, with his wounded arm in a box-sling, in the procession which escorted it from the railway station, through the streets of the town in which it was formed. It was mustered out of the service a few days later, but its muster-out did not bring repose to its Colonel, for he had already accepted the colonelcy of the Fifty-seventh Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, a regiment enlisted for three years or the war, which he was to raise as well as command. On the 26th of September, Governor Andrew told him that Secretary Stanton had expressed himself as much pleased with his military career, and had promised that as soon as he had raised his regiment, he should have a brigadier-general's commission. Colonel Bartlett was then a little more than twenty-three. His journal contains not a word of exultation, only

these simple words: "This was very gratifying, of course. I hope he will keep his promise."

For the rest of the year 1863, and until the middle of April, 1864, Colonel Bartlett remained in Massachusetts. The earlier portion of this period, at least, was one of the pleasant times of his life. His health was improving, his work was light, his position was altogether gratifying. After the responsibility and fatigue and discomfort of his life in Louisiana, home with its pleasures and honors was a delightful change. It was at the close of this period that he became engaged to be married, though his engagement was not announced for some months.

He was complimented by an offer which he thus records: —

"*October* 30. The Governor sent for me and asked if I would like to take the Fortieth Massachusetts Regiment, now at Folly Island, Charleston Harbor. He wanted some one to straighten it out. I told him if I was well enough to take the field now, I would."

As the year 1863 drew to its close, he became much busier, as the formation of his new regiment advanced, and he began to spend much time at Worcester, where its camp was established. On the 7th of January, 1864, a fresh misfortune befell him. On the evening of that day, he became conscious that something was wrong with

his left eye and that side of his face. This was in Boston. On the following day he went to Worcester, but, the affection continuing on the 9th, he consulted a physician, who told him it was paralysis, prescribed an external treatment, and forbade him to go out or to read. His only comment is, "Pretty dismal. Wish I had gone home." On the next day he writes: "Kept the house all day. My face the same. I don't know of anything I had not rather have than such an affliction as this. I thought I had endured enough these last two years, but it seems not. This is the worst of all. Not that I am proud of my face, for it is not at best a handsome one, but to lose all power of expression or motion on one side, and not be able to laugh or eat without distorting it, is rather hard." He left Worcester in a day or two, and returned to his home, where he remained very quietly for the next three weeks. His ailment seems to have yielded readily to treatment, for on the 29th he makes the simple entry: "My face is better. I can move it." After this he seems to have resumed his usual habits of life. The affection appears to have been caused by a draught of cold air from an open window while he sat at work near a hot stove. The physicians feared it might prove serious, but they were mistaken, and, once gone, it never returned. The ailment drew from his old

companion, Major Abbott of the Twentieth Massachusetts, the following letter: —

NEAR STEVENSBURG, VA., *February* 3, 1864.

MY DEAR FRANK: — I have just heard through letters from home and by Slocum Milton of your new misfortune, though nobody can tell me how serious the paralysis is, and of your pluck and cheerfulness in standing it. Why, dear old fellow, you don't know how much we all sympathize with you, and how much we admire your resolution in bearing your sufferings. I trust the evil is not so serious as reports make it, but I know at the best it must be bad enough. It is your duty now to think only of your own case and how to alleviate it, and not fret about military matters. You have done and suffered enough, not for one man but for a hundred, and you ought to think of nothing but your own health. You know, of course, Frank, and it must be some compensation for your trials, you have won a name for capacity and gallantry and heroism, as great as any man of your age in the whole army. God knows you have deserved it, and I don't believe he will allow it to be your only reward outside of yourself. You will weather it all, so that you can enjoy as much physical comfort as of old, in the possession of your laurels. For Heaven's sake, don't be rash again in the smallest particular. I was afraid when I saw you at home this last time, you were overtasking your strength, and you are well enough aware that it is your tendency to think too little of that body of yours, which, with all its losses, is thought very well of by your friends, if you disregard it yourself.

Of course I don't expect you to answer this; I have

only written because I could n't help expressing my sympathy in your unparalleled sufferings and fortitude.

With my kind regards to your family, I am,

Your affectionate friend,

H. L. ABBOTT.

Nat and all the rest of the old fellows send their warmest love.

On the 17th of March, 1864, he formed the line of the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts Infantry for the first time. On the 28th of the same month, a sword was presented to him by the citizens of the town of Winthrop, where his father's family was then, and had for some years been living. The ceremony took place in the Town Hall, which was filled with the men and women of Winthrop. The walls bore the names of "Ball's Bluff," "Yorktown," "Plains Store," and "Port Hudson," and the colors of the Twentieth Regiment were placed upon the platform. The Governor of the Commonwealth, several members of his staff, and some officers who had seen service, were present. In answer to a most flattering address from an eminent and venerable citizen of Massachusetts, Colonel Bartlett spoke as follows: —

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW CITIZENS, — I could wish that it had been your fortune to present this testimonial to one who would have done more justice to it in words more befitting the occasion and the gift. Had I your own command of language I could hardly do jus-

tice to it. If in the performance of my duties as a soldier I have met your approbation, I am truly grateful for it. The consciousness of duty performed is in itself a sufficient reward, but to this to-day is added the knowledge of the approval and applause of others, and the assurance that those at home appreciate our sacrifices, and that it is to keep a desolating war from their hearthstones that we take the field. You in this quiet Northern town know little of the misery of war, and the desolation that follows in the track of an army. If some fine day you should see an army file into your fields, and destroy your growing harvests, and dig a rifle pit in your garden, or cut down your choicest trees because they obstructed the view, you would see that the misery that the South is now suffering is but the just reward of her treachery and rebellion. His Excellency has just assured me of his confidence by placing under my command another Massachusetts regiment. The last one I had the honor to command was enlisted for only nine months, but served nearly twelve, and I believe during that term had its full share of danger, and I never knew of its disgracing the service or the State. Massachusetts soldiers never do. The regiment I now command will serve three years, and it is proposed to end the war in a much shorter time; but if we should be needed for three times three years, we have enlisted for the war. I see around me here the names of places which I cannot soon forget — places where I have known the saddest and the proudest moments of my life. I see the tattered flags of the brave old Twentieth, under which my earliest duties as a soldier were done on the field of battle. If the names of all the gallant men who have

fought and fallen around you in your defense could be inscribed in characters of gold within your folds, it would be a fitting tribute of their devotion to the cause of which you are to us the hallowed symbol. You at home hope that this war will soon be over, and we hope so too, but we will have no peace but an honorable one. If we would have a lasting peace, we must realize that our honor, our safety, our very existence as a nation, depend upon our self-sacrifice and our valor. You must put forth every exertion, you must give every dollar, and if need be send every man, until we can win a victorious peace. I go to the field in a few weeks and shall carry this beautiful gift. I shall bring it back, if I come, bruised and disfigured perhaps, but with no stain of dishonor. For it, and for this flattering ovation, for the presence here of so many friends, and among them one whom the State and country loves and honors — for this day never to be forgotten by me, I thank you.

On the 31st of March he writes in his journal: "——— (one of his most valued officers) came back last night. He is going to resign, I am sorry to say. His wife has persuaded him. It is the weakest thing I ever saw in him. I lose faith in man's firmness and woman's fortitude."

On the 14th of April, the Governor visited the camp of the Fifty-seventh Regiment, and presented to it the usual set of regimental colors. His address concluded in these words: —

I commit these banners to you as an officer, as a citizen of Massachusetts, and as a personal friend — an

officer firm and loyal, a citizen faithful and patriotic, a friend in whom there is no guile — with a satisfaction no words can express. And whatever fate may be before you, I know that neither on the white stripes of the one flag nor the white field of the other will there ever fall the slightest dishonor.

Colonel Bartlett replied as follows: —

YOUR EXCELLENCY, — I hope, sir, we shall do the flag more credit in action, than we can do ourselves in speech.

MY MEN! This flag, which is the standard of our own Massachusetts, and this which we have been taught to look upon as the sacred emblem of our nation, have to-day been formally entrusted to our keeping, to carry and defend, by the Governor of our State. Can I say to him for you, that you will try to do honor to this trust? That you will carry it and defend it, whenever and wherever duty calls; that you will never desert, disown, or disgrace it; that you will swear by it, pray for it, live for it, and if need be, die for it; and that you will devote yourselves to its service until it shall be feared and respected throughout the recreant South, as it is loved and cherished by the loyal North?

Ever since that flag was insulted by traitors in Charleston harbor, it has had a warmer place in the heart of every loyal man. When her high-toned orators threatened the South's rebellion and secession, we endured a great deal of personal insult and abuse, calmly and silently. But when, viper-like, she turned and fired upon that flag which had shielded and protected her, she struck a blow which blood alone can atone for. She

made a blot on the page of our national history which we are in arms to-day to wipe out. As it went slowly and sullenly down on those battered walls, it *went up* like magic on every hill-top and tower, on every steeple and staff throughout the North; and nearer and dearer to us than anything else on earth, and reverenced next to our religion, is that old flag still.

There are those at the South who, still true to their country, are waiting silently and patiently till they see the gleam of its folds again — a token of the return of good government, the overthrow of despotism and rebellion; and there are those, too, who wait hopefully, prayerfully, for its coming, for they know that *now* and *hereafter*, wherever that flag floats, *all men are free.*

On the 18th of April, 1864, the regiment left Worcester, nine hundred and twenty-eight strong. On the 20th, it reached Annapolis, and there became part of the First Brigade, First Division, Ninth Army Corps. It took up the march on the 23d, and passed through Washington, and by the 30th it had reached Rappahannock Station. It marched well for a new regiment, for in the last six of these eight days it accomplished one hundred and one miles.

The letters which Colonel Bartlett wrote, and the journal entries which he made from this time, tell the story of his experiences and feelings so fully that it is well to leave him to speak for himself.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION, VA., *May* 3, 1864.

We move to-morrow morning with the grand army of the Potomac. I have been here three days, and not found time to go over to the Twentieth, only five miles distant. My regiment is in no condition to take into action, but I must do the best I can. It will be a long and hard fight. God, I hope, will give us the victory. The chances I think are even. Grant, I fear, does not appreciate Lee's ability, nor the qualities of his army. Let us hope for the best. I am very well. . . Give me twenty days and I could make a splendid regiment of this, but man proposes and Grant disposes. Good-by.

Ever faithfully yours. FRANK.

May 4. Hard marching. Thrown twice. Not hurt. Brier caught in horse's flesh. Marching till four A. M.

May 5. To Germanna Ford. Cross Rap. We shall fight to-morrow. I hope I may get through, but hardly expect it. His will be done.

May 6. Move at three A. M. to the front. It will be a bloody day. I believe I am prepared to die. God bless my dear friends at home, — mother, father, sisters, Agnes. Went into action about eight. Thick woods. Men behaved well. I was struck in head about eleven. Carried to rear. Sent to the hospital in rear. Lay there among the wounded and dying till night, when there was a falling back, and I was put in an ambulance; . knocked about all night. I slept a good deal. Morning, lay under some trees near the road to Chancellorsville. Afternoon, persuaded to go in ambulance to Rappahannock, thence to Washington, with rest of the wounded. Went to Ely's Ford. Stayed there till two

A. M. Only heard of five of my officers being wounded. . . . Colonel Chandler behaved splendidly. General Hancock ordered me to charge over a regiment lying in front of us that would not move. We did it in perfect line. Hancock said "Glorious!" Saw Macy, as I was carried to rear, wounded in leg.

Sunday, 8th. Ambulances moved to Chancellorsville, halting here at half past nine A. M. Moved to Pine Grove Church. Park wagons here. I don't know what they propose to do with us. My idea is, Grant is getting mixed. Went to ambulance Macy was in. Little Abbott is dead. I knew it would be so. Oh, if I could only have seen him! Moved at six for Fredericksburg. Halted about eleven for night. The loss in my regiment is great. Nearly two hundred killed and wounded. I am satisfied with their conduct.

May 9. Moved into Fredericksburg this morning at sunrise, in a brick house here. Lived in ambulance three days and nights. Long enough. I have been to see Macy. It seems queer for him to be here — the place he has fought in and fought for so much. I am pretty weak. My head not bad. Stump painful. A week or two will set me right again. . . . Very long, long day. Sleep on the floor without any cover. Not cold.

May 10. Long, miserable day. Hear that Sedgwick is killed. I would rather that any other officer in the army was gone than he. His body has come. Abbott's body is here too. Afternoon, five of us hired a wagon to take us to Belle Plain. Macy wanted to go more than I did, so I gave up my chance. Very hot. Awful amount of suffering here. Very little attendance. No supplies. Here 's a chance for the Sanitary.

May 11. Start at ten A. M. in ambulance for Belle Plain, fourteen miles, hard road. Colonel ——— crazy most of the time. Got on board transport at four P. M. . . Reached Washington at eleven. Good supper and bath. Bad night, delirious, threatened with fever.

A dramatic incident occurred at this battle of the Wilderness. Bartlett and Macy had last seen each other in the field on the 24th of April, 1862, when they both were Captains in the 20th Massachusetts Infantry. In the battle of the Wilderness, they were wounded nearly at the same time, and as they emerged from the woods, Bartlett drooping over the neck of his horse and with his arms clinging round it, and Macy borne on a stretcher, they met, both of them Colonels of Massachusetts Infantry regiments. It was a strange chance that men who had parted with the rank of captain, should next meet in the field more than two years after, both colonels, serving in different corps d' armée, and both wounded in the same battle.

WASHINGTON, *May* 12, 1864.

DEAR MOTHER, — I reached here last night from Fredericksburg. I was hit the second day's fight in the Wilderness, just above the right temple. The ball glanced off, only making a slight wound. I was stunned for a short time, but was carried to the rear just in time to avoid being taken prisoner. When I fell, I wrenched my stump so that it has been very painful, and I am

not able to wear my leg. Otherwise I should not have left the regiment. I have been living ever since (this was Friday, sixth) in an ambulance, on nothing but hard bread and whiskey. I had a bath last night, and a bed, and shall soon be all right. It has been continual marching and fighting since we left Rappahannock. Little Abbott you know is killed. Macy wounded, leg. Bond wounded, and hosts of others whom you don't know. Our greatest loss is *Sedgwick*. I shall try to get a few days' leave to go on, get my other leg, and have it fitted. It has been the hardest fighting of the war, probably the hardest in history, those two days in the Wilderness. Our loss is estimated from twenty to thirty thousand.

With much love to all,

Aff. yours,

W. F. B.

May 12. Pretty miserable this morning. . . . Left at twenty minutes past five for Baltimore. . . . . Good night's sleep. Plenty of quinine has kept off fever so far.

May 13. Much better this morning. Leave Baltimore at ten A. M. Reach New York at seven P. M. Found mother and father here at Fifth Avenue. Cheers when I entered the hotel. Great excitement.

May 19. Leave for Boston.

May 20. Governor is to write Wilson about Brig.

May 23. Saw Wilson at state-house. Promised to do what he could at Washington. If he does, it will be all right.

June 3. Reached Washington. . . Wilson had seen President. Papers had gone to Secretary of War.

June 4. Went to Secretary. Spoke kindly. Sent (sic) my papers referred to General Halleck. I expect that will be the last of it.

June 6. To Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, *June* 11, 1864.

DEAR FATHER: — I received your letter yesterday, and could not imagine what you meant by "my letter in the 'Post,'" until I saw the paper which Sallie received. I should have thought you would have known that I never wrote such a letter as that. It is disgraceful, and I will give a month's pay to find out who wrote it. If it was any man or officer of my regiment, I *pity him.* If there is anything I detest in any officer, it is writing to a newspaper. Please give the enclosed to Mr. Greene. He can make the statement, with authority, without publishing my communication. Or if he prefers, he can do that. I have written to the Editor of the "Springfield Republican" to send me the manuscript, that I may find out who has taken this liberty with my name.

I leave for Washington this afternoon. I have had a very pleasant week here, and am much better than when I left home. I shall see General Augur tomorrow. He was going to see Halleck when I came away, with what result I do not yet know. Will write you from Washington. Love to all.

In haste,

W. F. B.

The allusion in the foregoing letter is to a letter published in the "Boston Post," and copied from the "Springfield Republican." It purported to be

written by Colonel Bartlett, and was a vainglorious, poor affair, full of fulsome praise of the Fifty-seventh Regiment, and of disparaging contrast between it and the other regiments of the Division, and utterly unlike Bartlett in every respect. Two or three days after, the "Post" published a very short communication from Colonel Bartlett, in which he pronounced it an absolute forgery.

WASHINGTON, *June* 14, 1864.

Your kind letter I found here on Sunday last when I returned from Baltimore, where I passed last week very quietly. I am much better than when I left you, and feel that I am improving every day. I had a slight relapse on Sunday for some reason or other. I had been to church in the morning, and as I got out of the carriage at the house I had a severe pain strike me. . .

I went to dinner in the afternoon, but this pain increased so, that I had to leave the table. I came very near tipping over; I never was so faint before, simply from pain. I was alarmed, as that was a new spot for me to have pain, and I could not account for it. I took off my leg, and in ten minutes the pain had almost entirely gone.

I came to Washington that night, expecting to go down to the front this morning, but the Medical Director here advised so strongly my waiting a few days longer that I have consented. He explained the attack of Sunday by saying that the socket must have pressed unduly upon, or strained, some particular nerve (I forget what it was, and you would not know if I should tell you), and the pain was from sympathy or connection

with this nerve. I was relieved to know that it was nothing worse. I have had one or two *very slight* touches since. Surgeon says I must begin moderately in using my leg.

I have not been to the President with your father's letter. The fact is, I can't make up my mind to go to these men and ask for anything. It was very kind of your father to write such a letter for me. I only intended to ask for a simple note of introduction, to say that my name was B. and he knew it. General Augur has been to see Stanton, and I hear that the papers have been referred to General Halleck. I suppose they will be pigeon-holed somewhere, and that will be the last of it. I should have liked to have it come from Stanton, as he voluntarily promised, and if it does come at all, it must come of itself; for I should be a very poor hand pulling wires, or urging anything of the sort.

There are doubtless plenty of easy berths here that I could have for the asking; but I don't want them. I feel that I am not adapted for office business here, such as provost-marshal, etc. If I am of any value, it is in the field, in the *actual handling* and *government* of *troops*.

Still, it seems pretty hard for me to go down there and take command of my one hundred men, a captain's command, after the larger ones that I have had. I heard from the regiment to-day. It has a good reputation throughout the corps. All speak of Colonel Chandler's splendid bravery and coolness.

Believe me dear Frank,

As ever, yours,

F. B.

I think of poor Lit. so often, Frank; I can't realize that I am never to see him any more.

I went to the Hospital yesterday to see Crowell, of I (Twentieth); do you remember him? He has lost a leg. He seemed very glad to see me, and I was able to make him more comfortable. He asked about you.

F.

June 12. At Baltimore. Bad pain at dinner time. To Washington.

June 13. Saw General Augur. Halleck had not received my papers when he was there. Got my pass extended ten days. Shall go down in disgust before that unless I hear from Brig.

June 14. Went to Halleck's office. Found my papers had been returned to Secretary of War. Went up to Senate. Saw Sumner, Anthony, etc., Perley Poore. Received a document printed from Pomeroy. Nomination of W. F. B. for Brigadier-general Volunteers, to my great surprise. So I am at last really appointed. Now if I am confirmed it will give me new heart. Saw Wilson, evening. Will put it through this week. *Vive la Guerre!*

June 21. I was waked this morning by James, coming in and reading to me that the Senate last night confirmed W. F. B. to be Brigadier-general Volunteers. Thank God! Went to Baltimore, evening.

June 24. To Washington.

June 28. Received my commission as Brigadier-general, date June 20. Go to Ninth Corps.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 1, 1864.

Here it is July, Frank, and I am not out of this miserable place yet. I expect now to go down to the front the first of next week. I am assigned to the Ninth Corps, and shall keep the same brigade that I was in before. It was very strong, — five regiments Massachusetts and two United States. Since I came away, the Regulars have been transferred to the Fifth Corps. I shall probably have no permanent staff at present. As soon as we have a respite and reorganize a little, I shall try to get together a congenial and efficient one. Ben has been waiting for my promotion, to go on the staff. I have written him that it is a bad time to join just now, — heat, dirt, reduced commands, etc., — and it may discourage him. Of course it will be pleasant for me to have him for a companion. Herbert is here now. Goes back to-night. He would like to go with me if he could ride. He gets very impatient and blue at times. If he could only ride!

Yes, Frank, I have got my commission at last, signed by Abe and Stanton. Gotten up in great style, in a brown tin case, with my name, rank, etc., in large letters of gold on the outside. The appointment was made early in June, but the Senate had no executive session till the 20th. You were right, Frank, in addressing my letter as you did, although the confirmation was made when I got it. I was very much annoyed by receiving letters of congratulation, etc., before the confirmation. Meant in all kindness, of course; but I was sorry that anything was known about it until it was confirmed. I saw it, the appointment, in the paper (Boston paper at that) first, just after I wrote you last. I must say I hardly expected it.

The weather here has been fearfully hot. Almost unbearable. I gave a small dinner night before last at Buhler's; Majors Cutting and Raymond, of Augur's Staff, Caspar and Herb., with one or two others, made a very pleasant little party. Buhler quite surpassed my expectations. It is the best place in Washington, I think, although I heard that it had fallen off.

Yesterday, Herb. and I drove out to Fall's Church, to Caspar's Camp. I have found myself many times this last week wishing that you were here; but you were enjoying the cool breezes which I could not have procured for you here, and were better off.

I have too much in my mind that I want to say to you to begin to put it on paper.

The "gobbling" of the old brigade that the Twentieth was in was an unlucky termination to a long and brave career. I am glad the Twentieth escaped.

I am getting quite thin. My stump gets smaller every day. I have two thicknesses of leather, and two or three wads of paper round my stump, to fill up the socket. If it continues to wilt, I shall have to get another new socket made, which will delay me.

Ever yours, FRANK.

From the 1st to the 17th of July, he was moving about busily. From Washington he went to Baltimore, thence to Philadelphia, where he received many gratifying attentions, thence to New York, and thence to Pittsfield, where he records in his journal, "Very grateful for God's mercy and loving kindness." From Pittsfield he went to his home at Winthrop, and from there he returned to Washington.

WASHINGTON, *July* 18, 1864.

I have only time to write a few words to-night to say good-by. I was very much disappointed at not seeing you the day I was in Boston. You know I was n't there quite twenty-four hours; did not see Macy or Arthur. I was anxious to get back here, because I did not know what this raid might amount to. *Entre nous,* this little town came nearer being taken last week than you or I imagined. One Major-general, who talked to me to-day about it, thinks they will be back again soon. The Sixth Corps returns to the Army of the Potomac at once, likewise the Nineteenth Corps.

I saw O. W Holmes a moment this morning. He goes home to be mustered out. I send you a poor photograph taken from a larger picture which Brady has of me here. They are not good. I go down to Petersburg to-morrow. I can't tell you how much I regret having missed an hour with you last Thursday, but trust we are yet to have our little talk out.

I found your "*In Memoriam*" here on my return. I like it very much. Write to me when you have plenty of leisure, Frank (First Division Ninth Corps), and don't forget to remember

Yours,

FRANK BARTLETT.

Pardon the haste, brevity, and style of this letter, and heap coals of fire on my head in return. Good-by.

F.

You are at liberty to burn the picture if you object to it.

On the 19th of July, 1864, he left Washington for the army in front of Petersburg, going to City Point by way of Fortress Monroe, to take command of the First Brigade of Ledlie's Division, Ninth Army Corps.

July 21. Steady firing all the time. Headquarters under shell and bullets. Danger of being hit any minute, asleep or awake. I expect I shall get killed as soon as I go down to the lines.

July 22. I assume command to-morrow. Hate to relieve Colonel Gould, who has done so well. I must write home to-morrow. They must be prepared to hear bad news any moment. Under fire constantly. As I write, a bullet strikes the tree near the tent. Another goes humming a few feet over. People at home do not appreciate what this army is doing and suffering for them.

July 23. Assume command of First Brigade. . . Quiet day. Occasional bullets through camp. . . . 10 P. M. The bullets are flying through here very lively to-night.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake . .

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION,
NINTH ARMY CORPS.
BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., *July* 23, 1864. *Evening.*

MY DEAR MOTHER, — This is the first day since I left Washington that I have been able to write at all. Perhaps you will have thought that you ought to hear from me before this reaches you; but I have taken the

first opportunity and have not forgotten your injunctions. I left Washington Tuesday P. M., reached here Wednesday P. M. Came from Fortress Monroe on despatch boat with General Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster of Army, with whom I dined at City Point, where his headquarters are. By chance found the Chaplain at the Point, and sent for my horses. Ned and Billy were both looking finely. After dinner started for the front. Got as far as my Quartermaster's camp, and as it began to rain, I stayed there all night with him. I slept very well my first night on the ground. In the morning a black snake over six feet long was killed within a few feet of my bed. After breakfast, rode on up to Division Hospital, where I found Dr. White, and several old letters, among them the Nut's of June 6, which I found time to read to-day. Afterwards went to Burnside's Headquarters to report for duty. He was not in. I dined with some of the staff; saw the General later. He was glad to see me. I am assigned, as I supposed, to the command of the First Brigade, First Division. General Ledlie commands the Division. There are now six Massachusetts regiments and one Pennsylvania in the brigade, not numbering more than 1,300 men altogether, present for duty. If the regiments were filled up it would be one of the largest and best brigades in the Army, being all Massachusetts troops. I am trying to get C. B. Amory, of Jamaica Plains, formerly of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, who has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-general, transferred to this brigade. I shall use for the present the staff that is here . . the surgeon, a Dr. Ingalls, of Boston, Fifty-ninth Regiment, who is very much of a gentleman. I slept last

night and the night before at Division Headquarters with Adjutant-general Mills, Fifty-sixth. He was hoping that I would take the Division, but it seems Ledlie has withdrawn his resignation. The brigade is in two lines of breastworks, one hundred yards apart, in the front of the enemy's works and within two hundred yards in some places. Brigade Headquarters are two hundred and fifty yards in rear of the second line. Division Headquarters two hundred yards in rear of brigade; so you see all are in easy musket range of the enemy. We are in pine woods, the trees not very thick. The Headquarters have to be protected by a stockade of logs against bullets, which are constantly coming through here. Four officers of the Fifty-seventh have been hit since I got here, one killed, three very badly wounded, in the second line. Our stockade does not protect us against shells, which fall in front and rear of us, but have not hit the Headquarters yet. Some fall way in the rear of Division Headquarters, and some near Corps Headquarters, which are about one fourth of a mile in rear of Division. We have a stockade to protect the horses, too, but one of the orderlies' horses and one of General Ledlie's were killed the other day. A bullet goes whizzing over my tent every few minutes as I write, and goes thud into one of the trees near, with a sound that makes you think what a headache that would have given you if your head had been where the tree was. The bullets patter like rain at times against the outside of this stockade of logs, the inside of which my elbow touches as I write. It is a continual rattle of musketry, sometimes swelling into a roar along the line, and varied with the artillery and mortars. So you see

we are liahle at any moment to be struck, even while reading a paper or eating dinner. A bullet went through Dr. Anderson's tahle as he was eating hreakfast this morning. You must be prepared to hear the worst of me at any time. God grant it may not come, for your sake, and for the sake of all I love and who love me at home. But you must *be prepared for it.* It is wearing to hody and mind, this being constantly under fire. People at the North who are enjoying themselves and thinking of nothing hut making money, little appreciate what this brave army is enduring every day and hour for them, and how much more cheerful and hopeful they are than people at home. I wish some of the patriotic (?) ones at home who are making speeches (and money), would just come out here and spend a week, even back here at my Headquarters. They would not care to go down to the lines where the men are day and night fighting for their security and safety. I came over here this morning and assumed command. Tomorrow I must go down and examine the lines, which is of course dangerous; hut trust I shall get back safely. I shan't go there any oftener than is necessary, hut it is my duty to visit them occasionally. To give you an idea of the firing that is going on constantly, I will count the shots in the next minute. It is more quiet than usual to-night. *Eighty-one*, and one heavy mortar shell, which burst in the air hetween here and second line, but sounded as if it were in the next tent. "There!" at that moment a bullet went whizzing through between mine and the one next, just ahove the stockade (which is a little higher than your head when sitting), and struck down somewhere between here and

Division Headquarters, near where the horses are. So you see this letter is written literally under fire. I am feeling very well, my leg is better in the saddle than it was before. I have got my valise, etc., and shall be quite comfortable in a day or two (under the circumstances), if I am spared so long. I intend to have this stockade built higher to-morrow, so as to afford more protection from bullets. If the rebs knew just where our Headquarters are, they would shell us out from here in three minutes; but fortunately they don't, and can only guess. They guess inconveniently near at times. As I may not have time to write, you can let Frank Palfrey and Ben see this letter, if you see them, and if the Nut chooses to copy it she can, and send it to Aunt.

There goes another bullet. Frank Palfrey will readily understand and appreciate our position here. I hope I shall hear from you soon. The mail comes regularly every night. I will write as often as I can. Have other letters to write to-night, so will finish this. There is one pleasant thing to relieve the wear of this, — I have a good band here at Headquarters, and it plays at intervals through the day and evening, protected by a stockade. The rebs have the benefit of it as much as I do, but I can't help it. They favor us with a band sometimes. Tell the Nut and Miss Barnett that they just played "When Johnny comes Marching Home," and "Faust." "Thud;" there go two ugly bullets into a tree near by, one of them, George thinks, went through the upper part of the tent. How should you like to lie down and go to sleep with this going on all

night? I expect to sleep soundly. I have for two nights. With much love to all,

Ever your affectionate son,

W. F. B.

Zip prrrrrr goes the last bullet you will hear, for I close this now. That one went over to Division Headquarters. Here's another before I could get my pen off the paper. Good-night.

July 24. Quiet night. I go now down to the lines. I hope I may get safely back. If not, His will be done.

Went through the second line. Got back safely, thank God. . . Bullets flying very lively to-night.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE.

July 24, 1864, 10 P. M.

DEAR MOTHER, — I write, as I promised. I got back safely from the lines. Just before I went there, a captain of the Fifty-sixth and two lieutenants of the Fifty-seventh were badly wounded by a shell which fell and exploded where they were sitting. Lieutenant Bowman of the Fifty-seventh cannot live.

This makes six officers of the Fifty-seventh who have been killed or badly wounded since I have been here. It is too bad. The firing has not ceased since I wrote you last, nor indeed since I first got within sound of it. The bullets are singing around my tent as usual. Spat! there goes one into the tree, making the bark fly. It is raining to-night, but it does not diminish the ardor of these patriotic sportsmen, who keep up their target practice with great zeal.

The weather has been very cool and pleasant.

I slept beautifully last night, and hope to *to*-night.

Love to all at home. No letters yet; two Advertisers to-night, — 20th, 21st.

Affectionately,

W. F. B.

Did I tell you I went over to see the Twentieth yesterday? Saw Patten, John Perry, and Dr. Hayward. They are a mile and a half in rear of us.

July 25. . General of trenches to-morrow. Relieved Colonel Thomas, who was at Pittsfield when I went there first. He commands negro brigade. How we drift together and separate in this world!

July 26. Brigade reviewed by General Ledlie. Did not make very good appearance. Officers, even of old regiments, ignorant. . Shell burst all around these Headquarters in a very disagreeable way. I pray hourly that I may be spared.

July 27. . Shells this P. M. come fearfully close. Orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. . . God spare me for Agnes' sake and for dear mother's sake! I fear it will break their hearts if I am killed here. That is what makes it all the harder for me, thinking of their grief.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, NINTH A. C.
BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., *July* 27, 1864.

Yours of the 21st–24th reached me last evening. It is pleasant to hear you talk, even at this distance, where the sound of artillery and musketry is heard from the time you wake till you sleep again. A stranger, if he should at this moment be put down at my Headquarters to make a little friendly visit, would hardly be prepared to carry on a connected conversation with these mortar

shells bursting over and around him. At this very instant one explodes, two — three — just over and in rear of these tents. It is wonderful how we escape. The pieces go humming in all directions. My stockade stops all bullets, so that while behind that I am safe from those. But these shells are inconveniently searching, and dropped with a precision which would interest an amateur (if he was iron-plated).

I don't know how long this thing is to continue. The Second Corps crossed the James at Deep Bottom this A. M. at daylight, and has met with some success, so a telegram from Headquarters tells us. Taken four guns, etc. My brigade is under orders to move at a moment's notice, being in the reserve line to-day. (We occupy the front line by brigades.) I should n't be very sorry to leave this place. General Ledlie still commands the Division. He has not been confirmed, but he ranks me by appointment. He is not much liked by the officers of the Division, and it seems they hoped I was to succeed him, but I think I had rather try a brigade before I venture any higher, although the whole Division does not number so many as a full brigade of four regiments should. I have six Massachusetts regiments and one Pennsylvania.

I am glad McLaughlin has the Fifty-seventh. If he fills it up it will make a good regiment.

I am to have Charlie Amory, of Jamaica Plains, for A. A. General, a very good one, I am told. Tom Stevenson had him appointed for him. Frank Wells, of H. U. 1864, I have asked to have commissioned in the Fifty-seventh to make an aide of. He is a gentleman, clever I believe, and has seen a little service. There is

quite a collection of alumni here. Mills, Jarvis, Weld, 1860; Shurtleff, Lamb, of 1861. Mills is to be made Captain and A. A. G., I hear. I wish we were together this warm day, and certainly don't wish that you were here.

Paradoxical as it may seem, I have a *floor* to my tent of "store boards," and a bunk of the same, with hay in it. A meal at Corps Headquarters keeps fresh in your memory the existence of ice, claret, etc. It is like grizzly bear hunting. So long as you hunt the bear it is very pleasant pastime; but if the bear takes it into his head to *hunt you*, it has its drawbacks. I hope I shall pull through safely, Frank, and get to see you again; but when or where, is beyond my ken.

I think physically I shall be able to endure it, although this siege work, which won't admit of the use of a horse, but requires that you should move very lively across certain localities marked "Dangerous," is pretty severe.

I have much that I must leave unsaid, but not the injunction to write me a few lines when you can.

With kind remembrances to all your family,

I remain ever yours, FRANK.

Friday, July 29. Very warm. . . Afternoon, sent for, Division Headquarters. We storm the works tomorrow at daylight. Our Division leads. I hardly dare hope to live through it. God have mercy. . If I could only ride, or had two legs, so I could *lead* my brigade, I believe they would follow me anywhere. I will try as it is. God have pity on dear mother, Agnes, and all loved ones. March the brigade at one and half

(July 30) through covered way to front line. Mine sprung at 4.40. We rushed across the open field. I got up to the enemy's works about as soon as any one. Got into the crater. Took the first and second lines of the enemy. Held them till after one, when we were driven back by repeated charges. I fought them for an hour after they held the whole line, excepting the crater where we were, their flag within seven feet of ours across the work. They threw bayonets and bottles on us, and we returned for we got out of ammunition. At last, to save further slaughter, there being no hope of our being rescued, we gave it up. That crater during that day I shall never forget. A shell knocked down a bowlder of clay on to my wood leg and crushed it to pieces, killing the man next me. I surrendered to General Mahone.

July 31. Slept on a field of stones last night, negroes and all together, without any covering. Not cold. Nothing to eat all this time. Start for town of Petersburg. I was carried in ambulance. My belt taken from me by Captain Porter, Provost Marshal Hill's corps, the thief. Put on small island near the South Side Railroad dépôt. No shelter or food. I drink too much water. Thirst makes me crazy. We would n't treat cattle as we are being treated. Slept on some straw to night; delirious all night. Very weak. I cannot touch the food, — raw bacon.

August 1. Start this A. M. for Danville. Ride in dirty freight cars. Got to Burkesville Junction about nine. Wait there all day long in heat and dirt. Am getting weaker every hour. Train does not come for us till nearly nine P. M. So full that I had to ride on narrow platform of last car, which was a passenger-car, the

conductor's, but he would not let us go in it. So three of us sat on this place all night, — Colonel Marshall, Captain Amory, and I, — the most horrible night I ever passed. Could not sleep, all cramped up. Humane treatment of a prisoner of my rank, sick and wounded. Southern chivalry! Reached Danville early.

Tuesday, August 2. Carried in a dirty wagon without any cover to the prison, a filthy place, an old warehouse and stores. We were on the first floor, about three hundred, as thick as we could lie. No ventilation. I saw the Doctor in the morning; he said he would send me to the hospital. I could not eat anything; am feverish and so weak. No crutches. I have to be partly carried, partly hop along, when I move. Ration issued, corn bread, thick loaf, and bacon. I can't touch either; still drink water. If I do not get away from here very soon, I never shall. Wagon came for me about six, an open wagon or cart, used to carry bacon in, all covered with dirt and grease; gravel spread on the bottom to cover the grease; ride over rough road to hospital; am in a tent, old and ragged, but airy; good breeze. (Small-pox.)

Wednesday, 3d. Hospital outside Danville. The past few days seem like a horrible dream which I can never forget. The misery that I have suffered is more than I can ever tell. I was brought here that night in a filthy cart from the prison. I could not have lived there much longer. I have a straw bed here and slept well last night. Got some milk this morning. Pain in my bowels very bad; very weak. Sent for tooth-brush this morn. by Doctor, $6. Milk, $1 pt. I suppose they are very anxious at home about me. I hope I shall be able

to write soon; will try to write up the past few days. Wagon sent for me to go back to prison — said I *could not* go. Wrote a note to Major Morfit, commanding, telling I was too weak. He let me stay. Took the captain who was here.

Thursday, 4th. Get no better, yet wrote to General Lee and Secretary of War this morning, asking for my exchange or parole. I hope they are not much worried at home. I am glad they do not know the *truth*. Much pain still; bowels very weak; no appetite. No one can ever know the misery that I have suffered the past few days. I don't know how long I can endure this. It seems to be my lot to suffer. I must not be ungrateful for all God's mercies though, in sparing my life.

Friday, 5th. No better. Wrote mother, hope it will get through. Officers sent to Columbia, S. C., yesterday. Find two or three old Eclectic Magazines to read, Rogers's Poetical Works, and Caudle Lectures. I never knew what silly things those were before.

Changed $50 U. S. for $200 C. S. currency.

PRISONERS' HOSPITAL,
DANVILLE, VA., *August* 5, 1864.

DEAR MOTHER, — I will write a few lines in the hope that they may reach you at some time. You know, of course, that I was taken prisoner, that my leg (wooden) was crushed; the man next me was killed by the same shell. I was very much used up and have been very weak from diarrhœa since. I was brought from the prison to this place night before last. The other officers were all sent to Columbia, S. C., yesterday, Colonel

Weld and Captain Amory included; so I am all alone I shall be sent there when I am well enough, I suppose. I am in a tent here, and have plenty of fresh air. I hope no blame is given me for the failure of Saturday. I certainly did all in my power. I held the pit with hardly any force after the rest of the line had been retaken. The rebel flag was within six feet of mine, just the ridge of dirt between, for nearly an hour. It was impossible to withraw without sacrificing all the men, so I held on as long as possible in hope of reinforcements. The negroes were crowded into the same pit with us when they retreated in such confusion, and we have been treated worse, an account of being taken with them.

I shall get better here, I think. I don't suppose you will be able to send me anything. Tufts, the Massachusetts Agent in Washington, will know. Write me. Not more than one page is allowed, I believe. Address Prisoner of War, Danville, Va. Has George got home yet? And my horses? Take good care of Ned. I made arrangements to have him sent home in case anything happened to me. The Chaplain and Dr. White promised to see to it. If you can send me a small box with something to eat and drink, some tea and coffee, I should like it. It might get to me. Send it through Tufts, Massachusetts Agent in Washington. Send this letter to A. P. I shall not be able to write any more at present. I have Uncle Edwin's "letter" with me, and may be able to use it. Don't be worried about me, I shall be well soon. I shall get a pair of crutches made so I can get about soon. My half-dollar pocket-piece did me good service; brought me eight dollars confederate money, with which I bought a *tooth-brush*. Milk

two dollars qt., etc. My love to all. Let them write me often; some will get through.

Your affectionate son,

W. F. BARTLETT.

Brigadier-general U. S. A., Prisoner of War.

(Envelopes, $8. a package.)

There has been some talk of exchanging sick and wounded prisoners. I hope it will be effected.

August 6. Little better this morning; shall try to send this to-day. Write on one leaf, but *send* the *whole* sheet and an envelope.

AG. P., — I have the little red velvet case with me all safe. Don't be worried about me. F.

Saturday, 6th. Dr. Hunter put certificate on my letter to Secretary of War. Got dozen eggs to-day, $5.00; feel little better to-day; pain bowels still; rain this P. M.; my tent all rags, open at both ends. Just a week since I was taken; what a week of misery.

Sunday, 7th. Beautiful Sabbath morning, 11 A. M. I wonder if they are at church now at home. It must have been an anxious week for them, but they don't dream of what I have been suffering, fortunately for them. Doctor gives me some new pills; my liver is deranged. Read Moore; wish I had my little Church Service here, I could be reading the same lesson that Agnes is this morning. Hattie's birth-day, I believe. I should like to be at home to-day. Began to carve out a pipe yesterday.

Monday, 8th. Letter to General Lee goes this morning, probably. Another wretched, painful, weary day. Mustard poultice on bowels this morn. Never passed

such a horrible night as last; awake all night, passing blood freely. The doctor could n't know anything about his business, and does n't care. Keeps giving me pills. Bought pint of brandy, $25; miserable stuff. Apple brandy, tastes like burning-fluid.

Tuesday, 9th. More comfortable night than the one before, less pain; continue to run off the same. Long, long day; three gentlemen called this P. M., one left a few tomatoes. I can't eat them. Indeed, I don't eat anything. Another sleepless, painful night to-night. If I die here, I hope my friends (written 10th) will sift the matter and learn the truth.

Wednesday, 10th. General Young, C. S. A., called to see me this A. M., offered to take letter to Ould; wrote and sent down to him this P. M. Hope he will succeed. I get no better, same pain. Weaker every day. I cannot last long at this rate. If I could only live to get in *our* lines or to Baltimore, I would die contented. Mother would be there.

This Dr. Hunter does n't take the slightest interest in my getting well, or else his indifference is put on to conceal his ignorance.

DANVILLE VA., *August* 10, 1864.

BRIG.-GEN. W. F. BARTLETT, U. S. A.: —

General, — I am directed by General Young to say to you that he will take great pleasure in handing your letter to Judge Ould in person, and that he will use every means in his power to procure you an exchange, or parole of honor, immediately. If he should fail, General Young will do everything in his power to alleviate your pain, or to promote your recovery.

You will hear from General Young as soon as he has seen Judge Ould.

I am, General,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

I. PINCKNEY THOMAS,

Lt. & A. D. C.

Thursday, 11*th*. Doctor not come to-day, little loss. I am little more comfortable, less discharges; very, very weak. If I go now I must go on stretchers. No sleep after 12.

Friday, 12*th*. No better, no sleep after 12. Some milk porridge this morning. My tongue is fearfully coated, brown. Dr. Hunter just glanced at it and says, "Oh, yes, your tongue looks better." I said I did not agree with him.

Saturday, 13*th*. Worse and weaker to-day. No surgeon, no medicine, no food suitable. I shall not write much more in this book. I hope it will reach home. Letter from Amory at Columbia. Patrick McHugh, Co. E., One-hundredth Illinois, has promised to take it. Nothing from General Young.

The following entry appears to belong to this time. It is pencilled on a fly-leaf of his pocket diary, without a date: —

It is hard to die here without a single friend, not even an officer of our army, to hold my hand and take my last words. I hardly dare trust to my body or anything else getting home.

Sunday, 14*th*. Felt a little better after sat up this A. M.; have got a prayer-book, great comfort in it; have

been reading it all the morning. Seventieth Psalm, fourteenth day lesson. It is well they do not know how miserable I am. Have been taking comfort from this book all day ; have been praying for forgiveness and help. I feel a little better to-day. God is very merciful. I shall never forget this day. I believe I shall be a better man if I live. I wonder if Agnes thought of me as she read the service this morning. Better all through the day.

Monday, 15*th*. Slept well last night. Better this morning. My bowels are more quiet and give me less pain. Doctor got bottle "blueberry wine" yesterday, $ 20.00 ; poor stuff, some stimulant. Read prayer-book with more interest than I ever felt before. The change was very sudden. Saturday night was the worst night I ever had, yet Sunday morning I sat up and seemed to feel better. Took calomel and opium pills and white-oak-bark solution. I can hardly account for the change. Mouth not so awfully dry as it has been. God is very merciful and has heard my prayers.

Tuesday, 16*th*. Good night last. Feel better to-day. Believe I have turned the corner and am improving — such a change from my feelings Saturday. I hope I shall continue to improve. Nothing from General Young yet. It is very strange. I am not so impatient now that I am getting better. It is not the horror of living but of dying here, that troubles me.

Wednesday, 17*th*. Stronger still. Rain (last night) came through the tent on to my face in torrents. Sitting up all day, making rings, etc., of peach-stones. Such a change, I can hardly realize it, nor be grateful enough.

Heavy rain and squall to-night; all wet, bed and bedding; the tent is so open that it did not blow down.

Thursday, 18*th*. Another long day, merely weary waiting; read a book on birds. I am improving still, gaining strength. Manage to get milk and eggs and apples. Wrote Agnes a few lines on scrap of paper. Rain every day now. Get no news from outside, know nothing of what is going on. I wish our government could see the suffering that their delay and quibbling about exchange is causing. Men dying every hour, reproving their government for forgetting them and letting them lie here. In Georgia it is worse.

Friday, 19*th*. Another day gone. I am still improving. Walk out on crutches a few steps. Am very, very weak. Rainy still. Major Morfit, commanding prison, must have noticed the scrap of paper on which I wrote Agnes, for to-day he sent me up several sheets of note-paper with his compliments. Reading all day, "Artist's Bride," Emerson Bennett. Poor trash. I long to hear from home. I have an egg for breakfast now, with some toast, and clover or hay tea; for dinner, boiled rice which has to be *examined;* for supper, baked apple and tea.

Saturday, 20*th*. Another day and week gone. Three weeks to-night since my capture. It seems like three *months* at least. What a difference though between my condition now and one week ago! I did not then expect to be alive now. My only hope was that my body should get sent home. To-night I am well, getting stronger every day. Walked out on crutches a little; very weak still. But how much I have to be grateful for! I hope I may never forget it. I wish I could re-

lieve their anxiety at home. And Agnes, I fear she worries. I am glad they have not known the worst. They think I am safe and comfortably off, I expect.

PRISONERS' HOSPITAL,
DANVILLE, VA., *August* 20, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I have been very ill with dysentery, consequent on the exposure after the over-exertion and exhaustion on the 30th of July. I am still very weak, but have turned the corner and am out of danger. General Young, C. S. A., came to see me while I was sick, and told me he would see Commissioner Ould when he went to Richmond, and do all that he could to get me sent to our lines (either exchanged or paroled), where I could soon get well, or at least die among friends. I have not heard from him yet. It is more than a week, and as he promised to write as soon as he saw Ould, I fear his letter must have miscarried. I am not so anxious, now that I am getting better. Still I hope we shall be exchanged before long. All the other generals have been exchanged down at Charleston, S. C. I shall probably go to Columbia, S. C., as soon as I get well enough. I had a letter from Captain Amory from there a few days ago. They are much more comfortable there, and want me to come. I shall be glad to get anywhere, where I can have company. I walked out a few steps on crutches to-day for the first time. I am still very weak. I have heard nothing from our lines since our capture. See Richmond paper occasionally. Give my love to all at home, and to Aunt Carry and Uncle Edwin. Send them a copy of this letter if it reaches you. Much love, W. F. B.

I hope my horses and *all* my things got home safely. Dr. White promised to see to it.

August 23. Still improving and gaining strength.

W.

Sunday, 21*st*. This has been rather a pleasant Sabbath day. I have so much to be grateful for. I had a very good dinner. My appetite has returned. Have been reading Prayer-book and Rogers's "Italy." To-night *smoked* my first and only cigar, one that has been in my coat-pocket all the time. Just six weeks ago to-night, at this very time, I went to see Agnes at the homestead. Where shall I be six weeks hence? In our lines? I fear the hope is vain. I wonder if they have been thinking of me at home to-day as much as I have of them. I expect they have not as much *spare time*. Perhaps they think that now I am out of danger, and on the whole it's rather a good thing!!

Monday, 22*d*. *Evening*. Mark off another day; one day nearer home and liberty. Read "Villette;" don't like it much. My friend Jones brought me some nice beans for dinner from the garden. I gave him some sugar in return. To-night he brought me some peaches. Rumors of fighting going on. Oh, what would n't I give for a New York or Boston paper to-night, or a *letter*. If I had *two legs*, I would not stay *here* long. Played chess to-day with Pat. He beats me. I cannot get interested in it. He beats me at checkers too. I believe I am getting *stupid*. I must get where I can have somebody congenial to talk with. I dread the journey to Columbia, *two days*. What are they doing at home to-night? I wish I could look in, invisible.

Tuesday, 23*d*. Another day gone without incident. Holden, who has been in charge of the hospital here, a private in Twenty-third Va., has gone home on a furlough. I must remember him, he has been very friendly. Waters is now in charge. Beat Pat two games chess to-day. I am out of reading. Have taken the Bible. I find it interesting, "Joshua." Herman Viertel, my Dutchman, washed my pants and handkerchiefs to-day. I have sat in deshabille meantime. Kanna, a man of West Virginia, a prisoner, has been entertaining me with some accounts of his adventuring. If I had paper I would write down things that I hear and see from day to day. It would make a very interesting book. I must try to remember them all. I fear I shan't do justice to some of them.

Wednesday, 24*th*. Good-by one more day. Major Morfit up here this eve; looked in to see me; thinks my chance for exchange just as good here as at Columbia. I don't know how much he knows about it, but I think very little. Apropos, an epigram occurs.

> Our jailer bears the name of *Morfit*
> A name on which if any saw fit
> By making rhymes his life to forfeit
> He 'd swear By Allah and the Prophet
> For nothing was this Major *more* fit.

Thursday, 25*th*. Very warm to-night. We have had some success on the Weldon Railroad. They have stopped our wheat bread; nothing but this coarse corn bread for these sick men. It will kill them at a fearful rate; indeed, it is beginning to appear in the number of corpses that are carried by my tent to-day. Many will die to-night, the ward-master tells me. God have mercy

on their souls, and console and sustain and protect theirs at home! I had a good dinner to-day, chicken broth. Madigan, whom I have won with the filthy lucre, secured it for me. He is one of the cooks here. My friend Jones of the garden brought his flour biscuits to-night. He's a trump.

Friday, 26*th*. This morning after breakfast, Waters came to my tent and told me he had an order from Major Morfit, to send me to his office to go to Richmond! Can it be exchange? If so, God has quickly heard and answered my prayers. I got my baggage together, a cotton haversack, my cane, and wooden foot. In the first I have some tea and hard bread, in the latter nothing! I was carted to Major Morfit in the same old wagon, without springs, waited at his office till seven, when went to the train, waited on the platform till nine. Then the train came jammed full, no lights, no seats, one man with me as guard. I must leave a description of this night for some other place.

Saturday, 27*th*. Of course awake at daylight. Reached Burkesville Junction shortly after, where we lay in the sun all one day, en route to Danville. Reach Richmond at nine. In Richmond at last. Saw Ould. *To go North by first flag truce boat!!* I wish they knew it at home this night. Meantime I go to "Libby," and here I am in Libby Prison Hospital, rather comfortably off. Sedgwick, Twentieth, here. I shall sleep to-night after last night's experience. How can I be grateful enough to God for his great mercy.

Sunday, 28*th*. Quiet, pleasant day. I live comparatively well here, and am quite comfortable. More prisoners come in to-day. Lieutenant-colonel Walker, Han-

cock's Assistant Adjutant-general, brought in recaptured, taken first at Reams Station; got within thirty yards of our pickets on James, which he swam. Tells me Macy is badly hurt. I dreamt it a week ago. Patten lost a leg. Walker was dressed in rags and filth, but how undisguisable the gentleman is. I was very much taken with him. He knew me, but I had never seen him. Roast mutton for dinner. I am treated with marked consideration just now for some reason or other. The surgeon marked for me *good* diet.

LIBBY PRISON (HOSPITAL),
RICHMOND, *August* 28, 1864.

DEAR MOTHER, — I was sent here from Danville on Friday night. Traveled all night. I arrived here yesterday morning; went to see Colonel Ould. I am "to be sent North by first flag of truce boat," so I hope I may reach home before this letter does. I am still very feeble and shall not be fit for duty for several months. Nor then for active field duty. I am very well treated here;[1] as Colonel Ould said to me, "Libby is not half so bad as it has been represented."

Hoping to see you soon, I am ever your affectionate son,

W. F. BARTLETT,
Brigadier General U. S. A.

Monday, 29th. Pleasant, comfortable day. Nothing new. Read "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Played chess, Captain Adams, Fifty-sixth. Sedgwick, Twentieth, is here; not well, looks badly. Very homesick I expect.

[1] He told his mother afterwards that the statement as to good treatment was inserted to meet the contingency of the opening of his letter.

I hope the flag of truce boat will be here by Wednesday. Still improving in health. I shall be quite well by the time I get home if I keep on, and the boat does n't come for a month or two!

Tuesday, 30th. This morning a letter was put in my hands, directed in father's well-known hand, from mother, dated August 3d. It was a comfort to get it, although of so old a date. She says F. W. P. had written; that I have not received. My horses I trust are sent home ere this. Dr. White promised to send them. George should have known enough to have started for home with all my other things.

Wednesday, 31st. The boat is here. We shall go to-morrow I expect. To-day the steward brought me a note from *Arthur, who is up stairs.* I sent to Major Turner, asking to let him come down. I had no idea he was here. Everybody is anxious to-night, hoping it may be his turn to-morrow. I shall leave Arthur everything that I can. I trust this is my last night in this horrible place. I want to be in Baltimore by Sunday. Home and Saratoga by week after. A week at Saratoga would do me more good than all the medicine in the world.

Thursday, September 1. Off at last. I gave Arthur all that I had, money, etc., gave him a good breakfast with me, took note for J. D., borrowed $20 of Captain Fox, Thirty-fourth Massachusetts, gave Arthur $10, Sedgwick $10, Arthur my watch-chain. He is very well. Twenty other officers go. Go down to boat in ambulances of boards. An order comes from Colonel Ould. *I cannot go.* It is a bitter, bitter blow after getting so far. I must go back to prison. Ould says Gen-

eral Walker was not sent up. There is some other reason, I think. This is a sad disappointment. My heart sinks at coming back here. I must wait patiently and believe *He* doeth all things for the best. Poor mother, if she only knew!

Friday, 2d. I have learned to play cribbage, it helps to pass the time. I was not allowed even to send messages by those other officers who went yesterday. If I do not go by the next boat I shall give up.

Try to communicate with Arthur; failed. He will feel awfully about it. He was so glad to think I was going home.

Saturday, 3d. I am getting very well, my face is not so thin as when I came here. I am stronger much. I am reading "Harry Lorrequer," etc. I wonder where everybody is of those I love. Agnes is at home. The rest of the family must have returned from Swampscott. *We* are all at home. Sallie is in Baltimore, etc. I think Miss Wyeth has hardly ventured to leave 129 this summer. Got word to Arthur to-day.

Sunday, 4th. Cloudy, dull day. Morning, read the service from eleven to twelve. I wish I could look in on them at home to-day. I hope they have got some of my letters, and have got the *horses* home. To-day I was to have been in Baltimore and comfort and freedom, but here I am still in misery, a prisoner. I have so much to be grateful for, it would be base to murmur at my lot. How much worse it might have been! Not so well to-day. No exercise, no out of doors, is beginning to tell.

Monday, 5th. One day is like another. I play cribpage with Sedgwick, or chess occasionally. The papers

say a boat is expected to-morrow. I don't look for it till Sunday or Monday.

Tuesday, 6th. McClellan is nominated by the Chicago convention for president. I fear there is not much chance of his being elected. I don't like the names that he is associated with.

Wednesday, 7th. Atlanta is ours. The rebel papers think it is n't a place of any importance after all. The boat is expected daily. I am patient until Monday, 12th.

Thursday, 8th. My chance of going depends on General Walker's coming, I suppose. I shall be able to send some message this time, at least. Some officers will go. Rainy, cold.

Friday, 9th. Have been a little feverish (typhoid) for a day or two; took dose of quinine last night. Arthur came down to-day. He is pretty well.

Saturday, 10th. (August 23. What would n't I give for the promise that I should be at Saratoga with uncle and aunt by this date! *Nous verrons.* I shall probably be in Columbia, S. C.) If I had only got away when I started, the above wish might have been fulfilled! It is too late, even if I go Monday. The boat is up; no particulars. I hope I may get off, but hardly expect it. Arthur is coming down from up stairs to-day.

Sunday, 11th. The boat goes to-morrow. Officers permanently disabled are to be sent. My rank will prevent my going under that head. I must expect to be disappointed again. General Walker has not been sent up. Again my hopes and plans go overboard. Wrote few lines to mother and Agnes; sent by Cotting. Sedgwick goes, promised to call see father. I have made up my mind to wait.

LIBBY PRISON HOSPITAL, *September* 11, 1864.

DEAR MOTHER, — I write this to send by some officer who goes by this flag of truce boat. I don't know whether any of my letters have reached you or not. I have sent three or four. I was sent to Richmond from Danville, August 26, to be exchanged, and was to have been sent north by first boat. The boat came September 1. I was carried down with the other officers in the ambulance, got on board the boat, and then an order came for *me* to go ashore again and *back* to *prison.* Commissioner Ould said I could not go because the (rebel) General Walker, for whom I was to be exchanged, had not been sent up. So back to prison I came. It was a bitter disappointment, as you can imagine. I could not even send you messages by the officers who went, or to Major Mulford, our Agent of Exchange, to send General Walker by the next boat. I hardly dare hope I shall get off on this boat. I suppose it will depend on Walker's being sent up. I got your letter of August 3 on the 30th, the only letter I have had. I have been very sick, but am better. Arthur is up stairs; he is very well indeed. I was surprised to find him here. I hope my horses and all my things are safely at home long before this. They should have been sent at once. Dr. White promised to attend to it.

I am comparatively comfortable in this hospital. The suffering among the prisoners here and farther south is *too horrible* to *speak* of. It is a disgrace to our government that they do not make a general exchange. The rebel government is ready and willing to do it, on almost any terms. I hope I shall get away before long. I am improving in health, and so am not so anxious as I was

when so low with dysentery. Give my love to *all.* It is useless for me to write, except by some officer going North, or else I should often (if I could get the paper). Hoping you are all well, I remain ever,

Your affectionate son, W. F. B.

Let Uncle Edwin and A. P. know that you have heard from me, if you get this. Let Arthur's father and mother know that he is in splendid health and spirits. I got permission for him to come down and see me the other day, when I expected to go away. Gave him a good breakfast, and all the money, etc., that I had left. I am going to have him come down again to-day.

Much love to all, W.

I wish you would give Mr. Cotting twenty dollars, as a present, for me. He has been very kind to me while I have been here. W F. B.

Monday, 12*th.* The boat goes this morning. Thirty officers went. It was hard to see them go and think that in twelve hours they would be under the old flag. I hope I shall not see another load go away without me. I am more contented than I was the last time. Arthur being here makes it very pleasant. We play cribbage, talk, smoke, and study Spanish together; the time passes very quickly. I shall try and keep him down here as long as I can.

Tuesday, 13*th.* I have moved out into a quiet corner of the ward; his bed is next mine. Fisher and Brady next. A select party. It is a different thing altogether having Arthur here. I don't feel badly about not going

now. I try not to think of it. Play poker this evening until twelve, first night I have been up so late for a long time. Twenty to Brady. Cold night — sleep well. I am very grateful to God for all his goodness. I am well, comfortable, and in good spirits. How much worse off I might be.

Wednesday, 14*th*. A letter from F. W P. at dinner, September 2. Says father told him I had been exchanged as it was arranged. Tells me of Arthur's capture. Arthur and I were eating a good dinner together when it was received. The time passes much more quickly than it did. Beautiful moonlight nights now, too bad to be shut up within prison bars. I hope the next moon I shall see on *salt water*. I am tired of seeing it reflected on this river and canal. My leg pains me a great deal to-day and to-night. We play poker — six.

Thursday, 15*th*. It was just a month ago yesterday that I began to mend and get well. Oh, how grateful I am for the mercies of this past month! I have suffered two awful disappointments, but when I think how much worse it might have been, I can only be thankful and patient. A year ago I was at Pittsfield, just going to Saratoga. What a pleasant time I had. That is past for this year. I am still very anxious about my horses — wish I knew they were safe at home. They are safe anywhere so long as Tieman is with them. At the Learneds' one year ago.

Friday, 16*th*. I wish I could get home this month on many accounts. The next boat is due a week from to-day. Make a little charm of peach-stone. Play poker in evening till ten. Fisher keeps us splitting with

laughter all the time. Not very well to-day. Beautiful night, full moon, too pleasant to be in this place. I cannot get my bowels regular. It is now nearly two months since they have been so.

Saturday, 17*th*. Beautiful day. Oh, it is too bad to lose all this lovely weather. This week has passed very quickly. Arthur's being here accounts for it. We play poker every evening. Another hitch in the exchange question between Hood and Sherman. It is very disheartening for the poor men.

Sunday, 18*th*. Chilly day. Read service all the morning. Had no book to read. Quite unwell to-day, very weak.

Monday, 19*th*. Pleasant day. Just two months since I left Washington. It seems like two years. I hope the end of this month will find me at home, or at least, at liberty. Colonel Hooper came down to see me last week. He is very well. I am to go and see his mother when I get home. One year ago I was at Albany, on my way to Saratoga with Mr. Learned.

Tuesday, 20*th*. Beautiful day. The Sergeant in one of his whims has not been out to buy anything for us for several days, so that we have been short. We are dependent entirely on the whim of this low, ugly-dispositioned brute. This steward can't manage him as well as Cotting used to. Wrote F. W P. to send by boat.

Libby Prison Hospital,
Richmond, *September* 20, 1864.

It was a happy surprise to me to get your letter of the 2d, a day or two since. It came through by the last boat. It is the only letter I have had, excepting one

from home (August 3d), since I was captured. You did n't think when you wrote, telling me of Arthur's capture, that we should be sitting *vis-à-vis* partaking the frugal meal together, when it reached me. Such was the case. After I had been here in hospital five or six days, I received a scrap of paper on which was written a hasty salutation from Arthur. Imagine my surprise, not having heard of his misfortune. As I was expecting to go by the boat which went the next day, I asked to have him allowed to come down and see me. He came the next morning, just as I was going. I left with him all the money, etc., that I had, and bade him good-by. After going to the boat in ambulance, and getting nicely on board, an order came from Colonel Ould that I must go back to prison. I could not go until General Walker was sent up, etc. There was nothing to be said. I could not help thinking that it would at least have been considerate in Ould to have spared me the disappointment of going down on board the boat, to return again to prison, when he had no intention of letting me go. When I came to Richmond from Danville and reported to him, he said I was "to be sent North by first flag of truce boat," and so endorsed the order sending me here. Nothing was said about its depending upon Walker's coming up, and I believe that was an afterthought. It was a sad disappointment to come back within these prison walls and bars after getting so far on my road to liberty. I looked forward then to the next boat, but was doomed to disappointment again.

I hope the next one, which will be here the last of this week, will bring Walker and take me away. Indeed I hope more than I expect. If I was well, I should

not be so impatient, and am not so anxious now as when I was so very ill. The Surgeon at Danville recommended that I be exchanged, as I was in a critical condition, and "if I recovered would not be fit for duty for many months." I am safely through, though, thank God. The thought of dying there in that hospital, with no one to speak to, not a single officer of our army in the place, no one to whom I could trust either effects or messages, was pretty hard to bear. I shall have much to tell you when we meet, which time, I pray, is not far distant. It is a great comfort to me, having Arthur here. He is shamming sick in order to stay here in hospital, where he is of course much more comfortable than "in quarters." He is very well indeed, and in excellent spirits. I am very anxious to hear from home of many persons, especially Macy. I heard that he was seriously injured internally by his horse falling on him, and Patten has lost a leg! I am very sorry for him; hope it is not above the knee. Poor Charlie Peirson, his death was very sad. I fear there must be others that I have not heard of yet.

I write this to send by some officer who goes by the next boat. I don't know whether letters sent through the regular channels reach you. They certainly do *not* reach *us*. This is contraband, but can easily be smuggled inside a man's coat-lining. I fear you will have trouble in deciphering it. I shall write mother by this boat, but you might let them know that you hear from me in case theirs should miscarry. I am doing comparatively *well*, remember, and am ready to endure it as long as may be necessary. My experience, I suppose,

would n't have been considered complete without this phase.

Remember me to any who have not forgotten me.

Ever yours,

FRANK B.

September 20th. The papers say that the boat is up and General Walker on board, so I may get off this time. If not, I shall give up.

Wednesday, 21st. The first thing I heard this morning was, "We shall lose the General." I opened my eyes and Arthur said, "Have you got your valise packed? The papers say that the boat is up and General Walker on board." So I hope to go by this boat. This may "go back" on me again, but it would be very mean. I shall hope to go. The boat goes Friday. Played poker, evening. I am about $40 ahead; shall leave it with Arthur and Brady.

Thursday, 22d. Nothing about the boat to-day. I shall get letter ready to send in case I do not go. Afternoon, told that the boat would go to-morrow. Ross told me I was going; shall not feel certain till I am under the flag. Play poker and settle accounts; I am about $40 ahead; give it to Brady, who was behind.

Friday, 23d. The boat does not go this morning, some delay, to-morrow now. To-night the roll is brought in for us to sign. My name leads it again. Fisher the flanker is down to go. Brady goes too. Arthur alone of the quartette is left. The last night in Libby! I was taken with a bad diarrhœa, up all night, very weak.

Saturday, 24th. Off again. I am so ill I can hardly stand. Bade Arthur good-by — left him my chain,

etc., again. On the *Allison*. I expected every moment a summons to go on shore again. Off at last, twenty minutes before 10 A. M., down the James. Ashore at Varina. A grasp of a friendly hand, Major Mulford. A short ride, and there floats the old flag. May I never lose sight of it again. I am too ill to eat. Comfortable bed and state room — lie at landing all night.

WINCHESTER, *September* 24, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR, — It is with the greatest relief and pleasure that I think how soon you are likely to have your son, the General, with you again, bringing home fresh laurels, with which he might well be content, if it were for ambitious ends that he entered the service of the country. But we know that he will be satisfied with nothing short of doing his utmost for the nation; and that he has surely done; at least, I cannot conceive that he should be fit for service for many months to come.

Few outside of his immediate family can rejoice more at his safe return than I do, little as I can hope to see of him. I feel that this is a better world while my former colonel is in it.

I beg that you will express to Mrs. Bartlett the sympathy which Mrs. Winsor and I feel for you in your great happiness; though its expression is somewhat tardy, its existence is real.

Very truly and respectfully yours,

FREDERICK WINSOR.

Sunday, 25th. Major Mulford tells me mother is at Baltimore. Father has been down to Fortress Monroe. I was exchanged early in August, and to think how near I came to never being exchanged! Arrive at Fortress

Monroe half past five; tug comes out. Is General Bartlett on board? Yes, from fifty voices, and I am carried over the side and meet Charles Manning[1] on board *Adelaide;* hear all the news from Charlie. Good bed, etc.; talk late.

Monday, 26*th.* Reach Baltimore early, drive to 129. Mother there. . Better this morning, ate good breakfast, can't stand it. Dr. Baxley comes. Must go on very low diet. "With care can get well in *six months!*" Pleasant prospect, still I am in God's country once more, and that is everything. Mother tells me all about Agnes; three letters from her, one from Winthrop. Dear Agnes.

Tuesday, 27*th.* Do not go down stairs. I am weaker than I supposed. Dr. B. is very serious. I hope to disappoint him and be well in half the time that he says. We leave for New York to-morrow. Agnes is there. I had hoped to be well enough to go about there, but must now keep the house.

Wednesday, 28*th.* Long, weary, trying ride to New York. I thought I should have to give it up at Philadelphia, but we are well through. Uncle Ed. and Aunt Carry here. Agnes came in the evening. I saw her in the little dining-room. It almost repays one for the misery and pain, this meeting. Can it be possible that I am here again, It is too good to be true Never let me forget God's mercy to me undeserving.

Thursday, 29*th.* Agnes came again this morning. I have to keep my bed, very weak. Dr. Van Buren alters my diet and medicine. Agnes sat by my bedside. Too much to think of to talk much. Many callers and cards.

[1] His brother-in-law

I see no one *but the family*. Agnes here in the evening, short time.

Friday, 30*th*. Agnes came again this morning. She had a pleasant visit to Winthrop. I wish I had been there. She passed the evening with me. These are very happy days, it makes up for everything.

Saturday, *October* 1*st*. Agnes goes to-day. I am not well enough to go my way; shall wait till Monday. She came this morning, bade good-by, — 't is not so hard as the last time.

Sunday, 2*d*. Long day. Went down stairs to Aunt Carry's in evening. Dr. Van Buren says I must not do anything for six months at least. Wrote short note to Agnes.

Monday, 3*d*. Cannot go to-day. To-morrow. Telegraph to father. Miss Adams goes on with us. Down stairs in evening.

Tuesday, 4*th*. Leave this afternoon for Boston, *via* Stonington. Horrid route. I am not in the humor for travelling at best.

Wednesday, 5*th*. Cars at seven, delay at Providence, slow train, reach Boston at one. Carriage, Anna at depot. Drive directly out. All glad to see me of course. Shown to my room — should not know it, beautifully furnished and adorned. Bookcase and desk from Agnes.

Thursday, 6*th*. Saw Ned and Billy last night. My room looks very well. My swords hung in trophy. A set of Prescott complete, from Uncle Ed. and Aunt Carry. Paper knife from Miss Adams. This desk is just what I wanted.

Friday, 7*th*. This being at home again is delicious; comfort and rest. May I never be separated from it

again by such an impassable barrier as that line of hostile bayonets!

Saturday, 8*th*. Short note from Agnes in one of Anna's. Cattle-fair week there. I remember two years ago very well.

Sunday, 9*th*. Beautiful day. Family go up to church. Anna stays at home with me. Wrote Agnes in morning. Anna told me about their visit here.

Monday, 10*th*. Sent long letter to Agnes. Down stairs in evening. Anna reading "Pendennis."

Tuesday, 11*th*. Letter from Agnes. Wrote E. C. Adams, C. J. Mills, Brady, Mrs. Bramhall. Anna read Prescott's review of Lockhart's "Life of Scott." Arthur Curtis is released. Mulford kept his word. Dr. White came down. Bought "Napier's Peninsular War."

October 13, 1864.

I don't need to tell you that I am, and have been, impatient to see you, but I have not seen any one, and am not allowed to write, my eyes sharing with the rest of my system a prostration which is something quite new to me. My surgeons put on very grave faces, and tell me I must have perfect rest and quiet, with careful treatment, diet, etc., for *six* months, and predict very unpleasant things otherwise. I propose to disappoint them in regard to time. . . W. F. B.

Wednesday, 12*th*. Went to Boston. Bought carpet, table and cloth, brackets, etc. A beautiful bust of Garibaldi by Pietro Stefani. It is the best likeness that I ever saw. Horse-car smashed carryall. Saw many that I knew. Boston looks very gay.

Thursday, 13*th*. Rain-storm. Wrote letters. *Arthur* is out. Home to-night. Mulford kept his word. Notes from Ben and F. W. P.

Friday, 14*th*. Rainy. Letter from Agnes at Copake. Table and brackets came to-day.

Saturday, 15*th*. Rainy. Do not go to town,

Sunday, 16*th*. Sweet, long letter from my darling. Wrote this afternoon.

Monday, 17*th*. Went to town, saw Ben and F. W P., Murray, many people. Saw Dr. Bigelow. Sent letter to Agnes.

Friday, 21*st*. Put my leg on this morning, not very comfortable yet. Three years ago to-day, Ball's Bluff. Wrote Dr. J. Monroe, 560 Hudson St., New York, about his leg.

Saturday, 22*d*. Had to go to bed this P. M. Bad headache, etc., etc. Letter from Agnes, do not read it to-night. Sent letter to Agnes.

Sunday, 23*d*. Keep my bed all day — read Agnes' letter. It is rather discouraging, this slipping up so often. I don't make any improvement.

Monday, 24*th*. Dr. Bigelow is not at home. Sat up to-day. Cannot read or be read to, it makes my head ache.

Tuesday, 25*th*. Sit up. Not much better.

Wednesday, 26*th*. Little better; bad headache if I hear reading or use my eyes.

Thursday, 27*th*. Dr. Crane came to see me.

Friday, 28*th*. Rain-storm. Sent letter to Agnes. Frank Palfrey comes down. Very pleasant evening. I smoked a "Manilla." Told him of my engagement, etc. Letter from leg man, New York.

For the remainder of the year 1864, there was little that was noteworthy in his life. He remained at his home at Winthrop for the most part, but he made frequent excursions to Boston, and one visit of several days to New York, where he met his *fiancée*, and passed most of his time with her. He rode occasionally, drove often, received and made many visits, and passed much time in reading and letter-writing. His health improved upon the whole, but slowly. On the 12th of November he wrote: "I am very much encouraged by my condition the last few days, very little pain, no diarrhœa." The condition of his stump also improved with his general condition, and he was able to wear his old wooden leg, and also a new one which he procured at this time, with more comfort than before. On Thanksgiving Day, November 24, he wrote: "How much I have to give thanks for on this day. That I am here, as well as I am. When I think of what easily might have been!" and on the last day of the year: —

"So ends 1864, an eventful year for me in more ways than one. May the end of 1865 find me alive and well, a better man, and more deserving of God's mercy and goodness and the love of my darling Agnes."

On the 16th of January, 1865, his engagement to Miss Mary Agnes Pomeroy, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was formally announced at a great fes-

tival at The Homestead, the residence of her father, Mr. Robert Pomeroy, upon the occasion of his silver wedding. He passed the winter and spring of 1865 at his home and at Pittsfield. He was much out of health, suffering constantly from his prison dysentery and from weakness. He applied for duty on the 13th of April, but nothing came of the application for some time. In the following May, he recorded in his journal that he was "much better than since last July"; and on the 23d of that month he made another and formal application to the War Department, accompanying his letter with a surgeon s certificate that he was able to return to duty.

On the 1st of June he commanded the military escort of the great procession which that day filled the streets of Boston, upon the occasion of the ceremonies commemorative of the late President Lincoln; and those who saw him then are not likely to forget the striking appearance he presented as he rode, in full uniform, at the head of his column of many thousand men of the three arms.

On the 9th of June he received his orders from the War Department to report without delay to the General commanding the Ninth Corps, for duty. He arrived in Washington on the 13th, and reported himself at the War Department the same day. On the 19th of June he took command of the First Division of the Ninth Corps, at Tenallytown, near Washington.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, NINTH CORPS,
NEAR WASHINGTON, *June* 26, 1865.

Why should n't I send you a few lines this rainy afternoon, to tell you where I am and what doing? I was very sorry not to see you before I came away, but you had gone out of town. I got my orders Friday afternoon, and left two P. M. Saturday, — rather a short time in which to break up a seven months' camp. I was not able to see any one, of course; but good-by now was a much less serious matter, and more easily omitted, than it was seven months ago. I hope you and your wife are out of town by this time, enjoying fresh air and exercise.

I am rather pleasantly situated. I am commanding the First Division of the Corps. My headquarters are in a lovely oak grove, a few (2½) miles out from Georgetown, on the Tenallytown Road, the old Rockville Pike which we knew of old. I am just a little off the road, in tents. I prefer sleeping in a tent, although there is a very good house near by at my service.

The temperature out here under these trees is a very different thing from the fiendish heat of that wretched town that consists of the President's house and the Capitol. I was there a week before I came out here, and it nearly killed me.

My Division lies up the road towards Tenallytown — three brigades, well situated for water, slope, and air. One brigade is commanded by a brigadier, the other two by colonels. I found the command in rather a slack state of discipline. No attention paid to guard-duty or drill. It is natural that men should feel, now that the war for which they enlisted is over, that there is no fur-

ther need of discipline, and that the strict performance of guard-duty any longer is needless. (I only name guard-duty as one of the points by which you judge of a regiment's "breeding" and efficiency.) In this they are rather encouraged by a certain class of officers, — you well know what I mean if I say the Le Barnes school, — and this feeling of expectancy and uncertainty about getting mustered out is prejudicial to discipline.

I had all the regimental and brigade commanders here the other night, and gave them a lecture of an hour and a half. You would have smiled to see me laying down the law, surrounded by about twenty of these old birds. I fancy it woke them up, for I have been pleased to see a marked change for the better already.

It seems funny to be here on this old road, in command of a Division, where I marched up under your baton not many months ago on foot. I intend to ride up to Poolesville as soon as the weather is a little cooler, if we remain here, and going over to Ball's Bluff and Leesburg. I wish you would come out and go too.

Charlie Whittier and Macy were over to see me the other day. Whit. is the same fair boy as ever. I suppose the Army of the Potomac will be dissolved soon; an order will soon be out mustering out "veterans," which will reduce it very much.

Miss Jennie Turnbull proposes to convert me from my dislike to Washington, so that I shall never want to go away from here after a little while. I should like to "give odds" on it.

Dear Frank, this is n't a very satisfactory letter. There are many things that I have to talk with you about.

Remember me to all yours. Let me have a line from you when you have a spare half hour, and believe me,

Always yours, FRANK.

On the 2d of July, he speaks of seeing General Parke, the Corps commander, and of his telling him that all the troops in the Department were to be mustered out, and he adds "I do not care how soon I go. I find I am not able to stand it." The hot weather was especially trying to him. He left his command on the 14th July, when his Division was broken up, and that was the last of his actual service, though, through the kindness of Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, he was not mustered out of the military service till a much later date. The following correspondence in relation to a leave of absence which he desired, though a little later in date than the letter which immediately follows it, may conveniently be inserted here.

(Confidential.)

16 BROAD STREET, BOSTON, *August* 9, 1865.

HON. E. M. STANTON: —

Dear Sir, — You were kind enough to say to me a few weeks ago, when I called to pay my respects to you before leaving Washington, that you would be glad to do anything for me at any time. I take you at your word, and ask you frankly for advice on a subject which has been suggested by some of my friends, in the army and out.

They are desirous that I should visit Europe before I leave the army, — that I should be there while an officer of the U. S. Volunteers, — and wish me to apply for a six months' leave of absence. You are aware that I lost my leg in the first year of the war, and have been in the service (active) ever since, being badly wounded again at the assault on Port Hudson in the arm and other foot (where my conduct caused you to offer me a brigadier-general's commission), and again in the Wilderness. My health was very much impaired by my imprisonment last summer, and I have not been well since, although on duty in command of the First Division, Ninth Corps, until within a few weeks, after I was fit for any duty. I have not sought for assignment to any duty since the muster-out of the troops, for I knew there were a hundred applicants for every one place, and I did not care to swell the number. I am at home, awaiting orders. I thought I would take you at your word, sir, and instead of sending a formal application for this leave, backed by such influence as I might command, I would simply ask you what favor such a request would meet with from you.

Colonel Conolly, Adjutant-general (late) of forces in Canada, is desirous that I should visit England while I am still in the army.

Will you be kind enough to tell me your views on the subject, and whether you will grant such a request?

I should expect to be mustered out at the expiration of the leave unless my services were required, which is not probable.

Even if the leave were to be on half or without pay, from the time when I should otherwise be mustered out,

it would meet the wishes of my friends, as far as still being in the service is concerned. Hoping for an answer as frank as my statement to you is, I remain, very respectfully and sincerely,

Your obedient servant,

W. F. BARTLETT, *Brigadier-general.*

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, *August* 12, 1865.

DEAR SIR, — Your note of the 9th inst. reached me this morning, and the Adjutant-general has been directed to give you six months' leave of absence with the privilege to go beyond the limits of the United States. I would be glad to continue the pay, but it would lead to so many applications of a similar nature as to become necessary perhaps to revoke all. The question of pay therefore can remain suspended, but it is probable that the service will require the absence to be without pay. Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL BARTLETT,
16 *Broad Street, Boston.*

(Draft of answer.)

August 19, 1865.

DEAR SIR, — I cannot express to you my appreciation of and thanks for your very kind note of the 12th, in which you so graciously grant my request for leave of absence. I cannot forget your kindness in this matter, and shall try not to forfeit your favorable consideration.

You addressed me as Brevet Major-general, and I have been informed that such a brevet had been rec-

ommended, and that Mr. S. had written to you concerning its confirmation, but I have not received any official notice of it, and the leave is made out for Brigadier-general. In the matter of pay, you have said all that I could expect, and I am content to leave the question suspended, and await the decision that circumstances may dictate, judging that it is not doubtful up to the time when I should otherwise have been mustered out.

I have just received the leave from the Adjutant-general's office. Yours, etc.

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, NINTH CORPS.
July 8, 1865.

My last was written about the 24th ult., since which time I have changed my views somewhat about remaining in the service. I find that it is a very different thing from what it used to be in war times. There is not half the incentive to labor on your command that there once was, and especially now, when these troops are restless and dissatisfied about getting mustered out, it is almost impossible to get men or officers to do their duty properly. As I told you, I found the Division in a poor state of discipline. I have succeeded in bringing it up somewhat, but it has only been by my *constant personal* supervision.

I have roughed more officers, and reduced more non-coms. to the ranks, these last two or three weeks, than in any other *year* of service. There is a very visible and gratifying change, still there is not that charm about the life that used to fascinate. You feel that the object, the aim, of this discipline is gone. You cannot feel that

next week, in the presence of the enemy, we shall reap the benefit of this drill and training.

I am very glad that I came out here and satisfied myself, otherwise I might have always regretted that I had left the service, and been restless and discontented. There are many pleasant things about it still. There is always more or less of a feeling of pride and pleasure in having a number of men under your control. But I have not been quite so well here as I was at home, and I really suppose it would be better for me to be further north this summer. For all that, Frank, it will be a very sad day for me, the one that I cease to be a soldier. I shall be in Boston the 20th. I am looking forward to the 21st with dread. I have been informed that a few words would be expected from me, among others, and, Frank, I'll swear I can't get up before such a crowd as that, and speak. What can I say? I am not joking. I feel very unpleasantly about it. . . I was talking with Charley Whittier yesterday; he is afraid he will be called on, and we were groaning in sympathy.

By the way, Charley has one of the best appointments in the service, better than he could have hoped for as a volunteer officer, when so very few will be retained, — Adjutant-general of one of the departments of the Pacific, either Oregon or California. It is a very great compliment to him, and every one here is glad; he is a great favorite throughout the army. He will be in Boston till the first of August. Macy has got a brigade in the Provisional Army Potomac. He intends to stay, I believe. I don't suppose he can after the Twentieth is mustered out, but that is retained for the present. By

the way, I have something to tell you which will please and interest you to know. I was recommended some time since for a "Brevet Major-general" for "gallant and meritorious conduct" at the Mine. I had never heard of it before, and indeed had never thought of such a thing, and I was not a little surprised, as you will be, to hear it. Colonel Marshall told me that he saw the report. Very few of the recommendations for brevets have been acted upon in this Corps yet, and I suppose mine is filed with the rest. So I don't expect to get it before I leave the service. But it is rather gratifying to know that the recommendation has been made, even if there is nothing more. I never ask any questions, and I suppose that is why I did n't know of this before. They seem to expect if a man wants a brevet, he will apply or ask for it, which to me (I may have a false idea about such things) seems a contradiction in terms. An officer, speaking in a complimentary way of my fortunes the other night, asked me why I did n't "apply for a brevet." To cut him down, for he was one of them, I rather lied when I said, "I did n't know that was the way you got them." I have learnt that, since I have been out here. Why, Frank, we used to think that our officers who had been brevetted in the Mexican War were special heroes, and had done some extraordinary feat of courage and devotion, but this sort of thing makes me rather skeptical about the value of a brevet in the armies of the Republic.

Yours ever, FRANK.

July 21, 1865, was "Commemoration Day" at Cambridge, when Harvard College welcomed her

sons who had served in the war. At the dinner which closed the celebration, the President, after many speeches had been made, introduced General Bartlett, by alluding to an ancient picture of a warrior maimed and deprived of an eye, on which was the inscription, "The heart is left,"[1] and said that General Bartlett's heart was left, and was always in the right place for the service of his country. General Bartlett rose to reply with evident diffidence, and said that he did not wish to detain the audience, and that if he had all the eloquence in the world, he could not express his feelings. Then he seemed to hesitate, and Colonel Henry Lee, the Chief Marshal of the day, rose and said: "As the Speaker of the House of Burgesses of Virginia said to Washington, Sit down, sir, your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess." Enthusiastic applause followed, and the soldier said no more.

[1] Memorandum from Colonel Henry Lee: —

"Josias, Comte de Rantzau, 30 Juin, 1645. Maréchal de France, 1650.

"Il dispersa ses membres et sa gloire.
Tout abattu qu'il fut il demeura vainqueur.
Son sang fut en cent lieux le prix de la victoire,
Et Mars ne lui laissa rien d'entier que le cœur.

"This is the legend beneath the portrait of a handsome young cavalier upon a caracoling horse, one eye covered with a handkerchief, a hook for his sword-hand, a wooden leg in one stirrup. The bearing and condition of this warrior recalled Bartlett, and I gave Mr. Loring the legend in French and English."

General Bartlett was married at Pittsfield, on the 14th of October, 1865, to Miss Mary Agnes Pomeroy, a most charming and admirable woman, to whom he was devotedly attached, as she was to him. He sailed for England with his wife on the 18th of the same month, and they returned to America in June of the following year. Their trip was successful and delightful, and was of great service to the crippled and exhausted soldier. His letters and journals tell with sufficient fulness the story of their wanderings.

4 WESTBOURNE SQUARE, HYDE PARK, WEST.
LONDON, *November* 8, 1865.

There you have it in full, our present location. The Pomeroys have taken a house, very nice one, comfortably furnished and served, in Oxford Terrace, a short ride from here; but Agnes' cousin insisted on having us two with him. He lives in very good style in this, one of the best localities. We are of course much more comfortable here than we should be at hotel or lodgings, and are hardly able to realize that we are in a foreign land, for thus far we have been, both here and at Rock Park (Liverpool), so much at home. We stayed nearly a week at Rock Park, getting our land legs on again.

We had a very rough passage. I was quite sick the first day or two, much to my disgust and surprise. But Gus. Perkins, who was with us, consoled me by telling me of his brother-in-law, who made fifteen passages without being in the least sick, and the sixteenth suffered dreadfully the whole voyage. Which, though it quieted

my feelings, did not affect my stomach. The rest of the party were sick for the first few days. We had not one smooth day. It is perfectly impossible for me to write anything satisfactory just now, as several people are talking to me. I have been about London a little, doing a little general sight-seeing, trying to get the "lay of the land," etc.

DEAR COLONEL PALFREY, — I can't resist just adding my mite to Frank's letter. I shall report to you all the honor done to one we both love so well. He is a wonder to everybody, walking so well, and so young a general. The ship-board people thought the story of his having but one leg a Canterbury, and I did not wonder, for he managed remarkably. I am very proud of him. Do you think it unpardonable? I am sure not. We are enjoying every moment. I think it would be hard to find two happier people than Frank and myself anywhere in Christendom. I am hoping he will see some of the troops next week. General Weatherall of the Horse-guards will be back then, and he is a great friend of ours. We are going down to my cousin's hunting-box on Friday. There is to be a "Meet" on Saturday. Frank will ride, though he will not follow the hounds. I expect we shall enjoy the novelty of the sight very much. But I must not steal Frank's thunder, and I shall just say good-by now, only adding much love for your dear wife and my cordial remembrances to all your family. I don't know what Frank will say to this intrusion, but I could not help it.

Very truly yours, AGNES BARTLETT.

Friday, 10*th*. I was interrupted, and I find that Agnes has been putting in a word, which you won't mind. I have only a few minutes to write to-day, for we are off in an hour or two to the country, where George has a hunting-box. Agnes and Mrs. G. will drive down in the coupé, and I shall go by rail later. I have a note from George this morning, who went down yesterday, saying he had a good day. The "Meet" to-morrow is about two miles from the "Box." I shall ride one of his thorough-breds, but I do not expect to follow the hounds, as it would be very foolish, not having my own saddle, etc.

Lord Malden is "master of the hounds" (it is a subscription pack). I expect to enjoy meeting some of these birds as much as seeing the hounds. I have n't time to tell you about George, what a "swell" he is on wines and cigars, and that sort of thing. I will write you next week if it is a possible thing.

I have not done anything in the way of troops yet, as General Weatherall has gone into the country for a week's shooting. Next week he will be here. I saw a very handsome troop of horse-guards in the street, fine-looking fellows, all mounted on black horses. But if I were queen of England, I'll swear that I would have better soldiers on guard in front of my quarters than were in front of Buckingham Palace the day we drove by there. They were not soldierly sentinels. They neither marched well, nor came about well, nor carried their pieces well, of which more anon.

I must say good-by, old fellow. I hope to hear a word from you pretty soon. I am very well and strong. Take my beer for lunch like a man. Love to all yours; ex-

cuse this shabby letter. I know you will say it 's shabby, for you never lie, even out of politeness.

And believe me, with much love, ever yours,

FRANK BARTLETT.

LONDON, *November* 18, 1865.

Only time for a word this ship. Last Saturday, went down to George's hunting-box, and if you will believe it, rode one of his thorough-breds in tops and cords on an English hunting-saddle after the hounds, and *was in at the death.* It was great sport. I did not do anything foolish in the way of big jumps, of course, but I never wanted two legs so much in my life. I would have shown the field some clean heels, I fancy, for my chestnut was a "goer," stauds to win a steeple-chase, etc. I rode upwards of twenty miles, and then, as the second fox had been lost, and my leg began to chafe, I turned home. It was a beautiful sight, Frank, — what I have always wanted to see, but never supposed that I should take part in it. Lord Malden is master of the hounds, and was much interested in my riding. I believe I am to have the "brush." I wish you could see the horse that my groom rode. He is a wicked one; but if you should "put him at" a barn he would rise to it (and if it was n't too absurd, I was going to say, could take it). He is called "Greek Fire," and is one of the "strongest" goers in England. He had a hard hunt the day before, and so was very quiet that day. Are n't you glad I was able to see so much of a hunt? I got along in an English saddle much better than I expected. But you know in riding here you put your foot way into the iron up to your instep, so that was just the thing for my

wooden foot. I shall have to leave a good deal of this to tell you.

Yesterday we came in from Walton on Thames, Sturgis's place, where we had been to dine and pass the night, — splendid house, everything very swell and comfortable. I enjoy the life here very much, especially the country life. I like their style in this thing. I wish I had time to write you a long letter, but have patience. I go to Aldershott next week, and Woolwich, with Colonel Conolly. He has written to General Sir James Scarlett, commanding, that he is coming to bring me, and so, if he is going to have anything worth seeing, to put it off till the day we are there. He served twenty years with Sir James, on his staff and otherwise, and I could n't have a better man to go there with. I am going to see guard-mounting in St. James's Park, too, next week, with him, and will tell you of that. It is not the time of year to see troops here, as they have no field-days and reviews now; but *nous verrons.*

We dine with Weatherall next week. He is one of the swells here in the army line. I saw him at the Horse-guards yesterday. Also dine at the Army and Navy Club one day with Conolly.

Yours, FRANK.

November 29.

I doubt my getting off a long letter to you this time. I have been kept in the house these last three days, and indeed in my room, by a very severe boil (more like a carbuncle, the Doctor says), just on the small of my back, so that I could neither wear leg nor even pants. I shall get out to-morrow, I think. Since I sent you my last

scrap of a note, I have done nothing very important. On the 21st we went down to St. James's Palace with Conolly, and saw guard-mounting. One company of the Grenadiers relieved a company of the Coldstreams. Their guard-mounting is different from ours, you know. The inspection is all done at the barracks before they march out. The band forms in a circle at one side of the quadrangle, and plays while the two guards stand facing each other, about forty paces apart. The first relief being sent out to post, when the relief gets round the old guard marches off, the new guard saluting, and every officer within sight of the colors, not on duty nor even in uniform, lifting the beaver and standing uncovered as reverently while England's color goes by, as if it were England's queen, and I think it is splendid, and as it should be in every country. I met one or two pleasant men there, one Seymour, Captain on Staff, and one Bramston, Colonel.

The next day but one Conolly had me to breakfast at the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, and after that we went down the river on one of the many swift-plying, dirty little steamboats, under the many bridges, getting the best view of St. Paul's, and the Monument, and Somerset House, an immense palace now used entirely for government offices, and the old Tower with its many associations. How I wish I could remember all the stories about the Tower that I knew when a boy. By the shipping of all nations "below bridge," and the wonderful docks, by Greenwich and Blackwall and to Woolwich, where the artillery camp, arsenal, school, barracks, etc., are. We found Colonel Reilly, whom we were looking for, just turning out with his troops

in full dress, for the burial of a soldier. The uniform is very handsome, the horse artillery being the only corps I believe that retains the full dress jacket or tunic. The officers' dress was one labyrinth of gold lace and bullion. Every man and officer has to turn out for the burial of a private soldier and follow the coffin at slow march to the grave. Again, as it should be in every army. While they were gone we looked through the new hospital, built here on a very large scale, and with every modern improvement. Then we went through the academy, which is devoted entirely to artillery studies. The cadets were fine looking fellows, wearing those nobby little artillery fatigue caps on the side of their head, and with their tight fitting jackets, looked very soldierly. The gymnasium here is the best I ever saw. Then we went back to Colonel Reilly's quarters. He had not returned from the burial, but lunch was ready, and Conolly and I being ready for it, we sailed in. The Colonel returned soon and took us through the men's quarters, etc., etc., which were in the order that you can imagine. Officers do not return the salute of men without arms here. We drove in the Colonel's trap over to the chapel, which is very beautiful, and has one of the finest arches that I have seen (Byzantine I believe). Many of the windows are memorial, put up by the different troops of horse artillery. The mess-room in the main barracks is a very large and elegant room, and the silver superb. You would fancy yourself in some very swell club, from the space and comfort. We came home by rail, and dined at the Army and Navy Club.

I shall have to stop just where I am, for I must get the parcel off in time, and this must go by mail to

Moodie. I have put in one of the pockets of your coat a trifling souvenir for Christmas, for yourself. I am waiting patiently for a long letter from you. I suppose it must be long from the time you have been taking to write it. With much love to all yours,

Believe me sincerely, FRANK.

BRIGHTON, *December* 14, 1865.

Here we are at the Newport of England, in the height of the season, in comfortable apartments fronting on the Parade, where the world is continually passing and repassing. We are on the ground floor, have a parlor and dining-room in front, dressing-room and large bed-room in rear. We have been trying for rooms for two weeks, but everything is full. The Adamses have been staying down here, but went to town this week. We had a very kind note from Mrs. Adams yesterday, asking us to go there Friday, but we had taken these rooms and did not like to lose them. She had been expecting us down here, as I told Mr. Adams that we were coming as soon as we could get suitable apartments. Charlie Adams is with them now, and we shall see him when we return to town.

Yesterday, Frank, was the best day I have had in England. We went down to Aldershott, under charge of Conolly, on invitation of Lieutenant-general Sir James Scarlett. We found his carriage, etc., waiting at the station, and were soon at his house, where we received a cordial welcome from the old General. He is a fine looking old fellow, white whiskers and moustache, tall and stout. He won his K. C. B. in the Crimea. His staff were fine looking men, well decorated. The troops

were all out in line, awaiting our arrival, so we started for the field at once. The General rode a stunning big thorough-bred, and we went in his carriage with two of Lady Abinger's nieces. The field of Aldershott extends for miles without a tree or fence, nothing but barren heath, with a fair division of hilly and level ground. Of course at this season of the year the ground was wet and soft in some places. The old General showed me his morning report before we went out, where I saw that out of 7,000 men he could only get out for work about 4,500, and he asked me if I had not experienced the same annoyance. We know just how to sympathize, don't we, Frank? You see our army is not the only one where your effective men are consumed by furloughs, details, extra duty, etc., etc. Sir James's carriage was allowed to drive inside the line of sentinels, and stand just in rear of the reviewing officers' post. The day, you must know, was perfect, the *first sunny* day I have seen in England. This long line of cavalry, horse and foot artillery, engineers, and infantry, all in their brilliant uniform, was no common sight to an American soldier. There were two regiments of Highlanders, which added color and effect to the picture. The General and staff started around the line, and the bands began each in turn, as with us, but, also, the commander of each brigade, with his staff, accompanied the General along the front of his own line, the commander of each regiment and troop and battery the same, which I think is a good plan, don't you? for a regimental or brigade commander likes to see how his men look and stand just as well as the commanding general. The engineers had their whole pontoon train out with them, the Division

ambulances and wagons were drawn up, — in short, the Division was in perfect marching order, ready for a campaign. In marching past, the cavalry and artillery came first, alternating, then the engineers, then infantry. They marched by divisions, company officers on the flanks; only mounted officers saluted, and I noticed that the General returned the salute of each, but did not salute the colors as every other officer in the group did. The Highlanders did the best marching. I have seen as good in America. The bands of each brigade were massed in one, which stood opposite us while its brigade passed, and, as you can imagine, made great music. The cavalry band, which merely fell back a little while the infantry was passing, now came forward, as the cavalry was to pass again at trot. This was very good, the horses actually keeping step with the quick staccato movement. The saddles of the hussars and the harnesses of the artillery were beautiful to behold, the chains of steel were burnished so that they looked like silver. The guns were "browned" breach-loading Armstrong, three-inch. The pontoons and wagons went by, also, at trot, their equipments as perfect and the uniforms of the drivers as handsome as in the artillery. It was something that I wished many times that you were by my side to see with me. The General now gave his brigadiers and chiefs of artillery and cavalry a general idea of what he wanted done, and then, telling us how we could best see the movements, left us in charge of the provost marshal, who had a guard to keep spectators from interfering with the troops. Sir James's carriage, with our party, was inside this guard, and privileged to move about at will, so as not to be in the way of the troops. If I had

known how it was to be, I should have gone prepared to ride, as the General had a horse ready for me. But we saw very well from the carriage. Front was changed to the rear, the cavalry sent off to the left to harass the flank of the enemy, a heavy skirmish line sent forward which opened fire at once, advancing in beautiful order, taking the different crests, which were quickly capped with artillery, opening as soon as it was in position, the first line and supports moving up, keeping their distances well, now moving to the right or left as imagined necessity required.

It was all so natural and so real, that I expected every minute to hear a bullet whiz by my ear, or a shell go screeching over my head. I saw one flaw, which of course I held my tongue about (but which the General himself spoke about and condemned afterwards); the pontoons were sent forward, ready to throw across a canal that intersects the field, and they were right up with the skirmish line without any support, and being very large and heavy and conspicuous, they would have been an easy mark for a good gunner, or have fallen an easy prey to a determined dash of cavalry, which could easily have broken through the skirmish line. The pontoons are unlike ours, — open wooden boats, — but are cylindrical buoys, about twenty feet long and four feet diameter, on which the timbers are laid, and being made of iron, air-tight, would be transformed into pepper-boxes by a clever gunner in no time in such an open country as that. However, the skirmishers cleared the way, and the pontoons were got into the water in safety, and the bridge very quickly laid, over which part of the infantry passed; the rest, and the artillery, which was all this time

firing over our heads from the crests in our rear, crossed by a stone bridge farther to the right, the cavalry by one on the left. We went over the pontoon, which was very solid, sending the carriage around by the stone bridge on account of the horses. It took them about twenty-five minutes, I should think, to get the bridge ready for troops. The enemy (?) now was in full retreat, and a general advance was made, while the cavalry charged from the flank.

We drove around through the barracks, which were the picture of neatness, back to Sir James's to lunch. Lady Scarlett we found a nice, dignified old lady. We also found that after an early breakfast and a long morning, we were quite ready for the substantial lunch to which I presently handed in "my lady." After lunch, Sir James spoke of the mistake of having those pontoons in such an exposed position, and I was pleased to find that I had seen it. He said I must go down there again in the spring, when he will have twice as many troops, and I shall only be too glad to do so. They were all very cordial and kind, and I don't remember a more enjoyable day. It only needed an enemy and ball cartridges, without the lunch and ladies, to make it like many disagreeable ones that we have seen. We had to go back to London to take the Brighton train, and got here very comfortably.

December 15. Yesterday we walked for an hour and a half on the parade, and drove in the afternoon. It is very crowded and gay here, and you see all the swell turnouts.

But I must cut this short, or you will be bored. Thanks for your nice letter, received last week. I am

delighted to know that you are so nicely "fixed" for the winter. Agnes sends love to your wife, and says your description of your cozy housekeeping just makes us want to go and do likewise. Write me when you have time. Letters from home are a great treat, and impatiently looked for from week to week.

With a merry Christmas and happy New Year, and with much love from both to both, ever yours,

FRANK B.

We shall be in Paris by New Year's.

He enjoyed himself in Paris, but his leg was painful. Theatre-lover as he was, he was singularly little pleased by the French theatre. On the other hand, he was much impressed and touched by the celebration of Mass in the Chapel of the Invalides.

It was the most grand and impressive thing I ever saw or heard. To sit under those old battle-stained flags and think of all the scenes they had been in, of the blood that had been shed around them, and then to listen to this splendid music from the Guides' band, was more than I could stand. The associations crowded upon me in a flood. Martial music always affects me, but here to sit among the old heroes of the first empire, under the very flags they had fought over and won, under the same roof where lie the ashes of emperor and leader, was to me intoxicating, overpowering, and I cried like a child. It was foolish and weak and sentimental, I suppose, but I could not help

it. It is the same sentimentality that makes me want to shout "Vive l'Empereur" every time I go through the Place Vendôme.

They went to Marseilles and Nice, and thence drove along the Corniche to Genoa. On the 19th of January, 1866, he is on Italian soil, and he writes: —

These Italian soldiers that we see now do not look so trim and clean and dandy-like as the gallant little Frenchmen. They would do just as good work, perhaps, but there is a good deal in style.

His first impressions of Italian scenery are thus recorded: —

Keeping through Bracco to the pass of Velva, or the Col, we had a view more extensive than any I had ever seen. Looking across a small bay and over a high hill, we could see the blue waters of the Mediterranean towards Genoa, while beyond all that were the beautiful Alps, covered with snow, which we had kept in sight from Nice. It was a very beautiful picture, and we shut it out, as we entered the pass, regretfully. But regret gave way to surprise when, turning from the view we had left, we looked forward again, and there, overlooking from our high position miles and miles of mountains and valleys, the eyes rested at length on that grand bank of white clouds rolling up from the horizon. That grand bank of clouds is an eternal one, and those glorious snow-covered mountains, tinged to purple in the

slanting sunlight, are the Apennines of Bologna, a hundred and fifty miles away.

By Pisa they went to Florence, where he was treated with distinction by the Minister of the United States, the accomplished scholar and gentleman who does so much to sustain the credit of American diplomacy abroad. The growing tendency of his mind and heart towards a deep interest in religious matters was shown by the regularity with which, in these continental wanderings, he found a Protestant church to which to go on Sunday.

"BELLA FIRENZE,"
HOTEL DE LA GRANDE BRETAGNE, *January* 29, 1866.

Beautiful Florence, it really is, dear Frank. I like it immensely. We have been here three days, and have made good progress in sight-seeing. That is, in our comfortable way. I do not believe in making a bore of it, and I don't intend to work any harder over here than I should if I were on duty at home. If it were any one else but you to whom I was writing, I should, perhaps, make an apology for long silence; but I know that no such thing is necessary between us. I have received two letters from you since I wrote; one at Paris, and one last night here. Both delightful; the last doubly so, because twice as long as the first.

We have been on the march most of the time since the last of December, when we left London for the continent. We left with more regret than Americans generally do, I fancy, and Paris will have to be very

sweet and seductive to keep us from going back there *early* in the spring.

I have felt that you would see my letters to the family, and so know of all our doings, and latterly I have felt that there was so much to tell you, that I did not know where to begin. I am salting down a goodly lot of food for "talk," either at your fireside or mine, for the next few years, and I think of that so often when there are so many things that I cannot write about.

To bring things down to this point from Paris: We spent a week there. New Year's was very gay. Everybody in the streets. The Boulevards lined with those little booths or shops for the sale of every variety of "top and whistle." Everybody in the streets good-natured and happy.

The politeness and *kindly feeling* for each other among the *lowest* classes is very striking. I could not help noticing, for example, on New Year's morning, there was a blind man opposite our windows in the Rue de la Paix, and while the well-dressed and upper classes passed him by with unconcern, only one now and then stopping to drop something in his hat, not a *single poor person* passed that way without bestowing his or her mite from their own scanty store, — the woman with the big load on her head balancing it with one hand while with the other she hunts in the ragged pocket for a copper sou; the porter, hurrying by, sets down his load and drops into the hat a coin, with a kindly word of greeting to its owner. It was very touching, and I have since seen more of the same traits.

Our quarters were very good at the Hotel Westminster, near the Tuileries and Boulevards, in sight of La

Place Vendôme with its beautiful column. Around the foot of this shaft, you know, is an iron fence, and there were the numberless wreaths of immortelles hanging on the paling, placed there by the old soldiers of the Empire and constantly renewed, and never removed except by time. On the front of the pedestal are more costly and elaborate ones, but not nearly so significant as those simple offerings by humbler hands.

I did not do anything in the way of sight-seeing, but devoted myself to getting a good idea of the city, and now I can take you to any part. It is a *very easy* city to learn, — very different in that respect from London, which I believe is worse than Boston to a stranger. I was there so long that I believe I know it pretty well now.

We did the paintings in the Louvre in one day, and I was disappointed at not finding any of Vernet's battle-pieces there. They are all at Versailles, I believe.

The Bois de Boulogne is the resort in the afternoon. It does not compare with the Central Park in the way of artificial nature. There is more wood and water, nothing else. Some of the woody drives, and especially rides (Agnes and I rode one day), are very beautiful. You see many swell turnouts, the best and most elegant belonging to the *demi-monde*. These women, Frank, are the leaders in the way of taste and style, and have such a command of money that ladies cannot vie with them. They set the fashions for the world.

Agnes thinks that I wrote you from Paris; but I have not any record of it on my log-book. It seems, though, as if I must have told you about going to the Hotel des Invalides. I know I wrote Ben a letter from

Paris, and it may be that I am thinking of that. I shall have to tell you about that face to face, — nothing else will satisfy me. The tomb of the Emperor is very magnificent, but not nearly so impressive as I expected.

I must leave Paris or I shall never get through. The journey to Marseilles and Nice was a long one. Marseilles we found rather an interesting city. The view from the hill overhanging the town, taking in the port and bay, was very fine. In the bay is the Chateau d'If, where Monte Cristo was confined, you know. I found it very hard to realize that that blue water was the Mediterranean. I could have stood there for hours recalling all the memories and associations that the sight of its beautiful waters stirred up. I only wish I could remember all that I have ever known, or that you were with me, with your faithful memory and large knowledge of past times, to make these scenes doubly interesting.

Only one night at Marseilles. Then on to Nice through Toulon with its harbor and forts and galleys, through miles and miles of everlasting olive orchards, the hills terraced to the top, looking like some giant's stairway to the upper regions. Very few grapes, — now and then a vineyard. At Nice we stayed a week, enjoying much the warm sunshine and soft air after the fogs of London and rain of Paris. The drives about Nice were perfectly lovely, through groves of oranges and hedges of roses in full bloom. The drive to Villafranca along the sea on the side of the cliff, we thought most of, but since then we have seen so much finer and bolder scenery that it is not worth telling you at this late time of our impressions then. There were many Americans and more English at Nice, and it must be a

good place for invalids. No one could be long ill in such a delicious climate. From Nice to Genoa was by *vetturino*, taking four days and three nights, starting in the morning at about eight or nine, halting for lunch, and getting into good quarters at sundown, finding each day fires on the hearths, the table spread, and a good dinner awaiting us. You have no idea of the comfort of having a good courier. You have all the pleasure of travelling without any of its annoyances. You get up in the morning, and, after a good breakfast, go down and get into your comfortable carriage with four smart horses, find a lunch waiting at your halting-place, and at sunset are shown into your parlor where the table is ready and in your room your portmanteau unlocked and open, everything at your hand. It is the poetry of travel. We are fortunate in having a very good man. We give him the purse, and he does all the rest. Of course I suppose he makes his little perquisites, but I believe it is really cheaper in the end, for you cannot be imposed upon as a stranger, and even if it were more expensive, it makes up for it double in the amount of solid comfort.

I can't tell you much now about the journey from Nice to Genoa. It was too grand. Sometimes two thousand feet above the sea, at others on its level, with as many feet of perpendicular rock towering above us. It is hard to say which is the grandest.

We were at Genoa three or four days in one of the old ducal palaces, Palazzo del Sala. The rooms were spacious, so much so that you had to take a long walk to pick up your various things; and so high that you felt as if you were out doors. The walls and ceilings cov-

ered with frescoes. There was nothing of cosy comfort in such a place.

Genoa is very strong; the walls of the town are very well placed and in perfect preservation, and outside of these, on the surrounding heights, is a chain of immense forts, commanding everything. It would take an army to garrison the place, but a larger one to invest it, and with its port unblockaded, it could not be taken. It is a queer old town.

The women wear for bonnets white lace or tarlatan veils, pinned over the head and falling around the shoulders. With a pretty face it is very becoming; but pretty faces are what you do not see often in Italy.

The Italian troops are the best-looking of the male population. The little Zouaves are very nobby, with dark blue trousers, and tunic tight around the waist, the skirt about four inches below the belt, and the hat with a round top and wide flat brim with the most ample and graceful mass of waving black cock's plumes. Aiguillettes (how do you spell that?) of dark green braid on the breast, matching the shade of the feathers.

They are the tidiest, trimmest little fighting-men I have seen, — "bar nothing." The officers, for the most part, are good-looking men, and the discipline seems to be very perfect. I have seen no larger body than a regiment together.

The journey from Genoa to Spezzia, which took two days, was even more glorious than the first; the view at the pass of Velva, where you are twenty-one hundred feet above the sea, into which you could almost throw a stone, with the maritime Alps behind you, away beyond Genoa and Nice, and before you, beyond the tops of in-

tervening ranges, more than a hundred miles away, white with eternal snow, the Apennines, towards Bologna, — it was perfectly grand, and we hated to begin the descent which gradually sunk those white peaks, with the rich colors of the sunlight on them, behind these nearer and smaller hills. As we reached the heights above Spezzia, we had a glimpse of them again, just as they were tinged with purple at sunset.

From Spezzia we came by rail to Pisa, stopping only a few hours for lunch, and a visit to the cathedral, tower, etc., and a drive to the Cascine. The tower disappoints you as you see it from the cars on entering the walls; but when you go to it, your disappointment is turned to surprise and wonder. The cathedral is by far the most superb that we have seen, and differs from the many in being Byzantine instead of Gothic. One of the altars, a gift of the Medicis, is of solid silver, most beautifully wrought. Many of the columns of the church are antique, and brought from Greece and Rome. A few good pictures. The Battisterio has the handsomest pulpit in the world.

We reached Florence on Friday evening, and shall leave for Rome Friday morning, via Leghorn and Civita Vecchia. We have the best rooms in Rome, on the Corso, the very windows of which command £100 apiece sometimes during the carnival.

Florence is so rich in objects of interest and beauty, that a person ought to be here six weeks to see what he has to (and does n't) in as many days. The sculpture here is my greatest pleasure. Michael Angelo's was the master-hand, and you recognize it at once. The Pitti and Uffizi palaces contain the finest collections of

paintings in the world. I am not very fond of old paintings, but some of Murillo's and Raphael's and Andrea del Sarto's and Titian's are very *persuasive.* I never can write you about all these things, so you must wait till we have a pow-wow.

I found on my arrival here a very kind invitation from Garibaldi to visit him at Caprera. I look forward to that with more pleasure than anything else. We shall not go till our return from Naples, in about three weeks from now. He is very popular here in Italy, much more so than Victor Emmanuel, who, I am surprised to find, is not much liked. As one of these people said the other day in his excitement, "Why, if Garibaldi should land at Leghorn or Naples and announce himself king of Italy, the very *paving-stones* would rise up and shout in his favor." But he is too good and wise to do anything of the sort. I think he has all the more honor for retiring to his island home. The island is near Sardinia, about twelve hours' sail from Leghorn, and by the time you get this I shall be there or on my way.

The American minister called again yesterday, and was sorry to hear that I was to leave on Friday, as he wished to give me a dinner on that day, and had already sent out some invitations. I am sorry, because he has been very civil. Bigelow Lawrence, consul-general, has also sent passes to various places of interest.

I shall not have time to write the family this week, and shall wait till we get to Rome. We found nice long letters from them here. Anna's was a perfect treat, and I wish she would do the same every week. I am glad mother is better. Will you please let them know as much as you choose of what I have written you, and say our next will be from Rome.

With much love to you and yours, and to all who love us, from Agnes and myself, I am

Yours, FRANK.

They went by sea from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia, and thence to Rome, where they had an apartment on the Corso, and saw the Carnival in all its brilliancy. On the 8th of February he writes: —

I find that the girl I have been exchanging confetti and bouquets with these last two days is the Queen of Naples. Caught a bunch of violets this afternoon. She is very pretty.

Again, on February 12th: —

Exchanged bouquets with the Queen again. She gave me a little beauty, of her own colors.

On the 17th of February he notes that his foot (his lost foot) is very painful. On the 22d, he was present at the breakfast of Americans in Rome, upon the occasion of the anniversary of the birthday of Washington, and made a speech, of which he says simply: —

People congratulated me on my speech, which I think was pretty poor.

From Rome they went to Naples, and visited Pompeii, Sorrento, and Capri.

Many years before, when General Bartlett was a boy, Garibaldi had come to Boston as master of

an Italian vessel consigned to Mr. Bartlett, the General's father, and had then given him a walking-stick. As the boy grew up, and Garibaldi became famous, his career was watched with lively interest by the young American, and when he went to Italy, still a young man, but a crippled general officer of large experience, he made his presence known to Garibaldi, and was by him invited to visit him at his home in the Island of Caprera. As the voyage was likely to be a rough one, he left his wife with her family in Italy, and crossed to the island alone. The accounts of his visit, which he wrote in his journal and in a letter to his mother, are both so interesting that both are given, though each is, to a considerable degree, a repetition of the other.

JOURNAL. — *March* 11, 1866. The General was out in the field somewhere: had not expected me so soon, but came soon, and I went out to meet him. He came forward with outstretched hands, his face beaming with the same bright, kindly smile that I had carried in my memory for thirteen years. His costume was, as usual, a poncho of woollen stuff over the red shirt, with the handkerchief tied loosely around his neck and hanging down his back. I had grown from the boy to the man in those thirteen years, and he would hardly have remembered my face elsewhere. He seemed very glad to see me, and asked for all the family at home, and why I had not brought my wife. He had expected her, and had everything ready for her. He remembered the cane

that he had given me so many years before, and seemed very much pleased to think I had kept it. He sent for it at dinner to show to the table, and told the story of it to the guests. After I was dressed and rested a little, he came for me to take a walk, and we went down toward the shore, where in a little bay the yacht lay. He asked about America; is much interested in the Mexican question; says Napoleon cannot stay there. Showed me the different shrubs, — all on the island are aromatic. The lavender is very strong and fragrant. The wild myrtle, and olive, and other names. He took me to see his vines and orangery, and cut some of the ripe fruit to give me. Can this simple man, whose whole interest seems to be centered in his vine and fig-tree, be the man who has given kingdom and power to a king, and who will yet give freedom and unity to a nation?

Dinner at one. The dishes are regular Italian ones. A soup, thick with rice or maccaroni; a stew, with olives cooked in it, figs, oranges, cheese, and wine from the island. At the lower end of the table are some of the General's retainers, a rough set in the exterior, but true of heart, — men who would go to the death for the General. Then further up are the two Italians and the Piedmontese, then Menotti and Mrs. Chambers. On our side, Colonel Chambers, then Theresa, then myself, while at the head sits the old hero, presiding over the queer assembly with the grace and dignity of a king. I never knew what a noble head and face the man has before. I can hardly keep my eyes off him. His head looks as if it were made to wear a crown. . When and where shall I see the General again next? Powerful at Rome, capital of a united Italy, I trust.

CAPRERA, *March* 12, 1866.

Well, here I am "at home" in Garibaldi's house When I woke up on Sunday morning, after being tormented all night long, we had just come to anchor in the snug little harbor of Maddalena. I went ashore directly, and found the whole population of the town on the shore to receive us. The arrival of the boat is the event of the week, of course. There was a Custom House, here as elsewbere, and my poor little valise had to go and be opened. If it had been at the other end of the town it was only a matter of a few steps, but it was nearer. From the custom house I went towards the hotel (?), followed by a small boy under the valise. I had n't gone far when I was met by a great, fine-looking fellow, who asked me in broken English if that were General Bartlett. I knew it must be Menotti, the General's eldest son, for I had heard he was on the island. He said his fatber was expecting me at Caprera. He does n't talk any English, but we got on in Frencb. We went to the hotel, wherein the grand room was about twelve by seven, and seemed to be the kitchen, sitting, dining, and sleeping-room. I took my cup of coffee and crust of bread, and then went to the boat, where there were three men to pull me over to the island. Menotti stayed to bring the mail. It is about three miles from Maddalena to Caprera, and the channel winds among the islands and rocks very prettily. It was a walk of about a quarter of a mile from the little cove where we landed, up to the house. The island looks exactly like one of the Isles of Shoals, all rocks, but here and there on the way up to the house I saw several good fields, that had been as it were *hewn out* of the rock. The

house is white, and one part of two stories, the last addition. The General was not in when I got there, but I was shown into the dining-room, and in a few minutes he came from one of his fields. I went out to meet him, and he stretched out his hands, and the welcome that he gave me was warm and kind. He seemed very glad to see me, asked for all the family, and laughed heartily when I recalled Fanny's speech to him. I talked with him awhile, and then he took me to my room. He was very sorry Agnes did not come; he had a room next to mine ready for her. I found I had Menotti's room. It is on the ground floor, in the newest part of the house. Across the entry are Colonel and Mrs. Chambers, some English friends of the General. Above are Theresa (Madame Canzio), his daughter, and her children, etc. The General's room is in the other part, just across this little garden. After I was dressed and rested a little, he came for me to go to walk with him, and we went down towards the cove where the yacht lies. He talked about America and the war. He believed, and told the Italians from the beginning, that there was only one question in the world and that was the American question. It was as important to them as it was to the Americans themselves. That if the North did not succeed, liberty would be put back for all the world a hundred years. That America must not allow Napoleon to extend his despotism by putting Maximilian in Mexico. That the Italians were waiting for him to be overthrown there, etc., etc. We met Colonel and Mrs. Chambers. They seem to be very decent people, and are devoted to the General. He has written a history of "Garibaldi and Italian Unity," of which he has given

me a copy. It was published in England, just before Garibaldi went there, and contains facts that I don't believe are known in America.

He took us back through his orange orchard and vineyard. Each tree has to be walled around with a screen of brush to guard it from the terrible winds that sweep the island; but they were in good condition, full of fruit and blossoms. He took the gardener's knife, which hangs at his side by a little chain, and cut some of the fruit for me. It was hard to believe that this noble-looking man, whose chief care seemed to be his vines and trees, was the one who, as "dictator of the two Sicilies," had given *kingdoms* to a *king*. He showed me the various shrubs on the island. They are all aromatic. At about one o'clock the boat arrived from Maddalena, with Menotti and three visitors who had come in the same steamer with me, all Italians; two are engineers who are to see about sinking an artesian well here; the other, a Piedmontese, we think is a spy. It is not unusual, — somebody or other comes by every boat. Dinner is ready, and when I went in I found the room full, the General at the head, standing till I should come. The General put me on his left, Mrs. Chambers on his right, and then told the others to be seated. There are in all at the table about fifteen, and it is a regular Italian meal, — soup, then a stew of some kind of meat with olives cooked in it, bread from his own flour and his own mill, wine from his own vineyard, oranges and figs from his own trees, cheese from his own dairy. This was the dinner, a most ample supply of everything. The General would talk first to me and then to his Italians, and then interpret what he had been saying to

them. He was in good spirits, looks older, of course, than we remember him, but walks with a cane very well. It is a queer assembly around the board; the lower end do not go in much for dress, and are a rough-looking set, but they are all devoted to the General, who sits there in his usual costume, a poncho of dark woollen stuff over the red shirt, a small fez or smoking-cap on his head when in the house, and presiding over all with the grace and dignity of a king. I never knew before what a superb face he has, and what a glorious voice; when he would get warmed on any subject, it would ring as clear and sweet as a bell.

At about six o'clock there is supper, and, as far as I can see, it is the same thing repeated that we have at one o'clock, except, instead of coffee afterwards, we have tea. We all sit around the table for an hour after, and then the General rises, bids good night to all, and goes to his own room, and the day is over. I pass an hour in the room of Colonel Chambers, and then to bed. I breakfast at nine with Colonel and Mrs. C. on coffee and dry bread. There is no butter on the island. The island reminds me constantly of the Isles of Shoals, — just that appearance of rock, — but in the ravines, where the sun gets a chance, there is almost a tropical vegetation. From the rocks above the house there is a beautiful view of this group of islands, and to the south Sardinia and north Corsica with its snow-capped hills, which seem within rifle-shot but are ninety miles away.

While he was in the midst of such interesting scenes and people abroad, he did not lose his interest in affairs at home, for at the same time we find him writing to his mother: —

I have just read to-day in the Paris paper of the President's veto on the Freedmen's Bill. I think his reasons are very just and wise and sound. There seems to be a party at home which is determined that we *shan't have* "peace at any price."

March 15. *Florence.* We hear that President Johnson has made a speech in which he has "laid out" the radical disunionists. We are anxious to see it. I think his veto on the Freedmen's Bill was very good. He believes, as I do, that if a white man is not *quite* as good as a negro, he is *almost.* and therefore ought to have at least an equal chance with him.

After his visit to Caprera, General Bartlett and his wife moved northward through the principal Italian cities, and crossed Mont Cenis into Switzerland, and thence journeyed on to Paris. At Strasbourg he was not well, and at Nancy he had typhoidal symptoms, but in Paris he felt better again, though he records there on the 20th April, "I have had a little touch of that nasty Naples fever, but am all right again now, I believe, except the pain in the head."

FRIBOURG, *April* 1, 1866.

Here we are in this queer old Dutch town, the first we have been in, Agnes and I. We separated from the family at Culoz, after coming across the Alps by the Mont Cenis.

We found Geneva, where we spent Thursday and Good Friday, a very quiet, clean, delightful town, with

enticing shops, and beautiful views of snow-clad mountains.

We found the most comfortable hotel there that we have had anywhere. Our apartments and table were more like what you would make them at home, and our windows opened on that lovely lake, with those snow-white mountains beyond, and Mont Blanc overlooking all, when it was clear.

We left Geneva with regret yesterday afternoon, and after skirting the lake to Lausanne, we crossed through a country that looks very like our own, in hills and pine trees, to Fribourg.

We wanted to hear the great organ, see the bridges, and get away to-day at noon for Basle, but it being a grand fête day — Easter — they are not allowed to exhibit the first, and it being very rainy we could not see to any advantage the second; so here we have to stay till to-morrow at noon. We went to the cathedral for Mass, this morning, however, and heard the best singing and music that we have found in any church in Europe. The organ was played at intervals during the service, but of course nothing to show its powers.

The bridges are very wonderful in lightness and height. They look like cobwebs stretched across the chasm two hundred feet below. They are very much lighter in material than the English bridges, or ours at Niagara. (A party of students, just about as drunk as they make them at home sometimes, are just going under our windows, singing as best they can "Ubi sunt o pocula," etc.

We shall have the organ played for our especial benefit to-morrow morning, take another look at the bridges,

if it does not rain, and leave for Basle *via* Berne. At Basle we touch the Rhine. From there we go up to Strasbourg, thence to Paris through the Champagne country, stopping, perhaps, at Chalons-sur-Marne, to see the French camp.

MY DEAR COLONEL PALFREY,—I want just to tell you that you were *perfectly right* in saying what you did about Frank's French and Italian. He astonishes me more and more every day by knowing, intuitively, just what is necessary not only as regards these "strange tongues," but about every locality, where the places of interest are, which are worth seeing, and which may be "cut." He is a sort of general guide-book to the whole family, and nothing delights me so much as to see how father depends upon Frank for everything. I have always felt it would be so if ever they were thrown much together, and you can imagine how happy and proud I am to see that it is all coming true. Frank is getting quite stout; still I do not feel alarmed as yet lest he should grow corpulent. I know you will all think he looks well and *brown*,—more like his old self as you remember him in the old days when you two were so inseparable. If Frank gets his extension, we shall hope to be in London for next month. I must not encroach on Frank's ground any longer.

Kind love to all your father's family, and believe me, sincerely yours, AGNES BARTLETT.

I find my first sheet is filled, but I know you won't mind the change in the writing. I let Agnes write very little, and when she gets a vacant half-sheet, with a pen

at hand, she makes very quick work of it while one's back is turned. She is very much better since we left Naples. The enervating air there did not agree with her at all, and I was very glad to have her further north. The air of Venice was a complete change, and she has been a different creature ever since. I have directed my home letters lately to be turned over to you, and so you know of our movements up to leaving Venice, which we did regretfully on the 22d. I think I should like a month or two there every summer. The first night, halted inside the mighty walls of Verona. That night, in looking over the book in which I wrote our names, and which was begun in 1818, I found among our illustrious predecessors the names of *Bonaparte*, R. C. Winthrop, etc. I wish you could have been at Verona with me; the place is one of the strongest in Europe, and cannot be taken except by a very long siege. Here is the first square bastion that was ever built, and where our present system of fortification may be said to have been begun. The old gates are miracles of strength and architecture combined. The walls command the plain in every direction except the southeast, I think, where the hill rises which is crowned by one of the strongest works, the Castel San Pietro.

But your brother, who has not been there, can probably tell you more about it than I, who have.

The old Roman amphitheatre, built at the same time with the Coliseum, is not so large, but wonderfully preserved, and is a beautiful sample of the Roman works. I went to the top of it, and was repaid by a beautiful view of the town and works and the Tyrolese Alps in the distance. Went through the picture gallery, in which

there were only two decent paintings, modern pictures, that I was expecting to find there, done by a man named Rotta, a Venetian. They were the last two that I came to, and rewarded me for wading through the others. If my purse had been stronger, my story might have been longer, etc.

Came to Milan that night, crossing the frontier at the Lago di Garda, and exchanging the stupid, sullen, white-coated Croats for the lithe, nobby little Bersaglieri.

Milan is more like one of our cities, clean, busy, bright. It seemed more alive than Italian cities usually The cathedral there is beyond comparison the most superb and imposing thing in Europe. St. Peter's cannot begin to compare with it, in my estimation.

Nothing is so impressive, so sublime, as those lofty Gothic arches. You feel like falling on your knees and saying your prayers. It was the *first church*, Frank, where I have *forgotten the cold*, forgotten the fatigue of standing on the marble floors, and been sorry to put on my hat outside the great cloth doors that are hung from the top in all these churches, and, weighing hundreds of pounds, have a very wicked way of knocking a "heretic" down. The Arch of Peace, begun by Napoleon, carried on by the Austrians, finished by Victor Emmanuel and his imperial ally, is a beautiful structure, with some very good bronze horses on the top. Between this and the town where the old castle stands, is one of the best parade grounds I have seen. You could review fifty thousand men there with ease (if you had them), and I suppose that is a place where fifty thousand men would have been worth a good deal, many times. A drive on the Corso, Sunday afternoon, shows you a great many fine

turnouts, — the yellow with powdered coachmen and footmen prevailing.

From Milan to Turin gives you some beautiful views of the Alps, and Monte Rosa, — as it is well named, — as the sun was setting, was worth coming to Italy to see. There will not be five days in the year when it is so clear as it was that day.

PARIS, MEURICE'S, *April* 5, 1866.

Here we are, dear Frank, back again in delightful quarters in the Rue Rivoli, overlooking the gardens of the Tuileries.

We left the snowy Alps on our right as we went northward through a pretty country, which looks more like our own than anything we have seen, — thrifty little farmhouses in the midst of apple orchards, with now and then a belt of pine woods. Everything looked neat and tidy, — so different from lazy, oily Italy. The cars, too, on the Swiss roads, are the best in Europe. We passed through Olten and Basle, to Strasbourg, a good day's journey. The next morning we sallied forth to do Strasbourg. The cathedral is a magnificent building inside, very massive but very graceful Gothic, the windows very beautiful. Outside, it is to my mind not graceful or well-proportioned. The second spire, which was to have been as high as the first, was never put up, and of course that gives it an unfinished look. But it is very high, twice the height of "Bunker Hill," and "open work," with carved figures in stone, to the very top, which is surmounted with a figure which looks life-size, but must of course be immense and shapeless when near it. At twelve we saw the wonderful clock strike, which looks like a small cathedral in itself. I suppose there is the

same crowd before it every day at that hour, of the casual passers-by, — the wooden-shod peasants who have come in from the country and heard of this wonderful toy, and the better-dressed but no less curious and eager strangers, — who have timed their visit to see the hour of twelve announced by the puppets, the apostles, the hour-glass, the cock crow, etc. I think the cock is the cleverest part of it.

We drove to the Rhine and *walked* across into Germany over the bridge of boats at Kehl. It was very queer to notice the different uniform and style of soldiers at each end of the bridge.

This must go by to-night's mail, and I must close it at once.

Love to all yours. In haste, FRANK.

LONDON, *May* 12, 1866.

I received your nice letter of the 18–21st ult. this week, and it differed not from all yours in being delightful. We were very glad to get back to old London again, although the past four months have been one dream of pleasure. I cannot help feeling regret that my illness in Paris prevented me from seeing more of the life there, and knowing more of the French troops; but who knows? we may be there *together*, one of these days!

You were nearly right about a man's feelings at being mustered out, but still I gave myself very little trouble about it. I could expect nothing else, as the time of my original leave had expired, and I did n't hope to stay in longer than that when I took it. There are a great many general officers who have suffered as much loss,

and done infinitely more service, mustered out, and I don't see why I should be retained any more than they. I speak to you as I would to myself, you know.

Mr. Stanton has been very kind to me throughout, and I suppose that it was by his means that my muster-out has been again suspended. Until my leave is up, I suppose, I can't think any longer — what I shall do then remains to be seen. It will depend upon what I can have in the regular army. I have made no application, taken no steps to obtain an appointment, but I suppose, like Mr. M., I shall "wait for something to turn up." I think my uncle would prefer to have me stay in the army to going into any other profession or business, for the present; and if I can earn my bread and butter, with pleasant surroundings, why, it is all that I can ask. But in the army or out, I hope I shall always be a *soldier* at heart. No "General Order" can ever take that satisfaction away from me, and until the "Special Order" comes from the Higher Authority, mustering me out altogether — or, excuse me, transferring me from this corps(e), — I will try not to disgrace the name.

There is a terrible panic here just now; one of the largest banking companies in the kingdom failed yesterday; liabilities only twenty-two million pounds sterling. Several other banks will have to suspend to-day, and everybody looks very blue. American securities, five-twenties, *could not be bought* yesterday. No one will *part with them.* Rather a let-down for people who were sneering at our bankruptcy two years ago, and disposed to facilitate it. Serves them right; and the men over here who have been true to the North, and backed her by putting their money in her stocks, are now reaping their reward.

The prospect for a European war seems almost certain. Napoleon can alone stop it, and I do not think he is disposed to. I am very glad I have been through that country. We could n't go there now, through Venetia. If there is fighting, I shall understand it so much better. The Italians are crazy for war, and the demonstrations for Garibaldi as their leader, especially in the south of Italy, are wildly enthusiastic. I know that he did not want to move *this* year on account of the cholera, but we shall see what we shall see. I should like to stay over here, and go down there as a looker-on. I must close. We, I say *we*, have ordered a hat for your wife which I hope she will like, at Brown's. I don't think there is much style in hats here, and in Paris we saw very few. The bonnets of the period there are very pretty, when you can discover them among the hair.

Good-by, love to all yours; by the time you get this we shall, D. V., be about sailing, with a full moon and, I hope, good weather.

Yours, FRANK.

General Bartlett returned with his wife to America in June, 1866, and from that time for more than a year he made his home at Pittsfield, in The Homestead. He was mustered out of the military service of the United States in July. On the 16th of September his first child, a daughter, was born. He seems to have had at first some thoughts of seeking employment in the diplomatic service of the government, but nothing came of

it. His uncle, Edwin Bartlett, between whom and himself there existed strong ties of affection, and for whose judgment he had great respect, preferred that he should turn his attention to business, preferably manufactures, and he warmly commended his refusal of the post of Collector of the Port of Boston. To this matter, and to other offers of political advancement, the following letters relate, and they also show the general course of his life after his return from Europe. It only needs to be added, that from this time he was frequently asked to be a delegate to, or an officer of political conventions and the like, and that these offers and applications show how remarkably the young man of twenty-six had attracted the attention of a community from which he had gone forth as a college undergraduate, and with which he had hardly mingled for five years except as a wounded officer on sick leave of absence.

PITTSFIELD, *August* 23, 1866.

I was sadly shocked to see the death of poor Hayward[1] in the paper. It does seem hard, these inscrutable ways of Providence, in carrying men through dangers of no ordinary sort, and then letting them suddenly drop. You and I carry with us, always, mementoes of Hayward's handiwork, that we shall cherish a whit more

[1] Formerly surgeon of the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry. This gallant and accomplished man fell a victim, a short time before the day appointed for his marriage, to his devotion to charity patients during the prevalence of cholera in St. Louis.

kindly now that the comrade who served us so well has gone.

I was very glad to see Humphreys' appointment. It makes up for some of the disgusting ones. Augur is to have West Point, which is also very satisfactory. He is just the man for it, and was most popular there before the war. The Philadelphia Convention seems to have gone off to the satisfaction of all concerned in it. I don't think the theatricals indulged in will count for much. As scenic effect it was good. I see that my name is put among some others as delegate to the Convention on September 3. It struck me as rather queer, but still — Of course I cannot think of "accepting the honor." There seem to be many good names on the list, and a few only of scaly ones.

My love to your wife. I suppose I ought to be very glad that you are so busy, and I am; but do not work too hard.

I feel much more settled and contented since I had that talk with Judge Abbott, and decided not to take any government appointment. I feel so perfectly independent. My uncle approves my learning the details of manufacturing, and I shall be on the lookout for some position in that line.

With much love, Yours, FRANK.

CONFIDENTIAL. BOSTON, *August* 26, 1866.

I wanted very much to see you this morning, before deciding about the offer. You must confess it was rather staggering. The thing was to be done immediately, if I consented. Judge Abbott held to his advice of the other day as to any subordinate position, but this was

a different thing, — the second commercial office in the country, with a salary from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars and often upwards, — but it would involve being here constantly for the next six weeks or two months, a pretty thorough renovation of the Custom House, standing any amount of abuse and blackguarding, which, though it broke no bones, would be disagreeable, etc.

I believe my duty is clear, to stay with my wife, and execute the trust and bear the responsibilities thrown upon me by the detention of Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy. I have charge of everything up there, and it would be impossible for me to leave within the next few days and come here, as I should have to. I told Judge Abbott that I did not see my way clear to take it. That the honor of being selected for it would, perhaps, be more pleasant than the actual possession of the office. I believe he approves of my resisting the temptation, and he implied that he would have been glad to have had Henry or Ned do the same under similar circumstances. I hope you will agree with me that it was my duty to refuse it. I don't believe I shall ever regret it. I wish I could have a talk with you. Write me a few lines, if you have time. Love to your wife.

In haste, yours,

FRANK.

This is *confidential.* I would n't say anything about it.

THE HOMESTEAD, PITTSFIELD, *September* 7, 1866.

I was very glad to get your letter, and know that you approved of my decision in the Collector business. You just confirmed my views in the matter. I don't think I have for a moment regretted it, and I believe I am much

happier to-day than I should have been had I been carried away by the tempting offer. I am sorry to see that the papers have me as one of the persons named in connection with the office, together with John Adams, Geo. Ashmun, General Couch, etc. I don't know how they could have heard it, unless it had been spoken of before I heard it, for I have not said anything about it. After what has passed, I do not care to be thought a *disappointed* office-seeker, as I shall be when the appointment is made; and you are at liberty to state that I am *not* a candidate for the office. That I have been offered the position and refused it, I do not wish to state. I do not think it would be fair to Judge Abbott and the other party leaders who were so kind as to give me the refusal of it.

I saw my name as one of the Vice-presidents of a meeting in Tremont Temple a few nights since. That was, of course, without consulting me. I fancy that as far as the President goes, you and I think alike, and that we are equally sorry to see the chief magistrate so lowering the dignity of his high office. I had only a moment in which to thank you for your good letter. Agnes continues persistently well, and I tell her it is all humbug about her being ill at all. Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy will not be here till the 3d of October. Before that time I hope she will be convalescent.

I see that our friend Butler is trying to get to Congress. If he does, will it vacate his commission of General of the Militia? If so, we must think about that.

Love to your wife, who is, I hope, as well as mine, who sends love to you both, with mine to you.

FRANK.

September 11, 1866.

Yours of 9th received. I am very sorry that I cannot be with you to-morrow. For though I have no share in the honor of the Twentieth in all those battles, still there is nothing on earth that I am prouder of than her glorious record.

My love to every one who remembers me, and to those who do not, my kind regards.

Agnes continues well. Glad you have found a house and in such a good locality.

In haste, yours ever, FRANK.

The foregoing letter refers to the presentation at the State-house of Massachusetts of a regimental color of the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry, bearing the names of the battles which it was authorized by General Orders to have inscribed upon it. To the Twentieth was assigned the privilege of inscribing upon its colors more names of battles than any other infantry regiment in the army of the Potomac.

PITTSFIELD, *September* 17, 1866.

The telegram that I sent this morning will tell you how relieved and happy we all are that Agnes has got through so nicely, and has such a strong, healthy, and *pretty* baby. I was never very intimate with ladies at *this age*, and am not a judge of female beauty on such a small scale, but those who seem to be more competent, say that it is a remarkable good "specimen of the style in the early ages." But I am so glad and relieved

that *Agnes* is so well, that I should not have complained if it had been a monkey.

I suppose it ought to have been a *boy*, to satisfy the large family of which I am the only hope for the transmittal of the name, but, as I say, I do not care a rap so long as Agnes is all right. I know you will be glad to hear such good news from her. Much love to your wife and keep for yourself all that you want. You know you have *carte blanche* there. Is n't it four years to-day since you stopped that grape-shot? I saw by the papers that I was a delegate to the Cleveland Convention, but on receipt of the notice "declined the honor." My uncle entirely approved of my decision *in re* Coll., of which I am glad. Yours ever, FRANK.

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42 COURT STREET, BOSTON, *September* 25, 1866.

MY DEAR BARTLETT, — Subsequent events have made me the more satisfied that I did not urge you, under the circumstances, to take the place of Collector. I can explain this to you when I see you, but I am satisfied that I was right in not urging you.

I desire to know now, if you will permit your name to be used as candidate for Governor of the Constitutional Union Party, — not the Democratick, — in the coming election? Of course there is no danger of election. I think, however, there will be a vote of over fifty thousand, a very respectable number to begin with. I have no doubt ground will be taken in favor of the soldiers' bounties, and my belief is, you would get a large portion of their votes. You can trust me that your name will not be used unless the nomination would be sub-

stantially unanimous. If you yet think of a foreign mission, I think this would be advantageous. I think, too, although very probably we may be defeated at the coming election in the country, that we are right, and shall be sure to prevail two years hence, when, from present appearances, General Butler will be the candidate of the Radicals and General Grant of the other side. Be kind enough to let me know by return of mail how I may act in the matter. I don't want to urge you, but certainly I think the nomination would be very complimentary.

Very sincerely your friend, J. G. ABBOTT.

PITTSFIELD, *September* 27, 1866.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — It would be very strange if I did not feel deeply the honor which your confidence and the contents of your favor of the 25th do me.

I have not regretted the decision that I made in the case of the collectorship, and I shall never forget your delicacy and consideration at that time in not urging me to do what I did not think was clearly my duty. I believe you acted by me as you would have done by Henry, and I could ask nothing more. I believe that I decided as *he* would have decided under the circumstances, and *you* could ask nothing more. The present offer seems to me to have more objections and fewer inducements. On principle, I never like to attempt anything in which I do not intend to succeed, and here there is no chance of success at the start.

The acceptance of the nomination would lose me more friends than my election, even if that were possible, would gain me; you see I speak to you frankly and

selfishly. You know how fearfully one-sided politics are in this State.

I cannot tell you how it pains me to decline any offer made by one whom I honor and respect so highly, and I believe you know that if it were any service to you personally, I would do it at any sacrifice.

I have succeeded thus far in keeping out of politics, acting mainly on your good advice, and I feel that you will say that I do wisely in shunning them still, by denying myself the honorable prominence which the nomination would give me, to end only in defeat.

I am, with sincere regard,

Ever yours, W F. B.

September 28, 1866, *Saturday* P. M.

This is really the first moment I have had for writing you since I sent that telegram. I did not want to write it out, but thought you would understand, as you did. Before I received your answer, I had written Judge Abbott substantially as follows: —

[Here follows a copy of the foregoing letter.]

I think that answer agrees pretty nearly with the views expressed in your letter. You must excuse my telegraphing in such an abrupt way, but you see how directly my mind turns to you when I need advice. I hope you will take it as I interpret it to myself, a proof of my love and confidence.

This morning I had a note from the Judge, saying he was glad I had decided as I had, although he thought it was right that I should have been offered the nomination, which would have been unanimous.

So, *that* is all settled. I wonder what will come next. I hope something in the way of *business* soon.

Agnes improves every day — sate up to-day altogether five hours. Is being very good and prudent.

The mail closes. With much love to you and your wife from us, Ever sincerely yours,

FRANK.

I saw your brother's brevet and was delighted. It was well earned.

General Bartlett passed the whole of the year 1867 in Berkshire County, most of it at The Homestead in Pittsfield, and the rest in a snug little house which he fitted up in the adjoining town of Dalton, and which he named The Box. The letters presently to be given contain some account of the opportunities for honorable employment which came almost or quite within his reach. Besides the presidency of the New York Company, he was recommended for the post of United States Marshal for the District of Massachusetts; but the appointment was not made. Early in this year, he determined to take charge of a paper-mill in Dalton, and the purchase of that property was the occasion of his removing to that town. From June onward he was actively occupied with this business.

PITTSFIELD, *January* 7, 1867.

I write a line in great haste, to tell you that if the roads are not all filled up again, as they are likely to be

by the way the snow is blowing to-night, I shall leave early to-morrow morning for my uncle's.

A letter from him to-day says: A new savings and life insurance company is being formed under the auspices of such men as Dix, J. J. Cisco, banker, assistant treasurer, etc., Hamilton Fish, ex-governor, Washington Hunt, ex-governor. .

It is to combine savings-bank and life-insurance on a principle which contains many things new in this country, but from reading the plan I should think very excellent ones. I will send you the plan when I have another. The point is that the presidency of the thing will *probably* be tendered to me. It was offered to Dix, and he was to take it if he had not gone abroad. Would n't it be a very flattering position for a youngster? Do you think I am "up" to such a place? I know you will tell me what you think. I should have to reside in New York. *That* I should n't like, but I would not of course let that stand in the way one moment of my having an honorable and profitable employment. The salary will be from eight to ten thousand dollars. Of course it is all uncertain as yet, and you won't speak of it unless you hear more from me. I am to go to New York with my uncle to see some of the parties, when I suppose it will be decided. Glad your wife continues to improve. The baby's weight to-day 15½. Much love to you both.

Excuse haste, FRANK.

You see how naturally I turn to you in any important affair.

PITTSFIELD, *January* 22, 1867.

I suppose you think I am under the snow, if not under the sod.

I came up from New York with my uncle last Wednesday, and Thursday the storm began. My uncle could not get away from here till Saturday evening, and no news from Boston till Monday. Now the trains are beginning to get through, but the air seems full of snow, and there is no dependence to be placed on the weather.

I long to hear how you and your wife are, and the little Marian. I found your kind letter in New York, where we went on Monday, 14th. After talking over the matter of which I wrote you, with my uncle, and Mr. Aspinwall, and Mr. Alsop, we found many more objections to my taking it than at first appeared. It will necessarily be up-hill work for a year or two, with pretty close confinement.

If I undertook it, I should not be able to leave it for anything better until it was successfully established.

Mr. Pomeroy did not encourage it from the first. He wants me to wait for an opportunity to go into manufacturing, where, as he says, you can make more in one year than you could there in five. Besides, manufacturing would be more to my taste, better for my health, give me more room for progress and promotion. In the other place I should be confined to the city, an office with $10,000 a year, but no hope of anything beyond, and with the expenses of living in New York we should not have a cent more at the end of the year than at the beginning. Five thousand dollars in Massachusetts, or even in Boston, would be worth more

than twice that in New York. As Aspinwall says, it would not be so much what we would care to do, as what we should have to do in such a position. It was very hard for me to give it up, for I am so impatient to be at work, but I want to act prudently and be guided by the advice of older heads. The thing was proposed to my uncle, when it was found that Dix was going to Europe, and McClellan would not be home in time, and he thought it was worth my looking into. He did not wish to influence me too much, but is glad that I have decided not to take it, all things considered. I will just copy what I wrote to Mr. Entz, the gentleman with whom I talked in New York.

"My dear Sir, — I have decided reluctantly to decline the presidency of the new Life-Insurance and Savings Company. It is not without mature deliberation, and, for many reasons, sincere regret. One of the principles of my life is, never to undertake anything that I cannot give my whole heart and mind to. If I should accept the office so flatteringly proposed, I should wish to give my whole soul to achieving, with your valuable and necessary assistance, the success and reputation of the company. The business opportunities for which I am waiting may offer at any day; but had I accepted, in the mean time, this position of trust and responsibility, and my friends have taken an interest in the company on my account, I should feel bound in honor to stand by it and them, at no matter what personal and pecuniary sacrifice.

"This decision is the harder of the two for me to make at this time, unoccupied as I am, but it seems dictated by prudence and the right motives. I do not wish

to appear insensible of the great honor which the association of my name with this office does me, and I trust that you will readily find a far abler and equally suitable man for the place.

"The company will always naturally have my best wishes for its success, and you yourself the regard and esteem of your obedient servant, etc."

So that is settled. I dare say many will think it foolish to pass on such a position, but I expect that it will prove for the best. The time to clam is at *low water*, and many of the mills will have to "go under" before long. Then will be the time to buy out and start afresh.

I hope your wife is very well and the baby flourishing. Ours is $16\frac{1}{2}$.

I don't advise your coming up here, Frank, at this time, unless you will come prepared to stay a week or more. Let me hear from you. The presidency is no secret. With much love, yours, FRANK.

PITTSFIELD, *February*, 27, 1867.

Every one is on the sick list, with colds, coughs, etc., etc.

The baby is much better, but Agnes has a miserable influenza, which is very prevalent here just now. The others are in different stages of the same cheerful complaint, so I advise your not coming just now.

Nothing new from Washington in reference to the collectorship. No appointment has yet been made, I believe.

I heard from Washington that the President was in-

clined to appoint me, but the pressure of the Massachusetts delegation for Gooch, their old associate, for whom they were committed (except Hooper), before my name was suggested to them, embarrassed him, as he wishes to conciliate the party.

I have no one representing me in Washington, and under the circumstances should consider it rather remarkable if I should be named, when so many other candidates are in the field, working night and day. If I should be nominated, I should try to fulfil the duties of the place with credit; if not, I shall be inclined to feel that it is a fortunate escape from the many annoyances and entanglements attendant upon the position. I should think Clifford's name the best of all that are mentioned in connection with the office.

I hope you and your wife are well.

With much love, yours ever, FRANK.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, *March* 1, 1867

I sent you a very hurried and perhaps unintelligible telegram yesterday afternoon as I left Pittsfield. The cars were waiting for me, and I had to be very expeditious. I wanted to say that I was going to Washington, as I had had a telegram saying I had better come on, and if your father was disposed to do it, not being otherwise committed, I should like a letter from him to the President. If he had any aversion to writing to the President, I would n't have him think of it for a moment. This is something that is very distasteful to me, and I said last week I would not go on to Washington for the place; but my friends who are interested urge it, and I suppose that it is only right that I should do what I can.

Please explain to your father the abruptness of my telegram. I hope he will not write if he has the slightest feeling about it.

I expected to go on last night, but a telegram intercepted me on the way down, saying that Mr. George Ashmun was in New York, and from what the letter said, I thought I had better wait here and see him.

I shall go on to-night and shall try to come back Monday.

It has been a wretched day — raining like mad.

Much love to your wife.

Yours, in haste, FRANK.

ANNANDALE ON HUDSON, *September* 12, 1867.

I have had, these last two days, a strong desire to write you, even if only a few lines. In any great joy I should turn to you to share it, and so in this great grief, the first and greatest I have ever known, I turn to you for sympathy. I thought we had got accustomed to death, — we could lose comrades and brothers in war, and be calm and stoical. But this is all new to me. I have never lost a near relative before, one whom I knew well. It depends not so much upon the relationship as upon the relations that you have with another. My uncle was nearer to me that is, I went to him more freely for advice, and now I feel as if I had lost everything. But what is my loss, beside that of my dear aunt? The relation between these two has always been a peculiarly close one. Dependent each on the other, they have been for thirty-six years like engaged lovers, never separated for a single day. She is utterly crushed and stunned, but is doing more bravely than we could

expect. It was so sudden. He has not been well for many weeks, but only took his bed last Wednesday week. I was with him on Friday and Saturday, when he seemed to be better, and we thought he would rally. We had no idea the end was so near. When I left him on Saturday I said, "I shall be back on Monday." And he said with a voice as strong as ever, "You 'll find me better on Monday." He failed, however, on Sunday, and when I got here Monday he had not noticed anything for hours. My coming seemed to rouse him, and he knew me and tried to speak. I did not leave his side from that time till three o'clock Tuesday morning, when he quietly breathed his last.

The surgeons term the disease purpura, a derangement of the blood-vessels of the bowels, — what apoplexy is to the brain. He has been working too hard this summer on some papers he has been drawing up for the trustees of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. They all looked to him for the brain-work, and the 10th was the day of the meeting. There was the paper before them, finished, perfect in its character, and there was the telegram announcing his death that morning. Mr. Alsop says it was the saddest meeting that ever was attended. Oh, Frank, how I wish you had known him! That was one of my dreams, to have you come here. He would have loved you, Frank, and you would have enjoyed his noble mind and lovely character.

We bury him on Friday, from the little chapel, and then I fear for my poor aunt the worst will begin.

I hope you and yours are well.

With much love, ever yours, FRANK.

Agnes and the baby are in Pittsfield. She will come here after the funeral. The baby will be a great diversion for my aunt. She has been expecting to be in Pittsfield on the 16th, the little thing's birthday, with uncle. She has never seen it; he was there last winter.

The death of his Uncle Edwin, who was childless, though married, seemed at first to place him beyond the necessity of work. By his will, his Uncle left his estate of Miramonte upon the Hudson River to his wife for her life, and on her death to his nephew, General William Francis Bartlett, "in consideration of his gallantry and devotion to his country in her late struggle for self-preservation." He then gave one hundred thousand dollars to his wife, and the residue to two of his friends in trust to have the whole appraised, to pay over one third to his wife, about fifteen thousand dollars in legacies, and the residue to General Bartlett. It is understood that if General Bartlett had accepted the provisions of this will, he would have come into immediate possession of property then valued at close upon two hundred thousand dollars. But he was young and hopeful, and the country was prosperous, or seemed so, and everything looked bright. He was much attached to the wife of the man whom he so tenderly loved, and he feared that she would find the provision made for her inadequate to en-

able her to live in the manner to which she was accustomed. Moved by these considerations, he executed a paper instructing the trustees to retain the property left to him, and to pay the income to his aunt. It was a generous act, an act to which the much abused term of chivalrous may fairly be applied, but in the sequel it proved most unfortunate. Its consequences, however, are too much matter of private and family concern to admit of their relation here.

THE BOX, *December* 1, 1867.

I am glad that you know me well enough not to think it strange when you do not hear from me for months. You will believe that you are none the less in my thoughts. I hope before very long we can have a real good pow-wow under this little roof. We are getting very comfortably settled, and were never so happy in our lives. Some people say, "Why, won't you find it very quiet out in Dalton?" (They are of that class which believes that Pittsfield and the like are places of excitement.) How little they know of the comfort of quiet and seclusion when one has seen a fair share of the noise and bustle of the world. Every one who comes out here thinks we are very cosily settled, and are surprised to see what can be made of a common little country cottage of a story and a half.

Yours ever, FRANK.

The year 1868 was for General Bartlett a year of hard work, and, upon the whole, of declining health. He remained at Dalton for some

thing more than half the year, and then took a house in Pittsfield. The change of residence was owing to his acceptance of the position of treasurer and general manager of the Pomeroy Iron Works, at West Stockbridge. As this town and Dalton were on opposite sides of Pittsfield, it was much better for him to make his home in the last-mentioned place. He associated with himself in the paper business Colonel Walter Cutting, who married a sister of his wife, and Colonel Cutting soon qualified himself to take charge of the mill at Dalton. As for the manufacture of iron, he devoted himself to it with his usual intelligence and energy, and with such success at first, that at the end of May he thought himself authorized to assert that the weekly report of his furnace showed "the best week's work yet made at that or any other furnace in this country."

His application and his way of life were unfavorable to his health. Besides the fatigue incident to his work, he had a long way to go and to return each day, and the constant personal supervision which he gave to his furnace exposed him to trying alternations of heat and cold. In January, he had a bilious attack and symptoms of fever. These, however, yielded to quinine and to alterative medicine, but in February he continued indisposed. His trouble was then thought to be owing to a want of bile. It was

attended with extreme soreness in the bowels and back, with a tendency to peritoneal inflammation. His physician thought there was still some of the old ulceration left from his prison dysentery, and that he ought to avoid exposure and fatigue; but still he labored on, avoiding neither exposure nor fatigue, and by the first of August it was only too plain that he had worked too hard all summer and that he needed a rest. He had become very thin. Whenever he lost flesh, the stump of his amputation was one of the first places in which the loss appeared. This caused his artificial leg to chafe, and was almost always attended with pain in his lost foot. Of this the world knew little. The absolute silence of the man as to his own sufferings was a marked characteristic of him, and his patient, cheerful endurance was almost beyond belief. He went to Philadelphia upon the occasion to which one of the following letters refers, but it was already becoming painfully apparent that he was not fit for such efforts. The sword was wearing out the sheath, and the war had worn the sheath very thin.

THE HOMESTEAD,
PITTSFIELD, *May* 13, 1868.

I suppose you think I am dead, or else have forgotten you entirely. I had time only to read your last kind letter, but not to answer it. It was like a draught of good, fresh, cool water, when one is tired and thirsty. You can hardly imagine how busily I have been occu-

pied these last two months. I begin to see land at last, but it may yet be two or three weeks before I can really sit down and take a long breath. I never knew until this year what Sunday is to the working man, as a day of rest. Well, I don't need to explain my condition; the simple fact that I have not written, even you, for nearly two months, tells the whole story. I cannot tell you on paper, with any satisfaction, about the iron business. You will be glad to know that it promises to be a very pleasant and profitable occupation. I have bought Moodie's interest in the paper mill, and taken in, as partner in his place, Walter Cutting. He is taking hold of the business with an earnestness and cleverness which surprise me, and I feel great relief in that quarter already.

He will live in Dalton, and take charge of the business, so that I can devote my time almost exclusively to the furnace. I hope to get to Boston next week on business, and will not come away without a "sit-down" with you of an hour or two, when I can put you in possession of all the facts. Meantime, believe that you and yours are not out of my thoughts, even in the busiest days, and that I am constantly looking forward a few years when we shall be nearer each other.

Much love to your wife, and kiss the lovely baby.

Yours, in haste. FRANK.

PITTSFIELD, *September* 26, 1868.

I am just in receipt of your telegram of this date, asking if I will "take command of Massachusetts delegation to Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention at Philadelphia."

I have replied, by telegraph, that "if you, and such as you, are of the delegation, I will go; but I prefer a less conspicuous place."

I mean by "you, and such as you," men who have no personal political ambition to gratify, or place to seek; men who would represent, as you do, the best blood of Massachusetts, and who proved themselves worthy of their origin on the field.

I am no politician. If I were to be classed at all, I suppose it would be as a "War Democrat." And having been a War Democrat during the war, now that the war is over I most certainly desire peace. A peace that we so steadily fought for; a peace that we so fairly won. That peace would seem now to be threatened, unless the men who surrendered unconditionally at Appomattox are allowed to dictate terms to the men who taught them, through four bloody years, that the way of rebellion is hard. I believe in the utmost liberality and magnanimity towards a fallen foe, and I would extend the hand right heartily in token of forgiveness and friendship.

Such liberality characterized Grant's terms as General of the Army, when rebellion laid down its arms. Such magnanimity and charity will, I believe, mark his course as Commander-in-chief.

Believing, as I do, in the soundness of heart of the soldiers of Massachusetts, their devotion to truth, to valor, and to justice, I shall in peace follow with them; or failing a chief more worthy, shall with pride lead them. I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. F. BARTLETT.

The downward tendency of his physical condition became yet more marked in 1869. His home and his occupations were the same, but his fitness to enjoy the one and to do justice to the other was often greatly diminished. He was confined to his bed in February, and was excessively weak. His wife wrote: "It would go to your heart to see him. He looks nearly as emaciated as when he came home from the Libby. No doubt this illness has been coming on for many months." By the second of March he had recovered so far as to drive out for ten minutes. During the summer he was better, but in September he was again ill in bed, suffering from congestion of the bowels, unaccompanied at this time with ulceration. Indeed, it may be said that he never recovered from the dysentery which attacked him after his capture at the explosion of the mine before Petersburg. Besides his physical sufferings, his business at this time began to do less well. There was little of pleasant incident for him in this year, but he took great interest in planning a house for himself, which he began to build in November, near The Homestead. His second child, a daughter, was born on the 17th of February in this year.

As it had been in 1869, so it was in 1870, but worse. He toiled unremittingly till he could toil no longer, and at last it was decided that he should take a short vacation and go to England.

He announced his determination to his most constant correspondent in the following letter: —

May 22, 1870.

Don't suppose there is anything very wrong with me. It is a sort of conspiracy between the doctor and the rest of them to get me out of the country. I have no doubt the rest, and voyage out and back, will do me much good, although I do not yet see how I can possibly leave my affairs.

A man's experience at such times, though not flattering to himself, is, that things get along just about as well without him; and I presume that will be the result with me. Much love to you both.

Ever yours, FRANK.

His wife wrote, on the 22d of May: —

It is an absolute necessity, as far as his health is concerned, that he should have immediate and entire rest for mind and body. He has not been well for two or three months, and the constant and fatiguing business trips of the last few weeks have broken him down sadly. The doctor says he must stop now, else he may have a return of that terrible illness.

He wrote from Queenstown on his arrival there "that the continuance of the miserable pain and soreness has quite decided him to remain over till Captain Moodie's July trip." He had hoped that the sea voyage out and back would be sufficient, with no longer stay in England than the interval between the ship's arrival and departure; but the bow had been bent too long.

CROXLEY HOUSE, *July* 4, 1870.

I was delighted to see your well known writing again, and I thank you very much for taking the trouble to write me such a nice long letter, telling me so much that I wanted specially to hear. I have not written any one but Agnes, giving myself over to complete *laziness.* I am doing very little in the way of going out to dinners and theatres, etc., having cut it from the first.

We are about twenty miles from London, in this old place, which is very odd and thoroughly English. The park of about thirteen acres is entirely enclosed in a high masonry wall of some ten to fifteen feet *outside,* but by raising the ground inside it seems only a few feet high, viewed from the house, and that completely covered with ivy, so that there is no sense of being shut in.

I go to London for two or three days in the week, spending the night, or coming down in time for dinner, at half past seven, as I feel like it. Every afternoon that I am down we drive four-in-hand through these lovely English lanes and over the superb high roads. Many parts of this country (Herts) remind me of the Shenandoah valley, — that beautiful rolling green, although there are no hills as high as the Blue Ridge in sight. It is a favorite spot about here for gentlemen's places. The adjoining one to this is an estate of about eight hundred acres, "Cassiobury Park," the Earl of Essex's; next to that is Lord Clarendon's, "The Grove;" near by, Lord Ebury's "Moor Park;" and next, Lord Chesham's "Latimer" and "Loud Water." You can see that so many fine places, so near, with their

hundreds of acres of park and wood, make the whole country round here picturesque and beautiful. They are suffering fearfully for want of rain, and will have very slight crops of both hay and grain.

I believe that I am much better now than when I left home, and I have no doubt whatever that the voyage home will do me worlds of good, and that I shall reap the benefit of this rest and change for the balance of the year. For the first week or two after my arrival here I did not mend a bit, and was quite disgusted, and regretted that I had not gone back with Moodie. But I am gaining now, I feel sure.

There is one thing, Frank, you may be sure of, and one of these days you will confirm my belief, that the oftener you leave home for this side, the better satisfied you will be that with all her faults America is the place of all the world to live in. The more you see of other countries, the better you will *love* your own.

I am glad to hear such good accounts of your wife and the bairns. Mine have the whooping-cough, but I am assured that it is the most favorable time of year, and that otherwise they are in superb health, and for this we cannot be too grateful.

My best love to your wife, dear Frank, and what you don't give to her, keep for yourself.

From your devoted FRANK.

The good effects of his vacation did not last long. In October his wife wrote: —

He is very far from well. . . The anxiety and fatigue of those days and nights at the furnace have told upon him seriously, and he is now suffering from much

soreness and lameness in the bowels. . . He is not strong enough or robust enough for active business, and as he throws all his energy into whatever he undertakes, he frequently exhausts himself, and then feels that he cannot take the time to repair the waste, and so when he gets *down*, it is very hard for him to get up again, and he is injuring his constitution every day, and is in a fair way to entirely ruin his wonderful recuperative powers.

At this time, neither the paper nor the iron business was yielding any return, and mental anxiety was added to physical weakness. "He is greatly harassed in many ways, and of course all this worry of mind increases his trouble of the bowels. . . He suffers a great deal, and sometimes longs for the rest of heaven." These words again are from his wife. The days and nights at the furnace to which she refers are those spent there by her husband in the autumn of this year, when the furnace had a "chill," and it required excessive exertion and unremitting watchfulness to keep it from going out of blast.

At the end of this year, he moved into his new house, which was most satisfactory, and the source of great enjoyment to himself and his wife.

It is not to be understood that these years were all dark. To do so would be to go very far from the truth. He was most happily married, and though he suffered more than almost any one

knew, he put a brave face upon it, and was always firm and patient, and always, or almost always, cheerful. He was most agreeably hospitable, in a simple fashion, in his own home, and he found time for frequent little visits to his family and friends, and he always enjoyed and derived great profit from such periods of relaxation. His powers of rallying were wonderful. Sometimes he would come to a friend's house at the sea-shore quite exhausted, silent, feeble, and without appetite. At first he would sleep much, then he would begin to take an interest in the table, and presently he would seem like a new man, cheerful in his serious way, enjoying his food and taking plenty of it, and ready to make the most of every pleasure which his position afforded.

In the year 1871, he contended with increasing ill-health. In March he was very far from well, and he went to make a short visit to some friends in Boston. While with them, he suffered from his wearing pain, and had little appetite and little strength, but he improved, as usual when he gave himself the chance, and in April he was much better in spirits and in health. He soon fell off again, and had a serious illness in the early summer, — a touch of pleurisy with a congestive chill. He went in August to Nantucket, for two weeks, with his wife, and the sea air, sea bathing, and rest set him up wonderfully, and he was very well during the autumn. In December

he was ill again for some weeks with another attack of pleurisy.

During this year he was very busy, whenever he was able to work, and he began to take a zealous interest in the affairs of the church. In April, he became senior warden of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Pittsfield, and in September he was there confirmed by the bishop of the diocese.

On the 26th of November, in this year, his first son was born. This event was a very great joy to him. He was the only male representative of his grandfather, in his generation, bearing the name of Bartlett, and the qualities of the father's nature were such as to make his personal desire for a son very strong. The boy, a noble specimen of babyhood, was christened Edwin, after his beloved and lamented uncle.

The year 1872 was a full and busy year for him, and a year in which he came more prominently before the public than he had done since the war ended. In January, he accepted a position upon the personal staff of the Governor of Massachusetts, with the rank of colonel. His health was, as he described it, "so, so," which, from him, meant that it was very poor. He proposed to go, early in the year, to Virginia, to attend to some business, but his condition became so much worse that he was obliged to defer the visit for several weeks. By the end of March he had been for some time in Virginia, and he pro-

nounced himself much the better for "roughing it" there.

In the spring of 1872 an earnest effort was making to secure a nomination for President of the United States which should commend itself to all the true friends of reform and good government, irrespective of party lines. In this undertaking General Bartlett took a very deep interest. His sympathies were made known by the following publication in the "Springfield Republican" of April 10, 1872, and the following letters show his feelings about the enterprise and its result: —

A FIRST GUN.

GENERAL BARTLETT UPON THE PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTIONS AND CANDIDATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN, — On my return from Virginia, after a short absence, I read in the columns of your Boston correspondence, that "General Bartlett, who has been selected by some of the wise men of the East, in consultation with canny Berkshire, as the proper person to represent Western Massachusetts at Philadelphia, is more of a soldier than politician, but is counted on to go for Grant as a soldier."

As I had, sometime previous to the date of the above article, declined to allow the use of my name, I cannot suppose that the selection would be approved; but it seems to me only the part of candor to declare, that while I am flattered to learn that my name has been considered in connection with so distinguished a position, I am *not* "to be counted on to go for Grant," it

that means, as I fear it does, blind allegiance to the group of politicians under whose control General Grant has unfortunately placed himself, and whose solicitude seems to be greater for the Republican party than for the welfare of the country.

But I am waiting, as I know thousands of other good soldiers, and good Republicans now "counted on to go for Grant," and good men of all parties, are waiting, for the nomination of a man whose administration shall be above suspicion, not above investigation; who cannot be used or abused by any set of selfish politicians of any party; who will illustrate the true meaning of "civil service reform" by benefiting and enriching the nation and not the individual; whose ability as a statesman is balanced by his integrity as a man; whose great services to his country in the darkest days of our civil war, when single-handed at the English Court he stemmed the tide of foreign intervention with skill and fearlessness unsurpassed, can never be forgotten by those to whom the honor of their country is as dear as her success; whose name is Charles Francis Adams, and whom, if the Cincinnati Convention shall have the wisdom to nominate, the people will have the independence to elect.

W F. BARTLETT.

PITTSFIELD, *April* 21, 1872.

I have about decided that it is my duty to go to Cincinnati. I am urged to do it by men who hope for Mr. Adams's nomination there; and I do not think the delegation of this State will be as strong as it should be, in case there is any great difference of opinion as to the strength of the three or four probable candidates. Mr

Bowles especially urges my going. He says that my letter has given me a position and influence which can be of great use to Mr. Adams in the convention. I believe there is a strong Sumner feeling among certain prominent men who are going there, but I do not believe it will have any strength there after the first.

Of course I shall be hopeful for the success of the movement, if it shall see fit to put Mr. Trumbull at the head of the ticket, and shall support it, but I confess my heart will not be in it, as it will if Mr. Adams is the man. I have been with ——— all the afternoon, and I can assure you, he has a very strong belief in the strength of the Cincinnati movement, and said, among other things, that there was very little doubt of Illinois going against Grant if Trumbull was on the ticket.
He believes, that if the Cincinnati Convention shall act with wisdom, and nominate Trumbull, or Adams, the Philadelphia Convention will be obliged to accept it. This you must not repeat as from Mr. ———, but you "have the information direct from high authority."

Mr. ———'s chief fear is, doing any thing that may give back power to the Democratic party. I tell him that the very way to prevent that, is for him and men like him, who have taken an independent stand, to go in and control this, and outnumber the liberal Democrats who will join it. He sees it, and thinks the events of the next few weeks will decide the thing.

I need not tell you how utterly distasteful the idea of going to Cincinnati, both physically and morally, is to me. I can neither afford the time, nor the cost, nor the fatigue; but it is a sacrifice of all, which I cannot refuse, feeling as I do about the nomination and possible elec-

tion of Mr. Adams. And if by any chance I *should* have an opportunity to assist in bringing it about, I should be too proud for anything.

Why, Frank, just think of having a *gentleman* as well as a statesman for President again! I hope you will talk Cincinnati among the men whom we know, especially soldiers, who would, in case of Adams's nomination, come out in a public indorsement of it. Why won't you sound Sam. Quincy, who is in the House of Representatives, and Codman ditto, and Cogswell, if you choose, George Barnard, Osborne, and the like? These men I name, as they have had some experience and prominence in affairs, and could organize such a movement.

General Schouler has written me enthusiastically, and will go to Cincinnati if he can afford it. He was a delegate to the late Worcester Convention, and one of the vice-presidents. General Dale is heartily in favor of it. The chairman of the Republican Soldiers' and Sailors' Committee of New York State, H. A. Barnum, has written me that they have had a meeting of representative soldiers of the different States at Washington, and decided to issue a circular letter preliminary to calling a general meeting of soldiers to "protest against the further progress of the alarming disintegration of the Republican party which has taken place under the administration of General Grant," — "and formally to call on the Philadelphia Convention to nominate a candidate other than Grant, and one who can unite the party, etc."

He tells me he finds the anti-Grant feeling very strong among soldiers. That has been my experience

too. I wish I could see John or Charley Adams for a half hour. They might have some views as to the best course to be pursued at Cincinnati, which would be valuable. If you see either of them and they think it desirable, I would go down for a day this week on receipt of a telegram from you. Don't suggest this if you think it would be, or seem to be, officious.

I hope you will write me this week, Frank. You know how much I depend on you for counsel and sympathy. Ever yours, FRANK.

PITTSFIELD, *April* 27, 1872.

I am just off for Cincinnati, spending Sunday in Rochester with friends, and so break up the journey. I shall be with friends in Cincinnati, so that my personal comfort there will be greater than if I had to take my chance at the hotels.

I have your letter, and am not discouraged entirely by it. I am more hopeful than you that Mr. Adams will be nominated, and if that is done, then the responsibility of his non-election must rest on the men in this country who, believing him to be the best man, will, under party dictation, vote for some one else. My feeling about the Cincinnati movement is simply this: If men are going there to attempt to achieve their own ambitions by pushing and bargaining for this or that particular man, because he will serve *their* ends or carry out *their* special theory, the sooner it is scattered to the winds the better.

Mr. Adams has, as you very well know, no personal following, no "claque." He is not popular with politicians, and he can *only* be nominated by just such a

rising above personal considerations, and an honest desire for better things, as I hope will show itself at Cincinnati. If not, I shall come home very much disappointed; but I cannot think I shall ever feel any disgrace in having joined a forlorn hope for an assault on a corrupt party management, even if the assault should be repulsed; or that I shall lower myself in my own or your estimation by advocating the nomination of such a man as Mr. Adams against *anybody*.

With much love, yours hastily. FRANK.

PITTSFIELD, *May* 20, 1872.

(Do you recognize the writing as seen in your youth?) I leave to-morrow for New York, whence I returned Friday night, and expect now to go on from there to Boston, arriving probably Thursday morning. I will look in at your office during the forenoon, and tell you more of my plans. I shall, I think, stay over Sunday and Monday, when we are to be on duty I suppose. I have been constantly busy since I returned from Cincinnati, where I was delayed several days by illness, partially brought on, I dare say, by a "damned defeat" that "was made" there at that time, of which more anon.

In haste. Ever yours, FRANK.

Near the end of May, the furnace of the Pomeroy Iron Works, at West Stockbridge, was destroyed by fire. It was a heavy blow to Bartlett, as he was both superintendent and personally a large owner in the property. But he was not given to lamentation, and it is in these words that he refers to the event: "With my disheartening

disappointment at Cincinnati on the 3d, and this blow on the 27th, I don't think I like this month very much."

From the middle of this year he was much in Richmond, where he proposed to make his home, and near which was the property of the Powhatan Iron Company, of which he was to be the treasurer and manager. This property was owned by northern men and supplied with northern capital, and he had high hopes of its proving a gainful enterprise, and he expected at the same time to profit personally from a change of residence to a southern State. He worked very hard getting things to rights at the Virginia furnace, and also in rebuilding the furnace at West Stockbridge, which latter was lighted on the 14th of October.

On the 24th of September, the Soldiers' Monument at Pittsfield was dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, and in the presence of a great concourse of people. General Bartlett took a great interest in this monument, and he was the chairman of the committee on procuring it. He wrote the dedicatory inscription which is cut upon the base, and which reads as follows: —

On the west face,

FOR THE DEAD
A TRIBUTE.

FOR THE LIVING
A MEMORY.

FOR POSTERITY
AN EMBLEM
OF LOYALTY TO THE FLAG
OF THEIR COUNTRY.

On the east face,

WITH GRATEFUL RECOGNITION
OF THE SERVICES OF ALL HER
SONS
WHO UPHELD THE HONOR AND
INTEGRITY OF OUR BELOVED
COUNTRY
IN HER HOUR OF PERIL,
THE TOWN OF
PITTSFIELD
ERECTS THIS MONUMENT IN
LOVING MEMORY OF THOSE
WHO DIED THAT THE
NATION
MIGHT LIVE.

In the speech in which General Bartlett formally delivered the monument to the town, he spoke in terms of high praise of the artist, and then said: —

He has taken for his subject, not the private soldier nor the commissioned officer, but a greater hero than either, — the man on whom so often hung the fate of battle, the man on whose self-forgetting bravery and unflinching firmness the steadiness of the whole line depended, the man who bore the colors. And, comrades, was there ever any flag half so well worth fighting for, half so well worth dying for, as the flag we followed? As I look upon your faces that I have seen amid the smoke of battle, and remember how you closed up the gaps made by the fall of those whom we honor to-day, I am conscious that to you also belongs a share of the honor, but with this difference: their fame was achieved and secured by dying heroic deaths, — yours must yet be maintained and preserved by living blameless lives.

The climate of Richmond seemed to fulfill the expectations of the man who so much needed every help that climate could give him, and he wrote there, at the beginning of October, that he believed himself to be better in health than for many months. At the end of the same month he established his family there, in one of the best houses in the city. The people of Richmond made an exception in his favor to their then usual treatment of northerners, and before his family had been there a month, they found themselves

"overwhelmed with kindness, cordiality, and hospitality from the very nicest people here." His wife writes of the following period: —

Frank was very hopeful and very busy that winter and spring, getting things ready to start the furnace, making excursions up the canal into the ore districts, going down into mines, and doing things a *whole* man would have shrunk from, — making contracts for ore, getting leases of some very valuable beds, and in every way busy, and working with bright hopes and a hearty faith that all was going well and that the Virginia enterprise would be a complete success. He was pretty well that year, for him. Hardly a week ever passed without his suffering in one way or another. He was better than in 1871, when he had that dreadful congestive chill, and also better than in 1872, when he had the severe attack of pleurisy which laid him up for so long a time.

He passed most of the year 1873 in Richmond. His family went to their Pittsfield home at the end of May and returned in October. He was sometimes with them and sometimes on the water during the summer, but he was more or less at and near Richmond and at the ore-beds during the whole time of their absence. The summer was darkened for him by the death of his sister Edith, his youngest sister and "his pet and shadow."

The following letters belong to the first year of his stay in Richmond: —

LYNCHBURG, VA.,
Wednesday, March 13, 1872.

MY DEAR AGNES, — I have just sent you a telegram, to tell you that we have returned safely from our dreaded Echols expedition up into the mountains, and got along much better than we feared. .

We got down from Echols's this A. M. about eight, and are going down the canal on our beloved packet to-night at six, to a place twenty miles or so below here. We have traveled on this same old packet so long now that we feel as if she was our private yacht, and the captain and steward and all hands seem to think so too, for they don't often have anybody, I fancy, that gives them anything, and they would, any of them, jump overboard for us, if we should ask them. We get down to this place about twelve to-night, and expect to find lodgings in a store on the canal till morning, when we shall ride out to the ore-bed, about two and a half miles from the river.

We expect to get back to the canal and take the up boat, which comes along about one o'clock at night, and gets us back here Friday morning in time to take the Washington train. If we get our clothes off Friday night, it will be the first but one for a week. I don't intend to be clean again till I get into a bath tub at Washington. You feel just as well if you only get used to it.

You want to know about the Echols trip. Well, we set sail in our steam yacht, three-horse-power engines; the steam is in the cabin, where the stove is kept at a very even temperature, red hot all the time. If one of the darkies sees the least sign of black about it, he

"goes for it" like mad, and soon restores it to its proper condition. The "bridal state room," which I have already described, is pushed to the end of the cabin, as far as possible from this beast of a stove, but my feet come within about three feet of it then, and I dreamt last night that I was John Rogers and you had two small children and one at the breast. (Kniffin suggests that I had better remark here that we brought back most of the whiskey which we took with us, so that you need not suppose my imagination has anything to do with the above statement.) Well, to resume, we steamed out of the harbor of this magnificent city in a blinding snow-storm, at half past five Monday evening, and crossed the bar at six. (You have to cross the bar to get to the supper table, and our cook always gets us up something extra when we are on board.) I tell you it looked rather dusty when we thought of getting out on to the canal bank at two o'clock in the morning, but we turned in at the usual hour, and I slept the sleep of youth and innocence on my downy table, wrapped in my cloak, till Clay called us, and told us that Captain Echols was coming on board. This was down at the junction of the James and North rivers, where we meet the other boat going up to Buckannon, while our boat keeps on the North River up to Lexington. It seems that Captain Echols and his son had come down to the mouth of the river to take the boat for Buckannon, and had sent their horses on to meet them there in the morning. It being such a rough night, they preferred the canal boat to riding all night, and hearing from Clay (the steward) that there were two gentlemen on our boat going to their place, they turned back, and came on board to go back.

Well, I felt relieved to think that we should arrive at the man's house with him, but distressed to feel that we had upset his plans, after being up all night. However, he did n't seem to think anything of it, and so I comforted myself with the other view of it.

He and his son looked exactly like a couple of real rebel officers, gray overcoats, felt slouch hats, boots, and all. We landed at half past two, and, as they had a lantern, we picked our way up to the house very comfortably, although it was still snowing. We were shown into the parlor, and a corn-cob fire was soon started, and we found that they did n't feel very badly at being back there instead of on the road. We lay down for a while, I down stairs and Kniffin up aloft somewhere, till about seven or eight, when I found a young darky (Henry Clay by name) mousing round my leg, trying to get my boots, I think. I gave him ten cents to let me alone, and in a minute there were several just like him that wanted to let me alone too. We had breakfast down cellar with the family, — an aunt (Mrs. Echols died about two years ago), two daughters, and three small children, mates of the aforesaid nigs.

After breakfast, we mounted our horses and started for the mountain. It had stopped snowing and was clearing away. We saw the ore bed, and the whole property. There has been a pile of money spent on it, and there is no doubt a large deposit of ore, and it is of a very superior quality.

We returned to the Echols mansion about two, and dined, and from that time till half past eleven, when the boat came down, we passed in the parlor. Miss Echols sang for us and played very sweetly, with the regular

southern accent; but it was a treat and rest to hear music so far out of the world as that seemed to be. She sang several very pretty songs. They were altogether cordial and hospitable, and he is a very excellent man.

Our yacht arrived at half past eleven and took us on board, and we came down through the Blue Ridge Gap. It was a beautiful, bright starlight night, and as we stole noiselessly along at the base of those perpendicular piles of rock, going, apparently, straight into the side of the mountain, till just at the last moment a sudden turn showed a pass which the river had made for us, we regretted that it was not daylight that we might see the views. I stayed up for an hour or more, till we passed the "Balcony Falls," and then was laid on the table. We arrived here at eight this morning, and our yacht swings gracefully at her moorings, waiting till six this evening, when we start down the canal again for Riverville, Amherst County. It seems to be impossible to go any where, or come away from any place, on this canal, except between the hours of midnight and two A. M. . .

I went into a bank here, The First National, to get a New York draft for $100 cashed, and I really believe it nearly broke them. They may have had a little currency left, but the last five dollars they had to make out with small bills and fractional currency. .

Now, do be good, and get well, or I won't come home. The canal was skimmed over with ice when I went on deck this morning, and as it was before sunrise, I had a good appetite for breakfast at seven. .

Love to chicks. I hope little Agnes is all right again. Ever your own loving FRANK.

I am living principally on hog and hominy three times a day.

BALCONY FALLS, *September* 15, 1872.
Sunday Eve.

MY DARLING AGNES, — As poor a man as I am, I would have given a hundred dollars if you could have been with me to-day. I got here with Captain Echols Saturday morning, about three, and yesterday did a full day's work. Explored the mine, going in over three hundred feet, to the very end. It was pretty "pokerish," so long since any one had been in there, and they put me on the car and pushed me ahead of them, as it was too wet for me to walk. I thought of snakes and bears and all sorts of things which I did n't see, but was glad when I got through and turned to go out. I caught quite a cold on the packet that night, and added to it in this tunnel, I think, but I had to do it. I made four separate contracts with various parties, all very satisfactory, and settled all my business last eve.

This morning Captain Echols and I started on horseback for the Natural Bridge. About sixteen miles there and back. Well, if I live, you have got to come up here with me this fall, and go over there. I was completely astonished. I had seen the Natural Bridge in my geographies as one of the seven wonders of the world, but I did n't ever take much stock in it, and the surprise was all the greater because I have seen photographs which I had supposed did it justice. After going round on top of the bridge, where I picked a piece of *arbor vitæ* from a tree that hangs directly over the abyss, for you, we went round and climbed down below and came up under the arch, which I can liken to nothing

else than the stupendous aisle of one of God's great cathedrals. The tree which stands in the bed of the brook and which looked like a currant bush from the top, we sat down under and ate our "snack," and found it stood ninety feet high over our heads and was a foot and a half through at the base. While we were sitting there, we heard the sound of many voices singing a hymn and approaching, and as there wound down the side of the ravine, in procession, a party of colored people to a baptism in the pool below, the effect of a cathedral that had already impressed me was very much heightened. We witnessed the service, and after cutting a little cross on the tree to show you as my mark when I take you there, we went up and found our horses, and turned towards home. The scenery all about here is gorgeous.

I feel a little tired to-night from riding so far, but I shall sleep all the better when I get on the boat, which I expect along about eleven. . .

The contrast between the weather to-day and last Sunday is immense. There never was a more perfect day than this has been. It is right cool to-night, but I am warmly dressed. Captain Echols is a very nice man, just as good and conscientious as he can be. I could n't have anybody else here in whom I could place so much confidence. They are all so happy to have him home again. He has been away nearly six months from all these young children, without a mother, and they are very fond of him, especially one of the older girls, who is a cripple and invalid. And to have him home to stay, with a position that pays him even more than he was getting out on the railroad, makes them

all very happy, and me too, to be the means of doing it. . . .

I was sorry to see the death of the poor old Bishop. I wonder who we shall have in his place.

My love to the Storrs, and to Mrs. Newton, if you see her. I thought of her to-day, for I think she has been to the bridge.

How is Walter getting on? You haven't said anything about him, or the mill. My reports from the furnace are very satisfactory. .

It seems as if I had a good deal to do to finish up in Richmond and New York, and be with you before another Sunday comes round, but I hope to do it. I did want you so to-day, though, you darling, because you would so appreciate and enjoy it. Captain Echols says, we'll have a picnic over there when you come.

Love to all. Isn't it little Agnes's birthday this week? My best love and kisses to the dear little woman. What a young lady she is getting to be!

Good-by, my sweet. Your own,

FRANK.

FISHERSVILLE, VA., *June* 8, 1873.

Sunday Eve.

DARLING AGNES, — I can hardly believe that it was only a week ago that I was with you in Pittsfield. I have traveled so many long miles, and been in so many places, and done so much, that it seems a month since I left you. I wonder if you wore your seal-skin to church to-day, for I wore my overcoat, and have been sitting by a fire this evening.

It has been a lovely day, and cooler than we shall be

apt to have many of. I came down here from Stanton yesterday morning, hoping to get through and take the night train to Richmond; but I found it could not be done. So I took up my abode here with the Schmukers, and have had a very quiet day of rest, after a satisfactory day at the ore bank yesterday.

The Gibson Bank is at last mine, and it puts us out of all uncertainty as regards ore. What I have accomplished this last week is worth fifty thousand dollars to the Powhatan Co. I can now be a seller of ore instead of a buyer. No end of people have tried before to get control of this bank, and failed, and since I have been in negotiation for it people have made bigger offers than mine.

It has taken diplomacy and money. I have bought up and paid off the various claims and liens, and now have absolute possession of the place for ten years. I feel much happier than I did when I started up here, and hope to find everything going right when I get back to-morrow. I don't feel the same pleasure, though, in getting back to Richmond now, to that empty house. I shall find several letters from you, and hope you and the dear children are all well, and that you can write me you are feeling ever so much better, and getting fat.

This morning I went with George Schmuker to church, and I wish I could begin to describe to you the experience; but it would take too long, writing by this single tallow candle, and I must go to bed, as we breakfast early every morning but Sundays. Last night I asked Mr. Schmuker what time they would breakfast this morning, thinking I would have a good sleep, and he said, "Oh, we don't breakfast till late Sundays — not

before six o'clock, anyway." So I judge from that I shall be turned out at four to-morrow and breakfast about five, perhaps. Well, the church is about two miles from here, in the midst of a beautiful oak grove of fine old trees. It is built of brick and is a fine building, about as large as our St. Stephen's, though not so high. It was a new building about twenty years ago, on the site of the former church, which was one of the oldest in this neighborhood — about one hundred and forty years old. The old graves in the cemetery about it testify its age. It is called, "Tinkling Spring Church," from a beautiful spring which drips over a shelving rock near by, and a bucket of the cool water stands in the porch with a tin dipper, which is in constant use.

They tell a story of the original parson who established the church in those early times, that he did not like this location, but wanted it nearer to where Stanton now is; but the advantage of the spring carried the majority of the parish against him, and he obstinately declared that no water from that spring should ever tinkle down his throat, and he kept his word.

When we came to the grove, every tree had one or more horses tied to it, some with saddles and side-saddles and pillions, others in carriages and wagons. Outside in front of the porch were assembled the men, talking, smoking (buying and selling on the sly), discussing the crops, the weather, and after our arrival, evidently, me. I was introduced to all the worthies, but the best of them have a broken down, degraded look. (I believe eating hot bread and owning niggers will destroy any race.) After a while, on a signal from a bell, we went inside, where I found the pews already well filled

with women and children. I found a seat near the door, and the services began with a voluntary from the choir, accompanied by a melodeon. They sang two verses all right. When singing the third, some well dressed young man came in, and they all began to look at him, lost their places, and completely broke down and stopped, recovered on the fourth verse, and got through the other three all right. Then a long Methodist looking man made a short prayer and gave out a hymn "omitting the sixth verse," and read it all through. Then he read from the Bible, and explained the verses as he went along, by transposing them into his own language, which of course was not as good, or as clear and simple as the original. Meantime, if you could have heard the noise, you would wonder how the man could go on at all. Babies of all ages, from those born this morning up to five and six, were talking, singing, eating, and crying, and very little attention seemed to be paid to stopping them. After he began his sermon, one child, especially, kept up a howl and talking, and it was impossible for me, near the door, to hear the parson, who spoke rather low.

The children made so much noise you could n't sleep, and the minister so little that you could n't keep awake, so that between the two you were thoroughly uncomfortable. He was too much for the babies, though, and after three quarters of an hour he had them pretty well exhausted, and they gradually fell off asleep or went out to play, and he went on untiringly for half an hour longer.

One hour and a quarter, by my watch, was the length of his sermon, and not a thought or an idea in the barrel

of words. Then another long hymn, and two hours and ten minutes from the time we went in, I crawled out into the fresh air under the green trees, a worn out sinner, hoping against common sense that these poor people had found some grain of comfort or good in all this "meeting-time" which seemed to be the only break in the monotony of their lives. It made me very sad for them, but I was very cross with the minister, and he is the principal of a young ladies' school at Stanton! — After the benediction, the women linger in the church to talk, and the men assemble outside and resume the operations interrupted by the bell. After a while they begin to get away, and you see a man with two children behind him on horseback, or a woman.

And some of these people come ten miles. God help them, how little they know of life and comfort! I suppose, though, they are contented in their ignorance, knowing nothing better. I declined an invitation to the "preaching" here in the village this afternoon, and took a nap instead.

I didn't mean to spin such a long yarn, but as you don't often get long letters from me in these weary working days, you will not mind it, will you, old precious? I go down to-morrow and shall be in Richmond, D. V., at five P. M. I hope it will keep cool.

Love to all. Your own, FRANK.

513 GRACE STREET, RICHMOND, VA.,
March 24, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. SUMNER, — I beg you will pardon the intrusion of my expressing to you the disgust I feel for the creatures who have refused to remove from poor

old Massachusetts' record the disgrace which they and their predecessors involved her in. I was asked to head a petition in support of Mr. Whittier's, which I did immediately, because to have refused would have been misinterpreted. But it was only on the ground of helping to remove the stain from Massachusetts that I could bring myself to sue as petitioner to the grave and reverend seignors of the present great and general court. And I expressed myself to this effect, and more, in my letter accompanying.

The fact is, my dear Mr. Sumner, these people cannot comprehend nor appreciate the higher, truer patriotism, which is embodied in your resolution. And many intelligent men, from whom you would expect better things, are not yet ready or willing to think of this country as a reunited one. They are not yet really good Union men. They are not Americans, they are Northerners.

But this is a view which I have not seen mentioned in the varied discussions on the subject of the names of battles on the United States flags, viz., ought it to be any more distasteful for an ex-confederate to march under a flag bearing the name of Gettysburg, than for an ex-federal soldier to march under the name of Fredericksburg or Bull Run, or half the names on our flags which mark defeats, not victories? If we had nothing but the names of victories on our colors, then to efface them would be noble, but as it is, where we efface a victory we shall also wipe out a defeat; where is the magnanimity in that?

I offer this suggestion, having little doubt, however, that it has already occurred to you

I am very glad to hear reports of your improving health, which I sincerely trust may be completely restored by rest, and remain

Very faithfully yours, W. F. BARTLETT.

WASHINGTON, *May* 11, 1873.

MY DEAR GENERAL, — Accept, if you please, the apologies of an invalid for this too tardy acknowledgment of your kind letter, dated as long ago as March 24th.

And please also to accept my sincere thanks. I do not doubt that when the question of the flags is understood, there will be no difference of opinion. It will be hard for good people, and especially military men, to dissent from the authority of Generals Scott, Anderson, and Thomas, all of whom approved my resolution when offered in 1862. It will be hard, also, to dissent from the example of history. No civilized nation preserves on its flags the names of battles between fellow-citizens.

The memory of such bloody discord must be consigned to history, and not be flaunted before our eyes. England, France, Prussia, Italy, and Austria have followed this commandment of patriotism and civilization.

As your letter is dated at Richmond I shall address you there, although I fear you have left that place.

Believe me, dear General, faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

In 1874 he still made his home in Richmond. At the beginning of the year he felt encouraged as to the general aspect of business. In February, upon one of his Virginia journeys, he

caught a cold, which ended in a cough which never afterwards left him. It is probable, however, that his constitution had by this time become so weakened that causes slight in appearance were sufficient to produce grave results. In March of this year, twin boys were born to him. In June he had a week's illness, but he was much strengthened by a visit which he made to a friend's house on the Beverly shore immediately after. It was well for him to gather strength, for one of the eventful days of his life was at hand. On the 23d of June, the dedication of Memorial Hall, the great building erected to commemorate the services in the war of the sons of Harvard College, took place at Cambridge. The next day was Commencement Day, and the commencement dinner was served, for the first time, in Memorial Hall. General Bartlett was the chief marshal of the day. Cambridge commencement dinners are crowded affairs, as a rule, but this day the interest excited by the new building drew together an unusual throng. After several speeches of the customary degree of merit and interest had been made, the president called upon General Bartlett. A midsummer's day at Cambridge is apt to be hot, and this day was not an exception. By the time the dignitaries have made their speeches, the guests are getting weary and uncomfortable, and the thought of the fresher air without grows more and more tempting. It is

not a favorable moment for the debut of an orator. And yet when Bartlett arose, and the first words uttered by his deep and manly voice were heard, and the audience became aware that they came from the shattered soldier whose tall and slender form and wasted face they had seen at the head of the procession as he painfully marshaled it that day, a great silence fell upon the multitude, and he continued and finished his speech in the midst of silence, except when it was broken, as it was more than once, by spontaneous bursts of cheering. When he took his seat, enthusiastic cheering followed, and all felt that an event had taken place. It is within bounds to say that it is many years since any speech made in New England has produced so great an effect. He spoke as follows: —

MR. PRESIDENT, — The first meeting of the alumni around the table in this hall, which we yesterday dedicated to the memory of our brothers, is one of no common interest to us; and I think I speak for all their comrades in arms when I say that the thoughtfulness which assigns to us the honorable duties of this day, is recognized and appreciated. The day is not without sadness as we read the beloved names on those marble tablets, and yet not without gladness as we reflect that whatever change of fortune may come to us as the years roll on, their fame is secure — immutable — immortal. We shall grow old and wear out, but they will always keep for us their glorious, spotless youth. I was glad

to hear from the lips of your distinguished orator yesterday such testimony to the absence of natural bitterness among the mass of the people at the South; that it was due in great part to the energetic cultivation of hot-brained leaders for selfish ends. I think that the natural instinct of the people everywhere is toward peace and good will, and were it never thwarted by party intrigue, we should be much nearer to a perfect union, such as these men fought for, than we are to-day. The occasional fire-brands thrown in the path of reconciliation are from the hands of those who, while the battle lasted, sought "bomb-proof" positions in the rear, and they no more represent the fighting men of the South than the plundering politicians who have spoiled them represent the true hearts at the North. I firmly believe that when the gallant men of Lee's army surrendered at Appomattox (touched by the delicate generosity of Grant, who, obeying the dictates of his own honest heart, showed no less magnanimity than political sagacity), they followed the example of their heroic chief, and, with their arms, laid down forever their disloyalty to the Union. Take care, then, lest you repel, by injustice, or suspicion, or even by indifference, the returning love of men who now speak with pride of that flag as "our flag." It was to make this a happy, reunited country, where every man should be in reality free and equal before the law, that our comrades fought, our brothers fell. They died not that New England might prosper or that the West might thrive. They died not to defend the northern capitol, or preserve those marble halls where the polished statesmen of the period conduct their dignified debates! They died for their country —

for the South no less than for the North. And the southern youth, in the days to come, will see this, and as he stands in these hallowed halls and reads those names, realizing the grandeur and power of a country which, thanks to them, is still his, will exclaim, "These men fought for my salvation as well as for their own. They died to preserve not merely the unity of a nation, but the destinies of a continent."

The remainder of the year 1874 was marked for him only by an accident which threatened to disable his right hand. A piece of broken glass cut down to the bone of the thumb joint, making a severe and dangerous wound. This happened in July; but his recovery was rapid, and in spite of his suffering he had more appetite and less cough than for several weeks before. He was very much occupied, but his health seemed rather to improve as the year drew to its close.

In March, 1875, he received an invitation from the committee which had charge of the Centennial Celebration at Lexington, to make a speech at their dinner on the 19th of April. His first inclination was to refuse it. The following extracts show the course of his thought upon the subject, and the steps by which he was brought to say that he would accept the invitation: —

March 25. I cannot think of accepting it. I could say nothing worth going so far to say, or worthy of the occasion or the audience.

April 3. My difficulty about speaking at Lexington is

this: that "the relations of the North to the South" cannot be discussed from any point of view without criticising severely the action of the President and the administration party, who are in a great degree responsible for the unfortunate situation. The President will be the chief guest of my host on that day, and to say anything in the slightest degree offensive to him would be a breach of taste and hospitality.

April 8. Everybody says I ought to go to Lexington, and I begin to think it over to see if I can avoid the obstacle and still say anything worth saying to such an audience.

April 15. Finally wrote committee I would be at Lexington and say a few words at their dinner. I have been in much doubt, and have given the subject most careful and earnest thought, and there have come to me a few words which I feel may perhaps fall on good ground and bring forth the fruit of peace and reconciliation. For why celebrate the centennial of the birth of a nation if that nation is still to be divided and distracted by sectional hostility; fostered, as I truly believe, to a great extent, by politicians in both sections for selfish or party ends. I never could be a politician, for I should go for my country first and my party second and myself last. With most of the politicians of the day this order is reversed.

April 18. Worked on my speech. It would be easy to write a long one, but to condense into a few minutes anything worth saying in such a place, before the whole country as audience, is more difficult. It is treading on delicate ground, but I know I am sincere in my belief that what I am to say is for the good of the *whole* coun-

try, and if I can carry people with me it will do much good.

The 19th of April was a bitterly cold, disagreeable day. The crowd at Lexington was immense, and the discomfort of the multitude was excessive. General Bartlett was utterly unfit for such an exertion and exposure, but he was not the man to turn back. He drove from Boston to Lexington, and spoke rather late in the day, in response to the eighth toast, "The North and the South." He was chilled through, and faint from want of food. He spoke as follows: —

Mr. President, — When I opened the letter from your committee asking me to come from five hundred miles away, and say a few words here to-day, it seemed impossible. But as I read further your desire that I should speak on the "relations of the North to the South," and your assertion that, as an unprejudiced observer, what I might say would help to restore fraternal relations between the two great sections of our country, although knowing how greatly you overrated the value of any poor words of mine, I felt that, if they could lend the least aid to the result you described, inclination and the cares of business must yield to the voice of duty; and I came. But, sir, I am not an "unprejudiced observer." On the contrary, I have a prejudice, which is shared by all soldiers, in favor of peace. And I think I may safely say, that, between the *soldiers* of the two great sections of our country, fraternal relations were established long ago. I have also a strong preju-

dice against any man or men who would divide or destroy or retard the prosperity and progress of the nation, whose corner-stone was laid in the blood of our fathers one hundred years ago to-day. Moved by this prejudice, fourteen years ago, I opposed the men who preferred disunion to death. True to this prejudice, I to-day despise the men who would, for the sake of self or party, stand in the way of reconciliation and a united country. The distinguished soldier who is your chief guest to-day never came nearer to the hearts of the people than when he said, "Let us have peace." And, sir, the only really belligerent people in the country to-day, north and south, are those who, while the war lasted, followed carefully the paths of peace. Do not believe that the light and dirty froth which is blown northward and scattered over the land (oftentimes for malicious purposes) represents the true current of public opinion at the South. Look to their heroes, their leaders, — their Gordons, their Lees, their Johnsons, Lamar, Ransom, and Ripley, — and tell me if you find in their utterances anything but renewed loyalty and devotion to a reunited country. These are the men, as our great and good Governor Andrew told you at the close of the war, these are the men by whom and through whom you must restore the South, instead of the meaner men for whom power is only a synonym for plunder. As I begged you last summer, I entreat you again: do not repel the returning love of these men by suspicion or indifference. If you cannot in forgiveness "kill the fatted calf," do not with coldness kill "the prodigal." When the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment made its gallant attack on Fort Wagner, in July, 1863, it lost,

with hundreds of its brave men, its heroic leader and its colors. A few weeks ago, that flag was gracefully returned to the Governor of Massachusetts by the officer who took it in action, with these noble words: —

"Under the existing state of things, I deem it decorous, if not a positive duty, to promote the oblivion of animosities which led to, and were engendered by, the war. I prefer to look upon such trophies as mementoes of the gallant conduct of men who, like Shaw, Putnam, and other sons of Massachusetts, sealed with their lives their devotion to the cause which they adopted, rather than as evidences of prowess on the one side or the other. The custodians of such a memento should be the authorities of the state served by these gallant men; and I therefore transmit the flag to your Excellency for such disposition as the authorities of Massachusetts shall determine.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. S. Ripley."

No one but a soldier can know how he would cling to a trophy that he had taken in honorable battle. No one but a soldier knows what it would cost to give it up, unless compelled by the loftier motives of chivalrous patriotism. And when General Ripley wrote that letter, he thought not of self, not of South Carolina nor of Massachusetts, but of a restored and a united country, and his heart embraced a continent. There are tattered flags in that sacred hall in yonder Capitol, around which, in the shock of battle, I have seen dear friends and brave men fall like autumn leaves. There are flags there that I cannot look upon without tears of pride and

sorrow. But there is no flag there which has to-day for us a deeper significance, or that bears within its folds a brighter omen of "Peace on earth, good will to men," than that battle-stained emblem so tenderly restored by a son of South Carolina, whom here, in the name of the soldiers of Massachusetts, I thank and greet as a brother. And I am proud that he was an American soldier. As an American, I am as proud of the men who charged so bravely with Pickett's Division on our lines at Gettysburg, as I am of the men who so bravely met and repulsed them there. Men cannot always choose the right cause; but when, having chosen that which conscience dictates, they are ready to die for it, if they justify not their cause, they at least ennoble themselves. And the men who, for conscience' sake, fought against their government at Gettysburg, ought easily to be forgiven by the sons of men who, for conscience' sake, fought against their government at Lexington and Bunker Hill.

Oh, sir, as Massachusetts was first in war, so let her be first in peace, and she shall forever be first in the hearts of her countrymen. And let us here resolve that, true to her ancient motto, while in war "*Ense petit placidam*," in peace she demands, not only for herself, but for every inch of this great country, "*sub libertate quietem.*"

He left the ground as soon as he had finished speaking, and returned to Boston. He records in his journal: —

Got back to town about 8, well used up. The British certainly had their revenge on us to-day. We have had

quite as uncomfortable a day as they had a hundred years ago.

April 20. Papers have my speech in full, and speak in a very flattering way of it. . Every one congratulates me on my speech. It is very gratifying, and I am very proud and happy.

He might well be proud and happy. It falls to the lot of few to achieve such a success as his at Lexington. There are sentences in his speech which will linger long in the memories, not only of the thousands who heard them, but of the tens of thousands of those who read them, and recognized in the worn soldier who uttered them the possessor of true eloquence and genuine love of country.

On the 28th of April, the ex-confederate soldiers of Richmond expressed their sense of his speech by giving him a serenade, at which General Bradley Johnson spoke for them. General Bartlett replied in a speech of some length, from which the following paragraph is taken: —

"To cement the Union on a sounder foundation, and avail ourselves of the promises of the future, is a solemn task, well fitted to these centennial years. As soldiers who fought the battle out in good faith, you can wield the strongest influence for peace and right. Your worst enemies at the South are the few men here and there who talk more bravely than they fought, and it is the same at the North; but the people there, tired of these

politicians, whose voice is still for war, are fast replacing them by men of less selfish purposes, whose views are bounded by no narrow lines of state, or section, or party, but who desire justice and prosperity for all. The war through which we passed developed and proved, on both sides, the noblest qualities of American manhood. It has left to us soldiers, once foes, now friends, a memory of hard-fought fields, of fearful sacrifices, of heroic valor, and has taught us a lesson to be transmitted to our children: that divided, we were terrible, — united, we are forever invincible."

His speech was sent all over the country by the Associated Press. He writes in his journal, April 30: —

The papers in Massachusetts and elsewhere nominate me for high office, as if that were the only reward a man can seek. I don't propose to decline any office until it is offered, but just as sure as I am offered the governorship of Massachusetts, I shall take the opportunity to prove that the satisfaction of doing one's duty so as to win the applause and approval of good men, is a reward greater than any office, and I am already repaid.

In May of this year, he was strongly urged to go to the Mecklenburg Centennial Celebration, at Charlotte, N. C., but he declined, because troubles about coal made it impossible for him to leave Richmond.

On the 6th of June, he writes thus in his Journal: —

My birthday. I hope if I live to see another that affairs will look more promising. Business looks very blue. I wish I were out of it. I never ought to have gone into it. I ought to have stayed in the army, or else accepted some of the salaried positions that were offered me. Or even if I had begun to study law at the end of the war, I might be better off now. But God knows best, and we are in his hands. How little we know what he has in store for us! He has been very indulgent and merciful to me in spite of my many shortcomings.

And now this year, when I supposed that public applause and the public approval of good men was a thing of the past, I find myself suddenly more conspicuous than ever, and honorably so, for saying at Lexington the words that were in my heart, and which I believed would hasten the healing of the wounds of war in our country.

At this time he was much annoyed and made very anxious by coal strikes, and these came just as he was giving up his residence in Richmond. He was quite worn out, and gave himself some rest for a fortnight after he reached the North; but he found time to prepare a little speech which he had been asked to make at the approaching Commencement dinner at Cambridge. He says of it in his journal, June 28: "Poor thing. I will not do it again. Let those speak who can easily." The following letter describes his feelings on receiving the invitation: —

WEST STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., *June* 19, 1875.

. . . . I found in this same batch of letters one from J. Russell Lowell, asking me to speak again at Commencement. This involves, no matter how small the result, a certain amount of thought and worry and *depression*, which I do not want to undergo; besides, I consider that I have done my share, and I know I have nothing more worth saying.

They ask me to *represent* those who died in the war. I sometimes feel quite ready to be *sent* as ambassador to them.

The rest of the year 1875 was for him a period of declining health and of declining fortunes. His journal reveals the fact that he was realizing with increasing clearness the fact that his end was approaching. The following extracts are in place here: —

July 5. I am not at all well, and ought to keep still and do nothing, but I cannot.

July 14. Write little Edwin. Dear little man, how I love him, and how I wish I could be spared long enough to win his love and memory. If I were to go this year or next, he would never remember me.
Dear boy, how I would like to watch him grow up. I would try to guide and guard him to be a better man than his father, who loves him so dearly.

July 15. No man was ever blessed with such a perfect wife and lovely children. I pray their lives may take no shadow from those which seem to hang about mine, now too near its close I fear.

July 19. Not much appetite. Felt like death yesterday.

August 2. A blue day for me. I am not strong, and pretty well unnerved.

August 3. Pretty well used up.

August 7. Am very tired and used up, but can rest, I hope.

August 8. Rest, rest. It is very sweet to be here with my darling Agnes.

September 17. Am much better. Gaining weight. Weight without leg, thin clothes, 123 pounds.

December 25. Christmas. I could not resist an appeal to stay (at Pittsfield), as I do not feel sure of many more of them.

These words were prophetic. It proved his last Christmas.

Until December of this year, 1875, when he established his family once more at Pittsfield, they were most of the time at his uncle's estate of Miramonte, on the North River, and he was sometimes there, sometimes in New York and other northern cities, but twice at least at Richmond, where he spent much of the months of July and September. The panic of 1873, which arrested so suddenly and sharply the seeming prosperity of the country, had affected the iron interest with especial severity. The capital which General Bartlett could command was mainly embarked in the iron enterprises at West Stockbridge and at Richmond, and his distress of body

was aggravated by the distress of mind which attended the mortification of failure and the pressure of narrowing means. He labored with all the vigor that was left him to bring about a better state of things, but in vain. He went to the length of endorsing individually the paper of the Richmond Company to get time.

While health and fortune were thus declining, his life was not without pleasant incidents and gratifying proofs of the growing regard of his fellow citizens. The latter will receive more detailed notice, but among the former may be mentioned his appearance as a speaker upon four occasions. At the reunion of his old regiment, the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Infantry, on the 9th of September, he spoke as follows: —

COMRADES, — To call on me for a speech at one of these reunions seems to me like calling on the father of a family to make a formal address to his children at his own table. For though you have outgrown my authority, you were my children once, and I fear that you remember me as a rather "stern parent."

I certainly never was accused of "sparing the rod" of discipline, and I hope you never were accused of being "spoiled children."

I have no doubt that in the early part of your service, and on your first marches, you thought your Colonel was unnecessarily strict and severe. You could not see why you were not permitted the same license that other regiments in your vicinity had.

But in your first battle, when you found yourselves standing firm under fire, while some of those other regiments broke and ran away, and where by your coolness and discipline you turned defeat into victory, you recognized the result where you had not understood the cause, and you were from that day as proud of yourselves and your regiment as I was.

The Forty-ninth was a peculiarly homogeneous regiment. I mean by that, there was less inequality among its members and between its men and their officers than was usual. It was strictly a county regiment (I believe there was not a man in it from outside of Berkshire), and this gave it a certain local pride and "*esprit de corps*" that was very valuable.

But the secret of your success was that proof of true manhood, your cheerful and intelligent submission to discipline, the subjugation of self to an idea. Not cringing to a man (your equal or perhaps inferior at home) because he wore a shoulder-strap, but subjecting yourself to that emblem of authority without any loss of self respect, because it was for the good of the service, and for the sake of the country in whose service you were offering your lives. This was the nobility of your soldiership, and its memory must ever be your pride.

At the dedication of the Public Library in his native town of Haverhill, November 11, 1875, he spoke as follows: —

Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow-citizens of Haverhill, — Standing as this beautiful structure does on land formerly my ancestor's, within speaking distance, across the way, of the house were I was born, I

think I may still claim fellowship here. It would be quite natural that you should forget the relationship, but to me it is a matter of such pride that I never can. And I am prouder than ever to-day of my native town. Proud of her history; proud of her historic names; proud of the men, some of whom I see about me, who have inherited and added honor to those names; proud of her noble war record (which might have been predicted by any one familiar with her colonial and revolutionary history); proud of her noble women, who in those trying times proved themselves worthy of their noble ancestry; proud of her "sweet singer" of the Merrimack, our own beloved Whittier, whose absence to-day we regret, but whose words you have heard, and whose pure spirit and gentle verse shall be a benediction here, while the peace-makers go to "inherit the kingdom of heaven," and "the pure in heart" to "see God;" proud of her material prosperity and wealth; but prouder still that she here recognizes the fact that there is something worth more than riches, and that culture, refinement and the dissemination of knowledge, are more to be desired than silver and gold.

I am glad that you are to have a free library, absolutely free, and I will tell you why. It is found that a tax, however small and insignificant it might seem to many of you, would debar some from using the library, and those, the very people in whose hands we ought to place our books. When the public library in Pittsfield was opened to subscribers at the low rate of one dollar a year, the number of book-takers was four hundred. When the library became free, as it now is, the number increased to nearly two thousand, and is constantly

growing. This in a town of ten thousand inhabitants. Now, in regard to the class of books to be kept for circulation, some believe that nothing but what is called the better class of literature, instructive works, classics, should be sent out, in order to elevate the taste of the people. This, I think, is a mistake. It is like telling a boy he shan't go into the water till he knows how to swim. First create the taste, then elevate it as you can. If the boy can't read the kind of books that interest him, he simply won't read at all. Exclude novels from your library, and see how the circulation will dwindle. The explanation of this is to be found in the fact that if one has a taste for poetry or classic prose, he buys the volume if his means permit, for he wants it always by him. The novel he reads and has no further use for, and so he takes it from the library. Do you ask how low in the scale I would go? To *the very bottom*, of course excluding any immoral trash. I would have the "Dime Novels," by all means. They are highly sensational, but morally harmless. My own reading has not been extensive enough to embrace these works, but my information comes from one of the foremost critics and essayists in this country, who has given much thought to this subject in connection with the great public library of Boston. And now let me tell you a little story about the effect of thus putting the scale of reading down to the capacity of the poorest and youngest. A dirty, ragged little boy crawled into the public library of Boston, a few years ago, and asked for a dime novel. The superintendent told him if he would go and wash his face and hands and brush the dirt from his clothes, he would give him the coveted book. The boy soon after

returned, much improved in appearance, and received a dime novel. The next day he came for another, — taking care to appear cleaner than before, — and became a regular applicant. A few years afterwards, a young man applied to the superintendent for a certain rare edition of Shakespeare, which was not in the collection, and on conversing on the subject, he found that the young man knew more about the various editions of Shakespeare than he himself did. It was the boy to whom he had issued the dime novel, a few years before, and the last book that the librarian noticed as being taken out by him was Paley's "Moral Philosophy." Now, I don't mean to say that every boy who begins on dime novels will rise to Paley. But I do insist that if that boy could not have had the dime novel at that time, he would never have read Paley or discussed the editions of Shakespeare.

And it is for this reason that we should make our public libraries attractive, not only to the scholar, but to the very lowest and poorest, and give to all who come, not only the sense of welcome, but the sense of equality, also. For, as Ruskin has so well said, this court of the past, where kings and statesmen and poets, the purest and the wisest of all ages, stand waiting patiently in those silent alcoves to talk with and instruct us whenever we will, differs from other courts and living aristocracies. Into this society of the great and good of every age and clime, the lowliest may enter, take rank and fellowship, not from his birth and wealth, or lack of either, but according to his desire. It is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth can bribe, no artifice deceive, no title overawe, the guardians of

those elysian gates. You deserve to enter because you desire to enter. And so I say we should try to attract especially the young and poor and friendless. For, the lower we go in laying the foundation of modern society by imparting knowledge, or creating a desire for it,

"Since but to wish more virtue is to gain,"

the safer and nobler will be the structure above.

And if this library, founded, sir, by your liberality and wisdom, shall be the means of raising only one of these little ones from ignorance, poverty, and crime, to knowledge, which is wealth, to civilization and to God, you shall, one day, hear the words, "Well done," from the lips of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And in introducing Mr. Schurz to an audience collected at Pittsfield on the 27th of the same month, as follows: —

It would be a poor expression of the love and respect I have for the people of Berkshire, so largely represented here to-night, were I to fulfil the promise which I see has been made for me, and delay you with an introductory speech in the presence of the man whom you have come to welcome and listen to. It would be only a little less superfluous than the introduction itself which I have been asked to make.

When Daniel Webster introduced William Wirt, then Attorney-general of the United States, to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in 1829, Mr. Wirt, in rising, said that Mr. Webster had laid him under an obligation which he could never hope to repay; for he was quite

sure that he could never introduce Mr. Webster to any court where his name and fame had not already preceded him.

I am equally sure that Mr. Schurz cannot appear before any audience of cultivated people, anywhere in this country of his adoption, where his name is not familiar, and his fame held dear.

Now, why is this?

Not because of his early history, so romantic, so heroic; not because, when war in this country became inevitable, he went to the field and defended with his sword the principles which he had asserted and maintained with his pen; not because he has held the high office of Senator of the United States; but it is because, while holding that sacred trust, he dared to remonstrate with and oppose those leaders, or rather misleaders, of the organization to which he belonged, when it became evident that they intended to use the country for party ends, rather than the party for their country's good. It is because he placed principle higher than party, and for the sake of right, honor, justice, and common sense, was willing to sacrifice self, place, power, and the friendships of years; his only consolation, the pleasure, to which Lord Bacon has said no other can be compared, "that of standing on the vantage ground of truth." It is because when this same party, fearing defeat this fall in the great State of Ohio, called on him to come over and help it, he did not stop to debate whether he ought to support a party which had insulted and driven from its councils such men as Carl Schurz and Charles Sumner, but, seeing that upon the great issue then before the people, the party (whether from conviction or policy he

cared not) was right, that the honor and safety of the nation was in danger, he needed no second call, but hastening to the front at a critical moment, when the result seemed most doubtful, when the party politicians were talking over "war issues" and quibbling over "school questions," and all felt that

> "One blast upon his bugle horn
> Were worth a thousand men"

such as they, he threw the weight of his eloquence and the conviction of his sincerity into the scale, and turned a threatened defeat into glorious victory. A victory, which, in this part of the country, I am proud to say, gave equal joy to both political parties. A victory which buried the weightless body of "inflation" in a grave — "not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door," — but deep enough and wide enough to receive the remains of any party which shall hereafter attempt its resurrection.

I have trespassed too long on your patience, and our friend's modesty. Mr. Schurz, you need no introduction here; but it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you this assembly of my friends, your fellow-citizens of Berkshire, whose sincere welcome, if not at their fingers' ends, awaits you more deeply in their hearts.

At the dinner of the New England Society in New York, on Forefathers' Day, December 22, 1875, he replied as follows to the toast, "The Reconstructed Republic:" —

Five and twenty years ago to-night you had as your honored guest that great son of New England, whose

love for her was only equaled by his love for the whole country, and his devotion to the Constitution and Union under which it had advanced to power and prosperity. There are those here to-night, I doubt not, who, looking back a quarter of a century, will recall the presence and perhaps the words of Daniel Webster. They will remember how in imagination he summoned forth from the Mayflower's company the form of Elder William Brewster, and put into his mouth words of gratulation, of caution, and of prophecy. We, too, on this anniversary night, call forth in our imagination his own majestic form, but who shall presume to put words into those lips? I shudder at the presumption which leads me to say to him for you with plain sincerity what so many among you might express with eloquence as well as truth. I would tell him that in days gone by we have thanked God that when his eyes were "turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven," they did not see him shining on the broken fragments of a once glorious Union, on a land drenched with fraternal blood. It was reserved for us who survived him to see the awful reality which he so vividly pictured, and, happily, it was reserved for us to pass through and see the light beyond those clouds which darkened his fading vision. I would have him know what I hope it is neither too early nor too late for us to acknowledge, that the doctrines which he instilled by the charm of his eloquence into the young hearts of New England and the North, that this their country was not a group of states, but a nation, great and indivisible, had filled them with a spirit of exalted patriotism, which, when the hour of that country's trial came, carried them to the field as it would have carried

them to the stake in her defence; not joyously, for their country was in danger, and it meant civil war, but steadfastly, soberly, and with the determination that, since the appeal to the sword had been made, by the sword should be settled forever the question which, since the death of Washington, had been a stumbling-block of offence in the path of the nation's progress. If I know anything of the motives of the soldiers of New England, they fought neither for glory nor for conquest, and, when the broken sword of secession was surrendered in good faith, none were more ready than they to accept the pledge in equal honor, to bind up the dreadful wounds of war, and welcome their brothers back to a share in the glory of a nation whose very existence that victory had made possible. I would have him know that from his own New England came the first words of reconciliation, which, yielding not one particle of principle, assured a brave foe that all enmity had ceased "when the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled;" that the thunder of those morning guns, saluting the dawn of our second century on the field of Lexington and Concord, broke the ice of estrangement and distrust, and their echoes are still vibrating among the chords that stretch from every battle-field of the Revolution to every American heart.

Mighty son of New England, what fitter greeting can we give thee than thine own words uttered here so long ago? Words which, with thy foreboding heart, were the aspiration of hope, but to us have become the inspiration of prophecy: "The day-spring from on high has visited us. The country has been called back to conscience and duty. There is no longer imminent

danger of dissolution in these United States. We shall live and not die. We shall live as united Americans, and those who have supposed they could sever us, that they could rend one American heart from another, and that speculation and hypothesis, that secession and metaphysics, could tear us asunder, will find themselves wofully mistaken. Americans, North and South, will be hereafter more and more united; united now, and united forever."

The following letter refers to the foregoing speech.

N. Y. HOTEL, *December* 23, 1875.

I did not do anything about my speech early enough to send it to you. Indeed I didn't feel sure that I was to speak till I went there last evening, and found myself marched in next the President, Sherman, Governor Morgan, and Joe Choate. What I had prepared, after a good deal of thought, fitted well enough the toast I was given, of a "Reconstructed Republic."

But what I wanted your advice on, was the propriety of introducing Daniel Webster (as I found it was in 1850, at their dinner. he made his great speech, from which I quote), and whether it *was* too early, or too late, to pay a little tribute to his fame, which at the last had been clouded, and to the influence which I have always believed he exerted in creating and consolidating the intense Union feeling at the North, without which the war never could have been carried through. The speech was very well received, and I had many congratulations. I delivered it *very well*, although my voice was a little hoarse. You see how I talk to you, as I

would to no one else but to Agnes, about myself, because I feel so sure of your love that I think what concerns me will interest you.

Yours ever, FRANK B.

Though the proofs of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens, which have been already mentioned as received by him in this year, were gratifying, yet, as it happened, they caused him no small embarrassment. In September, he was offered the Democratic nomination for the place of Lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts. His earlier sympathies had inclined strongly to the Democratic side. The conduct of the Democratic party during the war had turned his sympathies the other way, and for some years after the close of the war he had acted generally with the Republican party. Of late, in common with many of the best men at the North, he had become excessively dissatisfied with the conduct of the Republicans, especially in their treatment of the South. But he was always a man who cared more for substance than for names, more for principles than for platforms, and he had formed an enthusiastic admiration for the character of Mr. Charles Francis Adams. He thought that Mr. Adams might receive the Republican nomination for Governor, and his feeling for him was such that he was personally unwilling to be a candidate upon a ticket opposed to him, and, upon

the supposition that his name would lend strength to the Democratic ticket, he was unwilling to contribute to the defeat of the very man whose election he ardently desired. Thus, though inclined on other grounds to accept the nomination, he notified the Democratic managers on the 18th, two days after hearing from them, that he would not be a candidate.

On the 23d, the Democratic Convention met, and nominated General Bartlett for Lieutenant-governor with great enthusiasm and very flattering resolutions. This action placed him in a difficult position, for it is a very different thing to decline the nomination of a convention which has assembled, acted, and dissolved, from what it is to decline, beforehand, to accept a nomination. In much perplexity, — urged by valued friends to take the nomination and to decline it, assured by the general voice of the newspapers of the day that his name would give great strength to the ticket, — unable, as all men were that autumn, to form a reasonably confident conjecture as to what the action of the Republican Convention (which was to assemble the following week) would be, — he determined to keep his own counsel till he should receive official notice of his nomination, hoping that in the time thus gained the Republican Convention might meet, and by its action clear the way so that he might wisely shape his own course. There was one candidate who was said to have

some chance of receiving the Republican nomination, whom he was as eager to see fail as he was to see Mr. Adams succeed. If the Republicans should nominate either of these two, his course would be clear.

On the 28th of September, he went to Washington, in compliance with a request which he received by telegraph, and there learned that some of the most powerful managers of the Republican party in Massachusetts desired him to take the Republican nomination for Governor. There was much chance of his receiving the nomination if he permitted his name to be used, and if he were nominated he was reasonably certain of being elected. How he received the offer may best be told in his own words. In his journal of the same date he writes: —

I was dreadfully disturbed, but it seemed to me it would look very dirty to go back on the Democrats after what they had done, and accept a higher office from the Republicans. It would look like selling myself to the highest bidder. Then it might be used to defeat Mr. Adams's nomination. It was a temptation, but I decided, after much prayerful thought, that, under the circumstances, I ought to decline, and W. so telegraphed to Worcester. Was any man ever placed in just such a position before? Came home to-day, worried greatly.

Three days after, he wrote the following letter: —

RICHMOND, VA., *October* 1, 1875.

What would I not give for an hour's talk with you. I never needed the advice and support of a real friend as I have for the past ten days. In the first place, I was offered, just as I was leaving Pittsfield, and urged strongly to accept, the nomination of Lieutenant-governor at the approaching Democratic Convention. I considered the matter carefully, and decided that while there was a chance of Mr. Adams being nominated by the Republicans, I could not run the risk of being on the opposite ticket; but I admitted that if Loring succeeded in capturing the nomination, I would be willing to serve for the sake of smashing him. Of this course I had no doubt. I therefore wrote and telegraphed from New York, September 18th, four days before the convention, that I was compelled to decline the honor. The next thing, I saw to my surprise that they had nominated me in a very handsome and enthusiastic manner, recognizing the fact that I am not a Democrat, and that they thrust the honor upon me. (In short, they were willing to take the risk of my declining, in the hope that Loring would be nominated, or some man whom I could not support.) I determined to await the result of the Republican Convention, as I had no official notice of my nomination, and could not decline again till I had.

If Adams had been nominated, my course was plain, —withdraw at once on being notified. This would have been expected by the Democrats and acquiesced in. If Loring had been nominated my course was equally plain, —accept the nomination. As Rice has been nominated, I am in doubt. My withdrawal now will not be expected by the Democrats, and will no

doubt give them great offence, as it will seriously injure their prospects, if I may believe what they say.

I do not look upon the office with the contempt that you express. It is an honorable position, of no great responsibility or pecuniary reward; but the estimate which my friends put upon my abilities and deserts is so much greater than I *know* to be true, that I would much rather take an office that I could fill with honor, than be honored by one that I could not fill with satisfaction to myself or my friends.

The office would give me no trouble or anxiety, and would give me an insight into public life that would be valuable if I ever expect to fill a more responsible position.

It would give me a satisfactory way of withdrawing from the grinding anxiety of this work here, and settle the question of continuing a residence here. If this furnace stops, I should not have any salary from it. When the West Stockbridge furnace stops, it will be very small, I should think, if any, that I should feel justified in taking. You see this office (if elected) would give me something to live on in Pittsfield in a quiet way, while I should be in a better position to find some more remunerative work to do. The idea of running for office is, I confess, distasteful to me, but one cannot dictate his fortune and preferences.

As a matter of principle, there is no issue between the two parties. The platforms are the same. It seems to me that by strengthening the hard money Democrats, we may help them overthrow this western lunacy which threatens to rule the country. I have a very urgent letter from Judge Abbott, in which he says I will

bear him witness that previously, when they have offered me the nomination for Governor, although for the sake of his party he would have liked it, he did not urge me, and agreed with me that it was better for me to decline; now, he says, the thing is entirely changed, and he has given the subject the careful thought that he would if it were his own son, and he urges me as he would Henry under similar circumstances. He says that it will make me Governor next year, or put me on the national ticket as Vice-president.

(I don't want to be Governor, and the other is almost as likely to happen as I am to be struck by lightning, but not quite.) They do not influence me. But will the offence that my withdrawal will certainly give to a large body of my fellow-citizens (although I am blameless in the matter), injure me more than my acceptance of the place will with another body of my fellow-citizens? If I have character and reputation enough to be thought worthy of a higher place, cannot that character sustain the shock of my taking and filling a lower one?

I write down these thoughts as they have come up in my mind, not clearly, perhaps, or in order, but to show you some of the motives that must govern me. I want to do what is right in the matter, and what, in the end, will be best for me.

Do you think I would be elected if I ran? Do you believe I could be elected even if Gaston were not? *I* should not do any work for myself or the ticket.

If you have no particle of doubt as to what is best for me personally, without looking at it as a Republican or a Democrat, *telegraph* me Monday, for I must reply at once on receipt of their notification, if I decline.

If you have doubts, write me your views, with the decision you incline to, and please don't feel any more bored than you can help by this infliction.

Ever yours, W. F. B.

Excuse this hastily written sheet. After reading this, I am inclined to tell you in *strictest confidence*, of another thing that has helped to perplex and disturb me this week. I was summoned to Washington by telegraph Tuesday, and there it was proposed to me by authority that I should allow my name to be brought before the *Republican* Convention for *Governor*, after the first or second ballot, with proper speech, etc., and be carried by acclamation. This from the highest authority. I was staggered for a minute, but it seemed to me so much like a bribe, and that it would have the appearance of selling myself to the highest bidder, holding the Democratic nomination till I saw what the Republicans would do, that I declined, and a pre-arranged telegram in cipher was sent to Worcester that night, before the convention.

Another fear I had was, that my name might be used to head off Mr. Adams in the convention, for I knew that these people, though they, in their distress, would, as a last resort, turn to Adams, would much rather have me if that would satisfy the clamor (as I would not be so unapproachable, I suppose).

But, Frank, think of the triumph that filled my secret heart when the Republican party managers came to me (three years after 1872, when I predicted what has come to them, and urged them to come up higher), — came to *me*, and begged *me* to go on their ticket to

save Massachusetts to the Republican party! Do you wonder that I was disturbed? Don't you agree with me, that it would have appeared mean, and black, although it could be *proved* that it was not? Still one would n't like to be tried for theft or adultery even though he were sure of acquittal. Only you and four other men and Agnes know this, so mum! unless you hear it from other sources. Yours, F.

Mr. Rice was nominated, and his most trusted friends advised him to decline the Democratic nomination. He accordingly did so, on the 8th of October, upon receipt of formal notice of the action of the convention, in a letter which was warmly commended. In it he said: —

"I appreciate and applaud the spirit evinced by your convention in its willingness to subordinate party names to the public good; but having no desire for political office, I cannot persuade myself that any public interest demands, at this time, the sacrifice of my personal wishes. If the time for such sacrifice comes, I shall be ready to make it, whether it be with the Democratic party or the Republican party (or, better still, the honest half of both), so it shall be the party which the near future imperatively calls for to lead the way of true reform, pure administration and intelligent progress. A party which shall neither be obliged to content itself with the recital of its past achievements, nor atone for its past mistakes."

Before the time arrived for him to receive the offer of any other place of trust or dignity, his

health had so far declined that he was no longer in the race. As early as August of this year (1875), he had been strongly urged by a trusty friend to drop cares of every kind, and strive to arrest his downward course by travel and absolute rest of mind. In his reply, held back three weeks for mature consideration, he wrote as follows: —

PITTSFIELD, *September* 11, 1875.

In regard to business, I know perfectly well that somebody takes your place when you "fall in your tracks," but you will admit there are often times when it is a man's duty to fall in his tracks rather than desert under fire. It looks as if the furnace at Richmond could not go on much longer. I can save it, and those who have left the whole thing to my care, from the total loss which would ensue if I were to abandon it at this time. I hope to put it in such a condition that I shall not have to be there much, and be relieved from this anxiety and worry.

The furnace here will stop November 1st, and my responsibility here is shared by others and does not weigh on me so dreadfully. Of course, with both furnaces stopped, I shall be out of work, and I must look for something to do that will give me something like a support for my family. I know that you will be on the watch for anything that might by chance turn up that I could take. There are very few things that I am fit for, but I am tired of this struggling at manufacturing, and rushing about the land, and would be glad of work that would keep me quietly in an office.

The future does n't seem very bright, but to have

bound to me such a friendship as yours, makes the present seem more full of happiness than I thought it possible.

I am actually feeling better. I have been resting, bodily, if not mentally, for more than a month, and since I came back from Boston I have gained two pounds, which has much encouraged me. I mean to think of my health first, in all my movements for the next few months, and will let you know my plans as soon as any are formed. Ever yours, FRANK BARTLETT.

Early in 1876, he decided to go to Europe for a few months, but he was delayed a good deal by a severe illness, which seized him in New York while he was on his way to Richmond to put the Powhatan property there in such condition that he might feel at liberty to leave it. The following letters were written before he sailed.

N. Y. HOTEL, *January* 20.

. . I have been detained here a week, not well enough to go on to Richmond. The Tredegar failure probably puts us *hors du combat.* I am not very depressed. I made up my mind to the worst two years ago, and have been so near the bottom ever since that I had n't *far to fall.*

RICHMOND, VA., *February* 5, 1876.

. . . . My doctor in New York, Stimpson, says just what Paddock and the others have said, that I have no organic disease that will kill me if I stop now But my nerve force is exhausted, and I have used my strength faster than I have made it. Complete rest and change

will restore my general health, and with that restored the other troubles will disappear. This all sounds well, and I hope it is so. There have been times, though, this last month, when I should not have dared to go to sea, but felt that what little of life there was left must not be spent away from home. I am feeling somewhat better and stronger, and now look hopefully to being able to get away on the *Russia*, March 1st. . I find things here about as bad as possible, although we have reduced our number and amount of debts very much since last August, when it seemed as if we must stop. The failure of the Tredegar throws their paper on to us, and on to me individually, as the banks would not discount without two names, and I have had to do this thing for two years to carry the concern along, supposing, of course, that this depression in business and ruinous prices were temporary and not to last forever. I have the bonds of the company as security for my indorsements and loans, and if the banks and other creditors look at the matter sensibly, and are ready to take their chance with me, who am, in fact, the largest creditor, they will eventually get all their money. I have succeeded in paying off all the hands and employees and small creditors, who could n't afford to lose or wait, and on Monday the company will suspend payment. If the Tredegar had not failed, I think we might have pulled through, but I should have had to do the pulling, and I am not in condition to do it. I am taking the thing very calmly now. I think I went all through the agony of it two years ago, and have been getting used to looking it in the face ever since.

If I only felt as strong and well, even as I did three

years ago, I should not mind it so much, for I could get some work to do, or some position that would give me a living; but now I must follow your advice — stop work — get my health and strength again first, and *then* trust to finding work to do when I come back. If I do not get well and fit for work speedily, why the sooner I am quietly "planted," the better. . . . .

Ever yours, FRANK BARTLETT.

RICHMOND, VA., *February* 14, 1876.

. . . Jersey seems to promise a good deal. . I think a month there will pick me up. I shall be governed by how I am when I get over, if I get over. If I don't, I'll try to keep above water till you get back, dear old man, to take you by the hand. .

PITTSFIELD, *February* 24, 1876.

I am better since I left Richmond and dropped the oar. Some days, though, I certainly do feel a little shaky about going. It is such an irrevocable step after that ship leaves the dock. But we must hope for the best, and it seems the only thing for me to do, so I hope to give you good news of myself about the 15th of March. . .

He sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 1st of March. He was unfortunate in having an unusually rough and stormy voyage, and the spring in Europe was very cold and raw. He sailed from Liverpool on the 27th of May, and arrived in New York on the 7th of June. His trip did not do him the good that had been hoped.

He had waited too long before setting out. His wonderful powers of rallying seemed to have deserted him. Sometimes he was like his old self, and he was always patient, uncomplaining, and even cheerful, but he was generally feeble and averse to exertion of every kind. He slept much, and often dropped asleep by day, as if from sheer exhaustion. The following letters give a sufficient description of his experiences: —

CROXLEY HOUSE, *March* 23, 1876.

I received your letter from Paris at the Moodies' in Liverpool, where I stayed ten days after landing from a very rough passage. The worst the *Russia* ever saw, her officers said, and so much sea aboard constantly that I could not be on deck at all. So I really did not pick up as much from the voyage as I had hoped to do, but I was able to telegraph Agnes from Queenstown, Friday P. M., that notwithstanding a beastly passage I had stood it very well, and was better. This all went in one word under a code I wrote out before leaving. Since I landed, the weather has been simply atrocious. It has actually snowed every day until to-day, and I would not give odds that it won't yet, though the sun is trying to get out. I envy you Rome, and I should have gone directly on to the nearest warm spot had I not felt the necessity of resting at Moodies'. I came down here the 21st, and shall go to London to-morrow and start for Jersey the first of the week. I am certainly better in some things. I am free from that dreadful pain in my lost foot which had tortured me for two or three months, and that lets me sleep o' nights, so that I am doing a good deal of

that. I have breakfast in bed, and doze on until nearly noon before turning out. My appetite is decidedly better, for I do not loathe the sight of food as I did for weeks; indeed, I believe I am really glad when meals are announced. I give you all these details at the risk of being tiresome. I wish I could add that I am feeling stronger than when I left home, but I suppose I must not expect too much in so short a time. I will write you from Jersey when I get settled. I haven't felt up to writing any one lately. Let me hear when you have a spare ten minutes.

Ever yours, FRANK B.

HOTEL DE LA POMME D'OR, ST. HELIERS,
JERSEY, *April* 2, 1876.

This is only a line to say that I got here safely and am inclined to think I shall like the place. The weather has not let me out till within a day or two. I am about the same as when I wrote to you. My chief motive for writing you thus hastily is, to urge your not staying in Rome. I find myself worrying about you all the time. It has been deadly this year, and much is concealed. I am demoralized about Rome, after seeing two men in London who have been there most of the winter. Don't go out and get all tired out sight-seeing and go without lunch and stand in cold churches and galleries and do other imprudent things, which the natives and the long residents there don't do. And come away from there *quam primum* to Florence, or Venice, or anywhere.

Hastily, but seriously and earnestly,

Your loving FRANK.

CROXLEY HOUSE,
RICKMANSWORTH, HERTS, *May* 8, 1876.

I was thrown rudely on these shores yesterday by those villainous seas that roll between us to-day, and I have vowed never to cross the Channel again till the tunnel is finished. It was clear, but very cold, and blew a perfect gale, from northeast, I should say, and we were simply rolled over and over, completely wet through. Don't let Lou, or don't you, wear anything that salt water will hurt. My beautiful new pea-jacket looks as if it had been in a flour barrel, covered with salt. The cabin was full and close and foul, everybody sick. I tried to be, but didn't succeed, except in feeling like death, and was more dead than alive when I crawled up the steps at Folkestone.

If it is at all bad or windy weather, I advise you by all means to go by Calais, as the boats are larger and more comfortable, and I didn't find the getting up at that hour a bit of trouble. The sunrise was lovely and the morning air sweet and refreshing. Charles very kindly helped me off and saved me many steps and much trouble. I made close connection at Euston Station and caught George's train, and was glad enough to get out of my damp salt clothes, after reaching Croxley, half an hour before dinner.

I slept well, and feel to-day only as if I had been on a bad spree, and as if I had a left foot which somebody was knifing. I suppose it comes from cold yesterday, and I don't believe it will stay long. Bright and cold to-day; real good winter weather outdoors, but not inside, for there isn't a thermometer in the house that stands over 50° . .

With loads of love. Always yours, W. F. B.

Journal, June 7, 1876. At the dock this morning early. Beautiful day. An *American* day, and thank God I am safely back here again. . I am so glad to be at home again. There is no place on earth like it, and I thank God for bringing me through dangers seen and unseen.

His life was prolonged for a little more than six months after his arrival in America, but his course was steadily downward. He never afterwards seemed so strong as on the day when he left the ship. His decline was not without some of those periods of apparent improvement which are common to consumptive patients, and he sometimes seemed at least to be encouraged, and to hope for something approaching permanent improvement, but from time to time he fell away in a marked manner, and the rally which followed was never sufficient to bring him back to the point which he had left. He wrote at first such hopeful and cheerful letters as the two which follow, but the next one shows his growing weakness. His longed-for visit to Cohasset was postponed at first, and then given up. After the latter part of July he seldom, if ever, wrote a letter, and his journeyings were limited to short drives, and they too, soon ceased.

PITTSFIELD, *June* 14, 1876.

This is the first moment I have had pen in hand since I saw you, and I naturally send you the first word. I

found myself pretty well tired the day after I got home, and have kept very still ever since, gaining every day since Saturday last. I dare say it was the sudden change of temperature, or the fatigue and reaction, but now I am much better, and really feel stronger every day under this lovely sunshine and luxuriant foliage.

Oh, Frank, was n't the country more lovely than you ever saw it, that afternoon as you got out of New York? I went up by the Housatonic, and as the sun set behind one range of hills, and after an hour or two a superb moon burst out from behind an opposite range, I thought that those Englishmen who landed with us must fancy this a land of enchantment. .

But, dear Frank, it is lovely to get home and enjoy the lovely sunshine filtered thro' the elms. We sit on the piazza constantly, and I fancy that you enjoy yours more than ever before.

Dr. Paddock thinks I am *decidedly* better than when I went away, and he has seen me only in my played-out condition of the last week. To-day I am more like myself than any day since we landed (he has not seen me for two days), and feel perfectly confident now of going on gaining. The country never looked half so lovely.

"Every prospect pleases and only man is vile," as I fear we shall hear from Cincinnati to-morrow.

I have not had a business letter, and should not have opened it if I had. The break from that worry is complete still, and I don't mean to take it up till I am much better able to. Meantime, keep your ears open for some situation for a sober and industrious young man next fall; no objection on account of large salary and little work. Always your devoted

FRANK.

PITTSFIELD, *June* 26, 1876.

I have your kind letter, dear ———, and I need n't say how I appreciate your efforts to put me in the way of work, nor how eagerly I look for something to do that shall help me keep the wolf from the door. I am gaining under the lovely June skies, and am looking forward to going down to Cohasset about the 10th July. Lovingly yours,

FRANK.

PITTSFIELD, *July* 17, 1876.

I am going on about the same, one day up, the next down. As soon as I am well enough, I am going down to Cohasset. I think the cough is decidedly better; appetite seems to be the main thing wanting now. I think if I could see something ahead for me to do, it would be an incentive and encouragement. And I have reached that point in thinking about myself that the man had who admitted that he did wish his wife would either get well, or, or — something. You will be surprised to hear we are about moving back into our own house. It was too late in the season when I came home, I suppose, for I have not been able to rent it, and it seems better that we should occupy it than have it stand vacant. It will be cooler, and, in all ways, more comfortable than this house, and not necessarily more expensive to run. Still, if I could rent it for a term of years, at a fair price, I should do so, and take a more humble dwelling.

It is n't going to be a very serious task to move, as everything is in a small space here, and there is no furniture to move. Ever yours, FRANK.

The following extracts from a letter from Mrs. Bartlett, dated August 29, 1876, show his condition at that time, the activity of his mind, and the interest which he continued to take in public affairs.

Frank has a better appetite than for a good while, and lives on birds, principally woodcock, of which he manages one for his dinner, with great ease, nearly every day. His digestion seems to be improving, and a slow though perceptible gain made each day. Frank is taking the electric baths, and they seem to benefit him. He did not suppose you would believe the report of that interview in the "Post," to be correct. He had no idea that a verbatim report was intended, for the man took no notes, and Frank requested him not to "spread" him, and he supposed that he would merely announce what he did tell him, in general terms, that he was earnestly in favor of Tilden's election. He failed, however, to state what Frank particularly told him, that he was a strong Bristow man, and should have supported him with enthusiasm, had he not been beaten at Cincinnati by the men who control the Republican party, whom he hopes to see deposed this fall. Frank felt much annoyed by it, but believed that those friends whose opinion he valued most would take the same view of it that you did.

By the 10th of September, he was passing most of his time in bed, but dressed and sitting up in the afternoon. The sweet, serious expression of his face was unchanged, his voice was firm, and

the grasp of his hand strong, but his breathing was audible and rather quick, and his face and throat were pitifully thin.

On the 24th of the same month, a daughter was born to him. She was named Edith, after the lost sister whom he so tenderly mourned.

For the rest of his life he was simply waiting. His sufferings were very great, but they were borne with absolute fortitude and sweetness. The powers of his mind remained unimpaired to the last, and his cheerful playfulness did not desert him. On the 6th of November he proposed to have his little daughter christened, and in sending to invite a valued friend to be present, he asked that it be suggested to him (election day coming just then, and the friend being an anti-Tilden man) that they could "pair off;" that if his friend would not vote, he would not.

The christening took place in his room on the appointed day, and after that he partook of the communion. In all these days, as his strength permitted, he talked freely and unreservedly with his beloved wife about the future, and told her what he wished done about many things. Hard as all this was, he told his wife that it would be an inexpressible comfort to her afterwards, and she was brave and firm enough to go through with it. He told her that if he should be spared, and if strength should be given him again, no harm was done that they had talked of his going, and that

if he went soon, he was sure she would never regret what then seemed so very hard to bear.

In the last month of his life there was almost always towards night some exhausting turn, and his evenings were full of weariness. His foot and ankle began to swell, and such symptoms destroyed any hope, if such there were in any heart, of any real improvement. Feeble and exhausted as he was, his mind was actively occupied, and even minute details received his careful attention. He had directed that he should be buried in his uniform of a Major-general, and he wished to leave to his three sons and his most valued friend the four silver stars which he wore upon his shoulders; and he caused to be procured four stars of like appearance to take their place upon his uniform, when it should be placed upon him, never to be taken off again.

There is no need of describing his sufferings more fully. They were very great and very various, but such relief as the most tender care could yield was not wanting. He had the untiring devotion of his wife from the time when her recovery from her confinement made it possible for her to resume her place at his bedside, and all through the period of her separation from him, and to the end, he had the added happiness of having his mother with him. The wise and watchful nursing of these two admirable women was an unspeakable comfort and blessing to him, and their strong self-

control united with his grand endurance to make the sick-room always a cheerful place. Death from consumption is a long and sore trial, which many loving hearts have had to watch with pity. In his case, the burden was made heavier by the physical pain which followed the loss of his leg, and by the distress of mind which flowed from his misfortunes in business. All his efforts had been unsuccessful. All that he had, and more, had been swept away, and he had to face the prospect of leaving his wife and his six children utterly unprovided for. Fortunately, these facts became known in time to enable his friends to relieve his worst anxieties, and nearly three weeks before he died he knew that a modest subsistence was secured to his family. This knowledge eased and lightened his heart, and, as he said, made it much easier for him to go.

From the 10th of December the change was more rapid; but, though his weakness was great, he was in many respects more comfortable. On Sunday, the 17th of December, 1876, he called his family and nearest friends around him, spoke words of comfort and encouragement and farewell to them all, and then passed peacefully away.

On Wednesday, December 20th, the coffin containing the body of the General, dressed in his uniform, was borne from his house to the hearse, and from the hearse to the church, by six of his comrades in the war. The quiet of the town and

the throng in the church bore testimony to the general sense of loss. After the burial service had been read, one of the officiating clergymen came down to the side of the bier, and paid a touching and feeling tribute to the worth of the departed as a man and as a Christian. Just as the sun of a cold, bright, still winter day was setting, he was lowered into the grave made for him in the Pittsfield Cemetery, and left to his rest in the pure silence of the snow.

"The Massachusetts of this generation has bred no so heroic a character as that of the man whom she will bury, with sadness and with honor, in Berkshire, this week." These are understood to have been the words of a man now no more, who knew General Bartlett well, and who had in his day few equals in judging of character. It is hoped that the story of a life has been so told in the foregoing pages, that the judgment of the reader will confirm this high estimate.

The qualities which first attracted attention to the subject of this memoir, were bravery and judgment. Bravery is always a fascinating quality; but, fortunately for mankind, it is not rare. In his first engagement, Bartlett showed not only courage, but coolness and nerve, and it was perceived that there was an old head upon the young shoulders of the gallant soldier. As the war went on, those who were near him recognized in him the possession of clear faculties and absolute integ-

rity, as well as brilliant bravery and a mind that remained equal in the midst of difficulties, while those who perhaps never saw him were struck with admiration at beholding the tenacity of purpose with which he went back to the field after so many enforced absences. After the return of peace, his neighbors were charmed with the virtues and graces of his private life, and had constant proofs that the accomplished soldier was a citizen of great and growing usefulness. His interest in what is most valuable to every community, in religion, in education, in the elevation of politics, in true reform, was always fresh. Whatever his sufferings or his weariness might be, whatever the demands of business or the anxieties of narrowing means, he was always ready to lend a helping hand to every cause which his clear eyes saw to be a good one. As the years of his life drew near their end, his sudden eloquence thrilled many listeners, and thousands of hearts, North as well as South, were touched at the spectacle presented by the crippled hero, the first to counsel reconciliation with those whose arms had shattered the promise of his life. His patriotism was true patriotism. His love of country embraced the whole country. His absolute devotion to the flag made him eager that every American should love and honor that flag as he did.

The impression which General Bartlett made upon those who knew him only by reputation,

was deepened in those who saw him, by the rich gifts of nature. His figure was tall, slender, and erect, his head small and well set, his eyes clear, his features well cut and full of character, his carriage conspicuous by its grace and dignity. There was about him altogether a certain stately air which the New England men of this generation have hardly seen equaled. A share of composure and reserve was natural to him, but his manners were courteous and his smile engaging. His voice was deep, full-toned, and powerful. He was a born leader of the best men, and he had large endowments for controlling the worst. The fatality which attended his military career, — he never went into action but once without being disabled, — deprived him of the opportunity of showing what he could do in the exercise of a large command, but he proved himself to be not only a most gallant, but a most useful soldier. He was very successful in establishing discipline, improving drill, developing and maintaining tone, and by doing thoroughly well whatever was given him to do, he gave the best assurance possible that if the fortune of war had been but commonly favorable to him, he would have been found equal to the high places of command. The men who served under him feel and say that the memory of his heroic character is apt to make them better men, and that their love for him and devotion to him were complete. The chaplain of his last

regiment, an excellent and accomplished clergyman, speaks lovingly of his gentle modesty, of his grave dignity, of his magnetism as a leader, of his kindness and his inflexible justice, and adds the interesting fact that this intrepid man never went into action without a certain presentiment of extreme suffering or death.

Wherever he went he was observed. Wherever he was known he was admired and loved. His life was a blessing to those among whom he lived. One of the last letters he received contained this tribute to his usefulness: "Some men do their best life-work in the influences of nobler manhood that go forth from them, — the vague, unrealizable, but most potent of all works. How many are truer and better men for your influence, my dear friend, you may not know. Your life is already in many another man."

While he laid hold of the enthusiasm of the educated and refined, he had equal success in engaging the affections and winning the respect of the rough foundrymen in his employ. His strict discipline did not alienate them. His will was law to them, but they found him sympathetic, prompt to visit their homes when they were sick or in trouble, and ready to help them according to his means. As his trusted foreman said, "his great heart could take in the lowly."

Of his domestic character it is not necessary to add to the showing of his letters and journals.

In his friendships, when his friendship was given, he was more like a lover than a friend. To those who knew him thoroughly, his life filled a place and his death left a void such as are not likely to be paralleled in a single human experience.

As early as 1864, at the sword presentation at Winthrop, Governor Andrew pronounced him the most conspicuous soldier of Massachusetts in the Department of the Gulf. When the war ended, he was the most conspicuous soldier of all whom Massachusetts sent to the field. In the years which followed, his career was so useful and so brilliant as to give good reason for believing that, had his life been spared, the most conspicuous soldier of Massachusetts would have been one of the most honored and beloved of her sons.

APPENDIX.

Of the following tributes to the memory of General Bartlett, the first is understood to have been written by the late Mr. Bowles. It appeared in the "Springfield Republican:"—

GENERAL BARTLETT.

The recognition by the press of the heroic characteristics of General Bartlett is quick and wide. We have dwelt upon his qualities and his services, his opinions and his acts, not only as an act of justice, but in the belief that they furnish a greatly needed example, and in the hope that from his grave there might go new and richer influences, so that even dead he will yet speak with more potent eloquence than ever. It is not given to many men to have his simple, quick perception of the kernel truth, or his equally simple and natural way of speaking and acting it. It never seemed to cost him anything to think rightly, or to speak and act what he thought; it did itself, as it were; not only without hesitation or fear of the consequences, but without the recognition that there were any consequences that should be considered. Few men are, indeed, so wonderfully

endowed as this ; but all of us, by seeking, may find this God of Truth. It was a conspicuous life that he lived before his fellow-citizens in Massachusetts. No life so impressive in its features, or furnishing so noble an example, has been lived before us in this generation. But it was lived without his thought of its character or its consequences to himself. And if he can live again in any degree in the lives and characters of his comrades and successors, of the young men who knew him or have read his story and felt its inspiration, the dead hero will be again the living hero, and the glory of his life will take on at once its true immortality.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

Oh, well may Essex sit forlorn
  Beside her sea-blown shore ;
Her well beloved, her noblest born
  Is hers in life no more !

If early from the mother's side
  Her favored child went forth,
Her pride so amply justified
  Is in a hero's birth.

No lapse of years can render less
  Her memory's sacred claim ;
No fountain of forgetfulness
  Can wet the lips of fame.

A grief alike to wound and heal,
A thought to soothe and pain,
The sad, sweet pride that mothers feel
To her must still remain.

Good men and true she has not lacked,
And brave men yet shall be;
The perfect flower, the crowning fact,
Of all her years was he!

As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,
What worthier knight was found
To grace in Arthur's golden age
The fabled Table Round?

A voice, the battle's trumpet-note,
To welcome and restore;
A hand, that all unwilling smote,
To heal and build once more!

A soul of fire, a tender heart
Too warm for hate, he knew
The generous victor's graceful part,
To sheathe the sword he drew.

The more than Sidney of our day,
Above the sin and wrong
Of civil strife, he heard alway
The angels' Advent song!

When Earth, as if on evil dreams,
Looks back upon her wars,

And the white light of Christ outstreams
From the red disk of Mars,

His fame who led the stormy van
Of battle well may cease,
But never that which crowns the man
Whose victory was Peace.

Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown shore
Thy beautiful and brave,
Whose failing hand the olive bore,
Whose dying lips forgave!

Let age lament the youthful chief,
And tender eyes be dim;
The tears are more of joy than grief
That fall for one like him!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

MILITARY ORDER, LOYAL LEGION, UNITED STATES.

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF COMPANION BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM F. BARTLETT, U. S. VOLS.

Adopted at a stated meeting of this Commandery, held on Wednesday, February 7, 1877.

"Our late Companion William Francis Bartlett, Brevet Major-general U. S. Volunteers, died at Pittsfield on the seventeenth day of December, 1876.

"It is among the objects of our order to cherish the memories and associations of the war waged in defense of the Unity and Indivisibility of the Republic, to enforce unqualified allegiance to the General Government, and to maintain National Honor, Union, and Independence.

"We recognize in our late Companion one who was foremost among the men of Massachusetts, both in war and in peace, in supporting the Government and in maintaining National Honor, Union, and Independence.

"We contemplate with pride his brilliant military career, which entailed heavy sacrifices and sufferings upon himself, but did not end till the war ended. Imprisonment, illness, and repeated wounds were alike powerless to shake the absolute tenacity of purpose with which he followed and upheld the Flag. From the commencement of hostilities to the close, whenever his physical condition would permit, he was always at the front.

"From the humble position of a private in a militia organization he rose to be a Division Commander. Wherever he went, he enforced discipline, diffused the soldierly spirit, cared thoughtfully and wisely for his men, led them with conspicuous gallantry, shared all their privations, and thought always first of their welfare and of the welfare of his country. At Ball's Bluff, in the Peninsular campaign, at the siege of Port Hudson, in the Wilderness, and at the siege of Petersburg, his record was that of perfect soldierly faithfulness; our enemies admired him, as well as his comrades and the great Northern people for whom he fought so well. Four years of fighting raised him to high rank in the

army, and won for him a great name, but they left him with a shattered constitution and a crippled frame, at the age of twenty-five.

"We contemplate with equal pride and admiration the civil career of our deceased Companion. In every relation of his life he showed himself the true citizen and the Christian gentleman. Graceful and stately in his bearing, courteous in his manners, he moved among us a man of correct and attractive example. Never allured by the frivolous pleasures of life, he divided his time between the cares of business and the relaxations of his home. He was a devoted husband, a tender father, and a faithful friend. The burden of pain and weakness grew steadily heavier as his days went on, but it never caused him to halt, and seldom to pause in his march. The best and highest interests of the community always enlisted his earnest and active sympathy, and he was untiring in his efforts to promote them. The church, education, and politics, especially political reform, all had a share of his faithful service. By attentive observation and patient thought, he freed his mind from the obscuring influences of the passions of the hour, and came to entertain broad and high views, and so learned to frame those impressive sentences which, first spoken in Memorial Hall, at once echoed through the land, and made his grand voice known to South as well as North, as that of one calling to large-hearted union and loyalty.

"The life of our deceased Companion was so full of promise, as well as of performance, that our gratitude for what he did, and for the influence of his example, is mingled with deep regret for our loss of what might have been his future. With proud and tender recollec-

tion, we record our testimony to our belief, that he was one of the noblest of the soldiers and citizens whom Massachusetts has numbered among her sons.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered upon our records, and a copy of them sent to the family of our deceased Companion."

The following words were spoken at General Bartlett's funeral by one who had known him well in his earlier days, and who had been permitted during the last months of his life to receive his most sacred confidences.

They refer chiefly to one subject, upon which, in his letters, he has said but little, but which became more and more prominent in his thoughts as his life drew toward its close. That life's latest chapter was its sublimest; to those who were nearest him during those last days the memory of his faith has seemed as sacred a trust as the memory of his deeds, and with this thought in view they have wished to see added to the foregoing pages this heartfelt testimony uttered at his burial.

A. L.

"It is not the custom, as you know, of our church, to add to her burial service words of human eulogy or human judgment. It is our wont to read, over the mortal bodies of the rich and poor, the lowly and the great alike, the same words of Scripture; to utter the same prayers hallowed by centuries of use, and to commend the immortal soul into His presence with whom is no respect of persons, and before whom all must appear,

alike unveiled, or clothed alike with the righteousness of Christ.

"But there comes now and then a time when the world is not content to let a hero pass from its sight without a word of farewell; and it falls to my lot, to-day, to speak over one that has gone, on behalf of those who loved him, a few words of tender remembrance. I am not here to eulogize his record as a soldier; that is graven already upon your memories more deeply than any words of mine could print it. I am not here to eulogize his record as a patriot; although you well remember that when the war cloud lifted and around the sword was twined the olive, no voice was sooner raised than his, with no uncertain sound, in words of 'peace on earth, good will toward men.' But my friends, his life had another utterance, and from his sick room and dying bed there goes out a testimony no less noble, no less real, — the lesson of a Christian faith. To this testimony it is my privilege as a Christian minister to give voice, and to say to you that his life at its close was no less eloquent than in its mid-career. He whom you have known as a brave soldier in the field, died the 'good soldier of Jesus Christ.' Great in his life, he was greater yet in his death. When, laid upon his bed of sickness, he bore unflinching the pain which racked his shattered frame; when, turning calmly away from the earthly honors pressed upon him, he counted them as nothing; when, spite of home affection — too tender to be spoken here — he calmly yielded to God's will; when, a few short weeks ago, he raised to his lips with a trembling hand the sacramental cup, and his voice, still unbroken, sang with humble penitence the words, —

"'Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly, —

. .

"'All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my hope from thee I bring' —

I say that he was greater than when that same voice rang out across the field of battle or spoke at Lexington.

"And oh, my friends, with what power do such a life and such a record speak to us of an hereafter! You, whose brain has come to teach you that there is no hereafter, no resurrection of the dead, no life of the world to come, does your heart rest satisfied with that belief as you look upon him who lies here? Are you content with that position? Is *this* all? Do you mean to say that when this gallant frame crumbles again to its dust, the soul that has animated it is extinguished, like a flame blown out? That that soul's work is over? That the only immortality which remains for him is that of living in the memory of men who die?

"We, who share his faith, can tell you better; that a nobler career has begun for him; that

"'Doubtless unto him is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.'

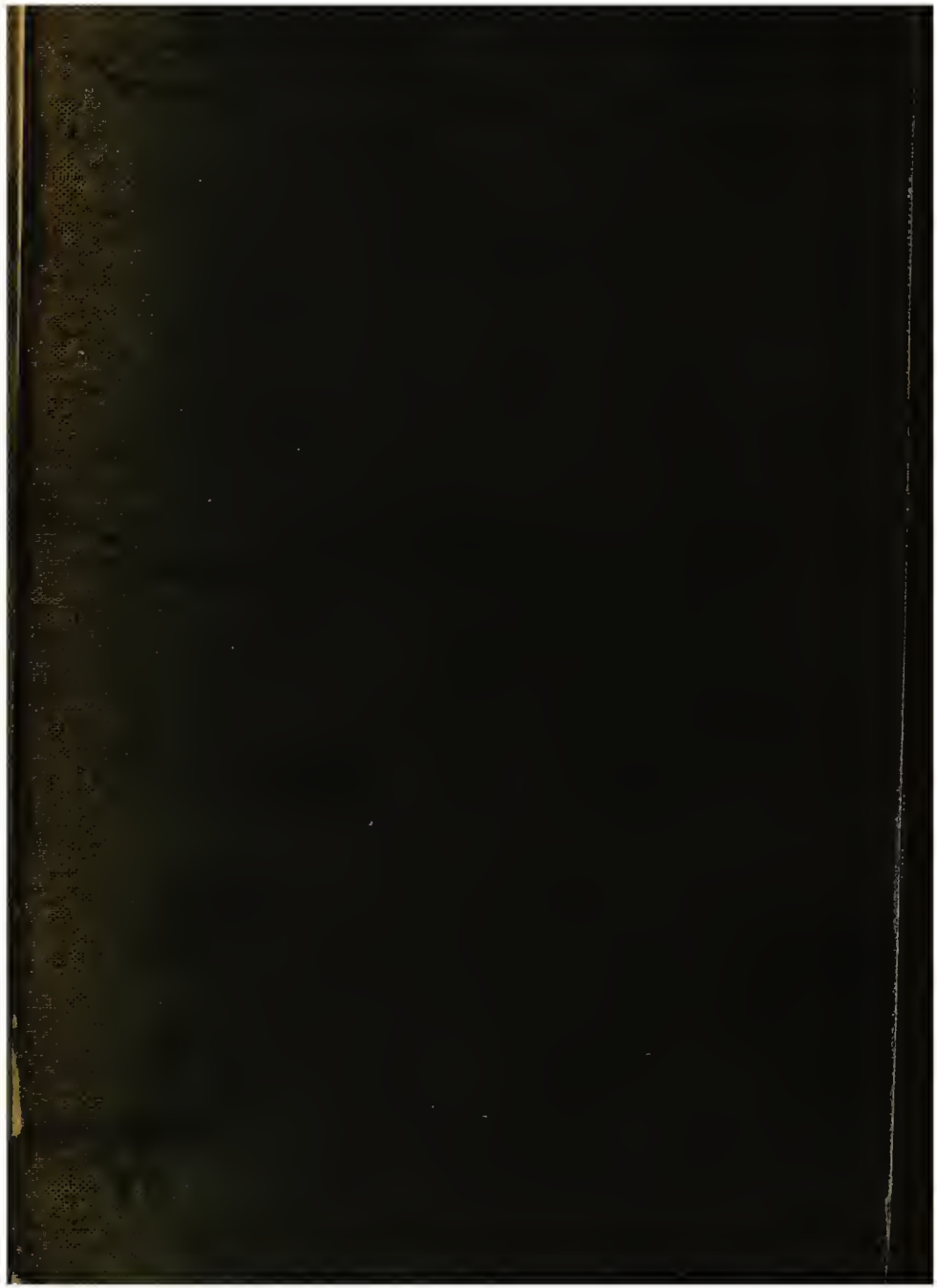
And in this faith we leave him. In this sure and certain hope we lay him out of our sight. And we sum up the lesson of his life with the words which these cold lips might utter, could they speak: —

"'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there remains for me a crown of glory, — one which fadeth not away.'"

BOSTON, *February* 13, 1879.

JOS. W. ALSOP ESQUIRE:

Dear Sir, — Having been informed by you that passages in my Memoir of the late General William F. Bartlett have seemed to Mrs. Edwin Bartlett and to certain of her friends to do her injustice, by creating the impression that the General never received anything from his Uncle's estate, I desire to state that if any passages in that Memoir are justly chargeable with creating such an impression, they need correction, for it is within my knowledge that the General borrowed largely from his Uncle's estate, after his death, with his Aunt's consent, and also borrowed from his Aunt, and that these loans were never repaid.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS W. PALFREY.